



# THE INDEPENDENT

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32-PAGE NEWS SECTION

32-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW

48-PAGE MAGAZINE



**IS ZIDANE TOO HOT FOR BRAZIL?**

12 PAGES OF SPORT



Wanted: Billie the kid

**THE MAKING OF A POP SENSATION**

WEEKEND REVIEW



**THE PICTURES THAT CHANGED OUR WORLD**

MAGAZINE

## Last-ditch talks offer a glimmer of light in Ulster's darkest week



Battle lines at dawn in Drumcree following a grim week of escalating violence in advance of 12 July, when thousands of Orangemen will take to the streets; hopes and prayers rest with today's last-minute talks

David Rose

**THE PEOPLE** of Northern Ireland were last night praying that a last-minute mediation initiative might succeed in defusing the time bomb of Drumcree, averting the possibility of widespread violence.

News of the initiative, which was launched by the Government with Dublin's strong support, was given yesterday by the Irish Prime Minister, Bertie Ahern, who said the alternative to talks was "far too dangerous".

The move offered a glimmer of light following a dark week which saw more than 2,000 acts of disorder over much of Northern Ireland.

An atmosphere of impending crisis has steadily deepened with the approach of the traditional 12 July celebrations, which will bring more than 50,000 Orangemen on to the streets in dozens of separate demonstrations.

The Prime Minister's chief of staff, Jonathan Powell, last night wrote to the Orange Order and the Garvaghy Road Residents' Association offering to hold "immediate indirect contact talks" between the two sides. Leaders of the Orange Order last night agreed to take part.

Discussions are to begin at 9am today with two "facilitators" acting as go-betweens between the two sides, who are each invited to send four representatives.

Catholic residents have always insisted on face-to-face contact with the Orange Order, but the Order has refused to meet Garvaghy Road repre-

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK  
Ireland Correspondent

sentatives. The format has clearly been designed to attempt to meet the positions of both sides. Mr Powell flew to Northern Ireland last night to take part in the exercise, which some are referring to as proximity talks.

The Prime Minister's official spokesman said: "This is an attempt, and a genuine attempt, to address what are very difficult circumstances through dialogue."

"What the whole peace process has been about is to replace terror and violence with dialogue and democracy. That has prevailed."

Orange leaders saw Tony Blair in Downing Street earlier this week for a meeting which at the time appeared to produce little.

The two sides agreed to keep talking, however, with two Orangemen remaining in London for further contacts. Last night, the Order was quick to accept his invitation to the indirect talks.

Earlier in the day, Orange rhetoric had been pitched somewhere between a warning and a threat.

Speaking on BBC Radio 4's *World at One* programme, the Orange Order's Drumcree spokesman, David Jones, declared: "Tony Blair needs to be careful that with the coming weekend, with the 12th of July celebrations coming in, that Drumcree doesn't turn out to be Tony Blair's Bloody Sunday."

He added: "Is Tony Blair re-

**INSIDE**  
*The night Drumcree defences were laid waste*  
*The bloody battle that will not die*  
page 5  
Fergal Keane, Review, page 3

ally prepared to have another Bloody Sunday, only this time in Portadown, Co Armagh?

"It's going to take a lot to stop people breaking through [police lines] and finishing off this journey. They have shown they can break through and as the crowds get bigger there is a real danger they will break through altogether and the whole military operation will fall apart."

This was a reference to ugly scenes at the Drumcree barriers late on Thursday night when loyalist protesters succeeded in getting through some of the barbed wire intended to hold them back. A number of police and civilians were injured in the resulting clashes.

Yesterday, troops strengthened the defences as security forces braced themselves for the possibility of more violent confrontations. Elsewhere there was less violence than earlier in the week, though many roads were still blocked.

People have been leaving Northern Ireland in their droves, afraid that the disorder could worsen as the big demonstrations approached. One travel agent reported record business, saying customers were going "everywhere, anywhere" to get away

from the province.

Those left behind in Belfast got through their daily business then hurried home yesterday evening to lock their doors. Sometimes that is not enough: more than a hundred homes have been attacked and more than 50 families, mostly Catholic, have been forced to flee.

Northern Ireland is no stranger to disorder and with no fatalities so far, the intensity of violence has reached only middling levels on the Belfast Richter scale. This weekend, however, no one can be confident that the level of disturbance will not go right off the scale.

This year, because of sabbatarian sensitivities, the big parades scheduled for the 12th are taking place on Monday rather than Sunday. And there was speculation that the Order might divert its manpower to Drumcree, or send 20,000 to the Lower Ormeau flashpoint in Belfast, or to some other contested area.

The availability of such resources will certainly give the Order extraordinary power. It has become quite clear, however, that, having started off such manoeuvre, the Order has no means of controlling them.

Although there is no guar-

antee that the new talks format will succeed, the move last night produced a wave of hope that the impasse might at last be broken.

Earlier, Archbishop Robin Eames, leader of the Church of Ireland, said he feared that "nothing on earth" could control the crowds at Drumcree.

"The protest is rapidly getting out of control. I would plead with both sides to take the long view," the Archbishop said.

David Trimble, Northern Ireland's First Minister, has already warned of "a quite awesome prospect if we do not find a satisfactory way out of it".

Yesterday he and his deputy, Seamus Mallon of the SDLP, met leaders of the four main churches. Mr Mallon said afterwards: "I also take the opportunity of asking every single person in the north of Ireland to weigh carefully the words of the church leaders and measure those words against the potential for great danger."

Mr Blair was in telephone contact during the day with Mr Ahern, Mr Trimble and the Sinn Féin president, Gerry Adams. The Prime Minister was said to be "working flat out" for a settlement.

The High Court in Belfast meanwhile turned down an appeal by nationalist residents of the Ormeau Road in Belfast to overturn a decision allowing an Orange march through the area on Monday. The application for a judicial review of the Parades Commission's decision was dismissed.

In Portadown, nationalists

claimed that a convoy of 95 cars bringing food and supplies to the Garvaghy Road had been attacked by a loyalist crowd. Vehicles carrying food, cash donations, medical supplies and children's games arrived from west Belfast at about lunchtime.

A spokesman for the Garvaghy Road residents, Brendan McKenna, said "People trying to bring in food and supplies were impeded by the RUC who searched every car individually."

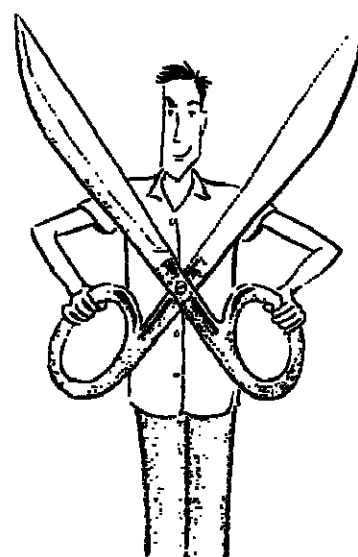
"I pointed out the delay was allowing loyalists to group and attack the convoy and that's what happened. Last night loyalists were able to travel up to Drumcree unchecked, and were able to get blast bombs up to Drumcree."

Mr McKenna said the supplies were needed because loyalist blockades had left nationalists afraid to leave their own estate and venture into town.

Police last night arrested six people in Dublin, Dundalk and London as part of a co-ordinated crackdown on republican dissidents who are committed to continuing terrorist violence.

Tougher measures against dissident republicans in the Irish Republic were promised in May by Mr Ahern, who said voters' overwhelming mandate for the Good Friday agreement had removed "any perceived mandate" hardliners claimed from the last time Ireland voted together as a unit in Westminster elections in 1918.

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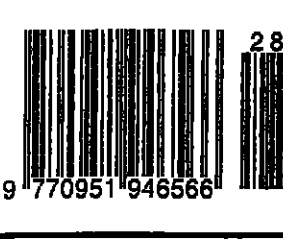
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John Kinsella, serving 18 years for his part in the 1993 Warrington gas works bombing, failed to have his conviction overturned by the Court of Appeal. Page 6

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Relatives of Russia's last tsar, Nicholas II, spurn scaled-down funeral as an insult to his memory. Page 15

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Japan's prime minister will face pressure to resign if the ruling LDP polls badly in this weekend's elections. Page 16

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A breakthrough was in sight yesterday in the stalled negotiations to create a single European aerospace and defence company. Page 18

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Southampton are expected to announce the signing of Mark Hughes today after coming to an agreement over the Chelsea striker's personal terms. Page 28

## Floods stop Loch Lomond play

Torrential rain flooded greens and suspended play late in the third round of the Loch Lomond tournament - just as Lee Westwood took a one-shot lead. Page 24

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## Fergal Keane

The people at Drumcree cannot all be demonised as bigots or dinosaurs. After 30 years of Ulster's Troubles, they deserve a more compassionate evaluation. Page 3

## Howard Jacobson

While the nation dithers between the wunder-toddler Owen and that poor Spice-blinded pubescent Beckham, I have been sighing over referees. Page 5

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## Pressure on Blair over links to tycoon

TONY BLAIR is under pressure

to reveal whether he received

donations from a north London

businessman who is the major

shareholder in a lobbying firm

run by three former Labour

aides. Stephen Rubin, the head

of a sportswear firm, who is said

to be worth £240 million, helped

to fund Lawson, Lucas Mendel-

sohn through the Robert Step-

hen Trust, which owns two

fifths of the firm.

The firm's remaining shares

are split between Jon Mendel-

sohn, Ben Lucas and Neal Law-

son, all of whom worked for

Labour before the general elec-

tion. Mr Lucas was said to

have boasted that he knew the

contents of the Chancellor's

Mansion House speech before

it was delivered.

Last night John Bercow, the

Conservative MP for Bucking-

ham and a member of his

party's front bench trade and

industry team, wrote to Mr

Blair asking him to investi-

gate.

He wants to know if Mr

Rubin put money either into the

Labour Party before the last

election or made a donation to

the blind trust which funded Mr

Blair's office.

"You lead a Government

which has repeatedly emphas-

ised the need for openness and

transparency in matters of this

kind and, in that spirit, I would

urge you to obtain this infor-

mation as soon as possible," Mr

Bercow wrote.

Although the Labour Party

BY FRAN ABRAMS AND

DAISY SAMPSON

said that Mr Rubin does not ap-

pear on its published list of

donors who gave more than

£5,000 before the end of 1996 -

the north London business-

man has said in an interview

with the *Jewish Chronicle* that

he admires Tony Blair.

Mr Blair "probably has a

large number of policies I agree

with, plus he is keeping his

troops in order over Europe.

The Labour leadership has

some very bright people," he

said in the interview three

years ago.

Mr Rubin, 60, has supported

all the main political parties in

his time. At 31 he stood unsuc-

cessfully as a Liberal Party

Parliamentary candidate, but

later he supported some of the

Conservative policies of Mar-

garet Thatcher and John Major.

In 1995, he was one of 30 lead-

ing businessmen who accom-

panied Mr Major to Israel.

Mr Rubin, who made his

son Andrew, 33, chief executive

of his Pentland Group sports-

wear firm last year, is listed in

the Sunday Times Rich List of

the 1,000 wealthiest people in

Britain. He is said to be the

fourth richest player in the

British fashion industry.

He made most of his money

through one highly astute in-

vestment during the 1980s. He

put £50,000 into a little-known

sports shoe manufacturer called

Reebok, and the rest is his-



Stephen Rubin 'admires Mr Blair', but also Margaret Thatcher Peter Macdiarmid

Jew, his father ran the fore-

runner of Pentland, the Liver-

pool Shoe Company. Stephen

Rubin was educated privately,

at a Jewish preparatory school

and then at Canfield School in

Dorset. He met his wife Angela

on a Mediterranean cruise,

and was married by the then

Chief Rabbi, Sir Israel Brodie.

Mr Rubin has devoted much

of his time to Jewish charities

- he used to be a director of The

Central British Fund for World

Jewish Relief and of Jewish

Continuity. He also donates

substantial sums to arts and so-

cial causes.

The Labour Party has not

disclosed any direct links with

Mr Rubin. A spokeswoman said

it could not say who the donors

to Mr Blair's blind trust were,

and that the businessman did

not appear on any published

lists of donors. Yesterday Mr

Rubin's firm was unable to con-

tact him for comment.

## Organic farmer loses genetic case

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
Technology Editor

ONE of the country's leading

organic farmers will appeal

next Wednesday against a High

Court decision not to stop trials

of a genetically modified (GM)

maize crop in a field by his farm.

Mr Justice Jowitt yesterday

refused Guy Watson leave to

seek judicial review against

the maize being grown, saying

his case was "unarguable".

But as soon as the decision

had been announced, Mr Wat-

son said he was instructing his

lawyers to launch an appeal.

"The Government seems intent

on pushing ahead with this new

and dangerous technology, de-

spite the fact that genetically en-

gineered crops pose a major

threat to those of us who wish

to farm without it," he said.

Mr Watson, 38, had argued in

the first case of its kind that an

organic sweetcorn crop on his

800-acre farm at Buckfastleigh,

near Totnes, Devon, could be

cross-pollinated by the GM

maize. This, he said, could lose

him his licence as an organic

farmer granted by the Soil As-

sociation, which is helping to

back his legal claim. Under Eu-

ropean Union regulations, or-

ganic food must be free of

genetic modifications.

But, yesterday, Mr Justice

Jowitt ruled at the Law Courts

in London that the Government

was entitled to accept expert ad-

vice that the risk of contamina-

tion was "likely to be zero".

A week ago Michael Meach-

er, the Environment minister,

ruled that the maize planting,

run by Sharpes International

Seeds at the National Institute

of Agricultural Botany, could go

ahead. The Advisory Committee

on Releases to the Environ-

ment, which grants permits for

such tests, had also approved it.

Greeting the decision with

dismay, Pete Riley, of Friends

of the Earth, said: "New Labour

seems determined to foist this

Frankenstein technology on us

all whether we want it or not."

The Independent's sales

SALES OF *The Independent*

grew for the third consecutive

month in June according to the

latest figures from the Audit Bu-

reau of Circulations. Average

daily sale of the newspaper

was 224,559, an increase of 2.08

per cent on May's sales.

## Freed paedophiles may be tagged

THE GOVERNMENT has wired

up more than 20 low-security

hostels with electronic tagging

equipment to house dangerous

paedophiles like Robert Oliver

and Sidney Cooke.

The move, which was de-

nounced yesterday as a cost-

cutting measure, comes ahead

of the unsupervised release of

at least six more dangerous

paedophiles. Staff at the hostels

will have no powers to phys-

ically restrain the paedophiles

if they try to escape.

But the hostels cost only

about £200 a week per place,

compared to nearly £2,000 a

week in medium-secure units

BY IAN BURRELL  
Home Affairs Correspondent

such as Blenheim House, in

Milton Keynes, where Oliver is

currently held.

An electronic surveillance

system has been installed at the

Wing Grange charity-run hos-

tel in Rutland, which has

agreed to take Oliver, despite

fierce local opposition. Similar

systems have been installed by

British Telecom engineers at

other hostels in Surrey and

the West Midlands and around

20 other hostels.

They are activated by a tag-

ging device, which the pae-

dophile must agree to wear

and which sets off an alarm

when he leaves the hostel, most

of which are converted Victo-

rian houses. The alarm is

linked to the Securicor nation-

al computer, from where staff

can alert police.

But there is a defect in the

tags. One Manchester criminal

discovered that he could use

crocodile clips to extend the

tag's copper-wire circuit be-

fore cutting himself free and

going undetected for a week.

The Home Office believes

that by moving the paedophiles

between the alarmed hostels at

regular intervals, it can reduce

the dangers of vigilante activ-

ity from local communities.

But the National Association

of Probation Officers said yes-

terday that the move was

driven by the need to save money.

It warned staff at the hostels not

to take action to physically stop

the paedophiles from escaping.

Harry Fletcher, Napp's as-

sistant general secretary, said

that because the paedophiles

were legally free to come and

go as they pleased any physical

restraint could be construed as

an assault.

He said: "They can cajole

and plead, but anything more

could leave them liable to pros-

ecution. Hostels are not prisons

and are not secure units."

Napp is also concerned that

staff at hostels could become

the victims of intimidation by

vigilantes who regard them as

the protectors of paedophiles.

When a hostel in the St

Paul's district of Bristol agreed

to take Cooke earlier this year,

staff were identified and ver-

bally abused by protesters who

gathered outside the building.

Jack Straw, the Home Sec-

retary, has set up a committee

of senior police officers, proba-

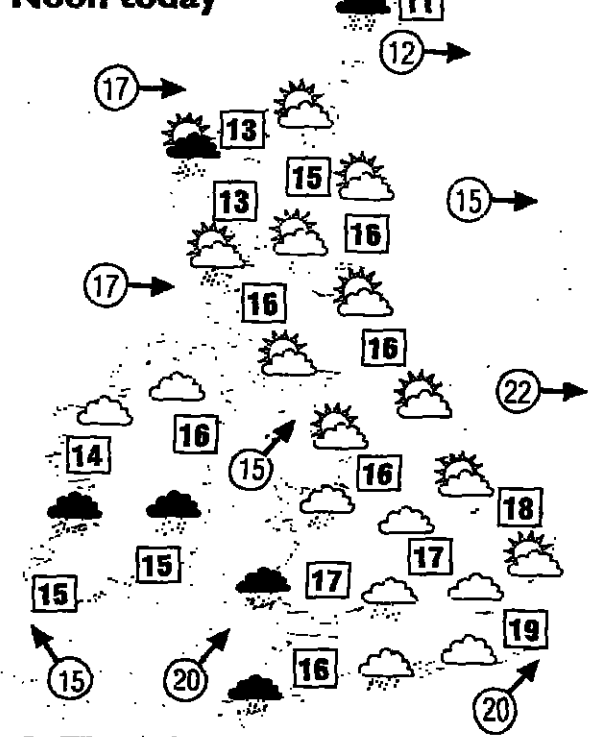
tion officers, and civil servants

to plan the future releases of

high-profile sex offenders.

## BRITAIN TODAY

## Noon today



## OUTLOOK

Scotland will have a mixture of sunny spells and



# Who says we're not involved in the World Cup final? £100m says we are



**THE FIRST CORNER-KICK**

Sporting Index believe that the first corner will be between 9 and 11 minutes from kick-off tomorrow night. "We have examined the way the teams play and have come to this conclusion," they say

AT EIGHT tomorrow night, on the manicured turf of the Stade de France at Saint Denis near Paris, a Brazilian or a Frenchman will kick a treated leather ball over the half-way line.

In doing so he will obey law eight of the Laws of the Game of football. He will also start the final match of a sporting event which has attracted more betting than any other in history.

Industry estimates suggest that by the end of the World Cup final, more than £100m will have been spent in Britain on gambling on the games. Some suggest that more might be spent than on the betting for the Derby and the Grand National put together. The sheer scale of the betting has taken most of

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE AND CLIFFORD GERMAN

those in the business by surprise. "It seems that the World Cup has caught the imagination of those people who do not normally bet on things," said Sean Boyce, a spokesman for Ladbrokes. "In that sense it has been rather like the Grand National or the Derby - they also have a wider appeal."

But betting is no simple matter. It may once have been enough to decide who is going to win and put down your money. Of course, if you want to do that you can (Brazil are 1.2 favourites while France have odds of 6.4).

But this World Cup, perhaps



**THE FIRST PLAYER TO SCORE**

Both William Hill and Ladbrokes predict Brazil's striker Ronaldo is most likely to score the final's first goal. He already scored four in the tournament. William Hill offer him at 7-2 and Ladbrokes 3-1

more than any other sporting event, has seen bookies offering odds on all sorts of issues ranging from the number of bookings to how soon during the television coverage the cameras will pan over to Ronaldo's striking girlfriend, Susana Werner sitting in the stands. (Sixteen to 18 minutes during the Brazil-Holland game was the best guess, but sadly she was not in the ground.)

The main reason for the development of the more unlikely sorts of bets is the growing popularity of spread betting. With a spread bet the bookmaker chooses the most probable result on a particular issue, sets a small range or "spread" either side of the most likely out-

come. If the result is within the spread the bookie wins and all punters lose.

You bet which side of that central spread the result will be. If you think the spread is too



**THE FIRST BOOKING**

There have been 241 yellow cards handed out by referees during the World Cup finals. Sporting Index predict that tomorrow night the first booking will come between 21 and 24 minutes

high and the result will be a lower number: you make a sell bet, if you think the spread is too low you make a buy bet and hope for the best.

The big difference between



**PLAYERS SINGING THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM**

How many players will sing their national anthem before the game? Sporting Index have studied the footage of all the games and believe that a total of between 16 and 17.5 players will sing along

to us as well as the punters." Spread betting was invented in the Sixties by bookmakers Coral as a way of increasing the range of possible result. It was extended by a group of friends in the City who set up the IG Index in 1974, initially to allow City professionals to bet on the movements in the gold price, which was decontrolled in 1972.

By the Eighties the FTSE futures market had replaced gold as the main instrument.

But the growing popularity of spread betting does not mean that betting with fixed odds is over. Larger bookmakers are offering odds on a range of bets, from who will be the first goalscorer to whether Ronaldo will score a hat-trick.

## HOW SPREAD BETTING WORKS

IF A bookmaker thinks the first goal will be scored after 20 minutes, he might offer a spread of 19 to 22 minutes. If you believe the goal will come earlier, you "sell" the bet at, say, £10 a minute. If the first goal is in the 10th minute you make nine times your stake - the difference between the 10th and 19th minute - i.e. £90. However, if the first goal is not until the 40th minute, you lose £180 (the difference between the 22nd and the 40th minute x £10). If you think the goal will come later than the 22nd minute, you "buy" the bet, and the same principles apply. But beware - spread betting can damage your wealth.

## 'We have already taken £500,000 on Brazil, but little on France'

WHILE SPORTING and gambling fever is predicted to grip Britain this weekend, the World Cup has already provided a number of winners - and potential losers.

William Hill, the bookmakers, reported yesterday that a customer had staked £240,000 at even odds for Brazil to win tomorrow night. Earlier in the tournament the man won £160,000 when he gambled £200,000 on England to beat Colombia. Thankfully England won 2-0.

Meanwhile, Adrian Fitzpatrick, a florist from Birmingham, will win £544,500 if

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE

Brazil win, after betting £18,000 with the firm on a double, coupling them with Arsenal for last season's Premiership title. "The final is set to become the biggest betting match of the World Cup - and one of the most one-sided," said Graham Sharpe, a spokesman for William Hill.

"We have already taken more than £500,000 on Brazil to win, but very little on France."

Sean Boyce, spokesman for Ladbrokes, said that Euro 96, the European football championships held in Britain,

attracted about £45-£50m bets. "The response during the World Cup has been fantastic. The turnover has been very good," he said. "Of course, as the tournament has progressed we have had some good results and some bad results."

The best result for bookies tomorrow night would be a victory for France, simply because so few people have bet on that result.

Adding to the gambling and sporting interest over the weekend is the British Grand Prix at Silverstone, the last ever Benson and Hedges Cup Final at Lord's, and the start of the

Tour de France - which strangely enough is taking place in Dublin.

World Cup celebrations in Paris began last night when the operatic trio the Three Tenors were due to stage a giant concert underneath the Eiffel Tower. Luciano Pavarotti, Jose Carreras and Placido Domingo were expected to perform a two-hour extravaganza to a crowd of up to a million people in front of the monument.

The city is preparing itself for hundreds of thousands of Parisians and visitors to party all weekend as the World Cup comes to an end.

## End of era as Simpson of Piccadilly closes its doors

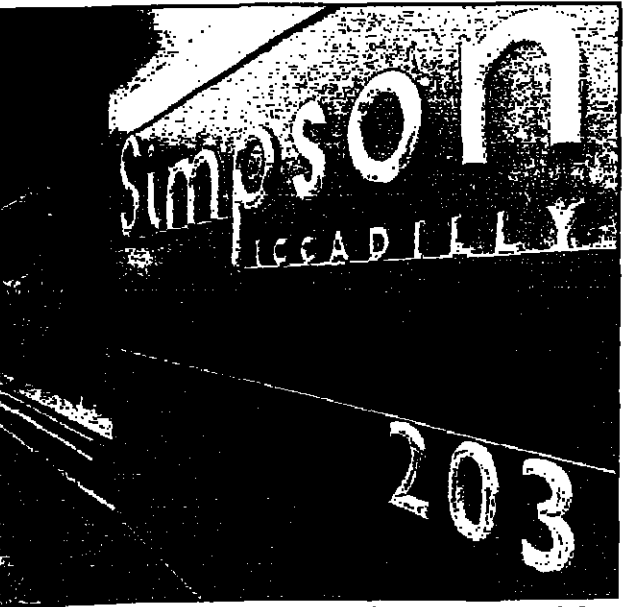
BY TAMSI BLANCHARD

SIMPSON OF Piccadilly, the streamlined art deco department store that was built by the Simpson family in 1936, is to close next February.

The discreet gentleman's outfitters which had royal warrants to supply clothing to the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales has become a landmark on Piccadilly in central London, both for its architecture and for its men's tailoring.

Whoever buys the prime site, it will always be known as the Simpson Building. It is the end of an era of discreet, gentlemanly dressing - the last shop where you might imagine bumping into a valet or the odd aristocrat as you shopped.

The magic of Simpson of Piccadilly was partly due to the space and light in the store; and the designer labels on seven floors that include a brasserie, a sushi bar and a cafe. Stepping through the doors is like stepping back in time, as far as can be from the brash shopping environments men have grown ac-



The Simpson store owed its magic to space and light

customed to, with pumping house music, bright lights and dancing shop assistants.

It is the last bastion of a more civilised way of shopping and dressing. Apart from the odd coachload of Japanese tourists who descend upon the store as part of a tour of London's her-

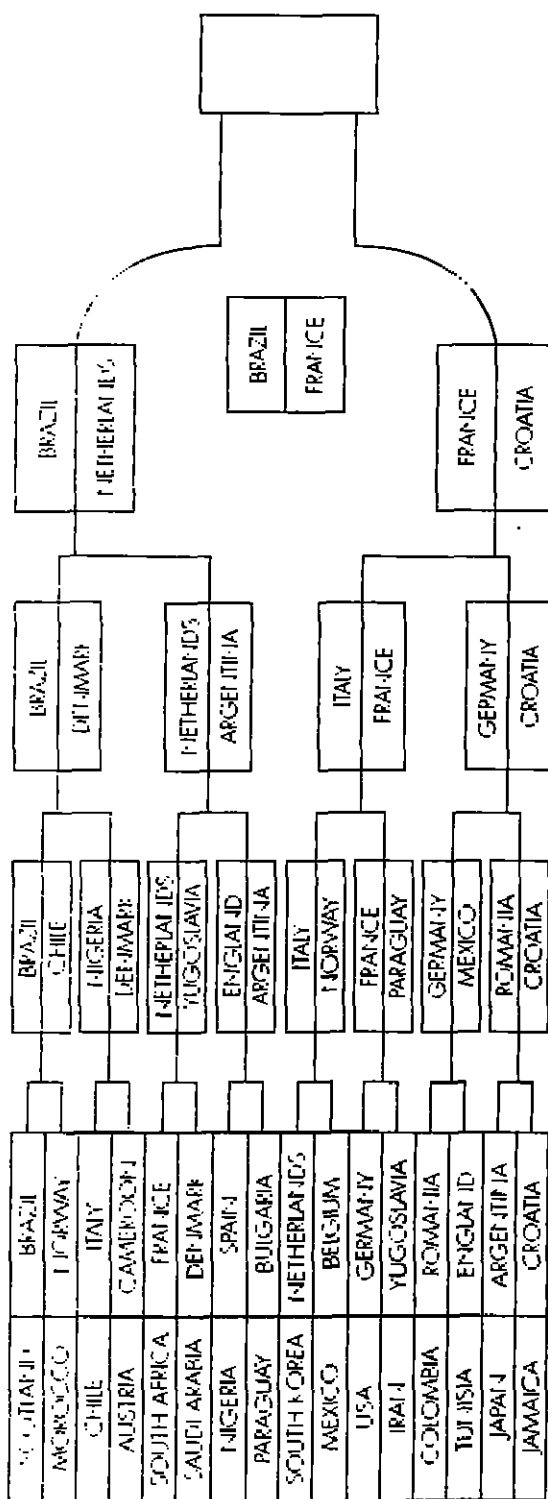
itage, the old-fashioned style of shopping does not pull in the crowds any more. The core customers have either died out or moved on. "Simpson of Piccadilly? It's a bit old world, isn't it?" was one comment. "Lovely shop, but no, it's even older than me."

The store's other great claim to fame is as the inspiration to the television sitcom, *Are You Being Served?* One of the programme's creators, Jeremy Lloyd, worked in the accessories department, picking up material for the show from would-be Captain Peacocks and Mr Graces. Sir Terence Conran also worked at the store in the Sixties, on display.

Despite the closure of the Piccadilly shop, Daks Simpson, the new flagship store, opens in the City of London on Tuesday.

The company was taken over by its licensee of 21 years, the Japanese Sankyo Seiko Group, in 1991. It has recently been expanding the number of its Daks stores worldwide and recently appointed advisers to move the company into the new century.

Twelve Daks shops have opened worldwide in the last two years, most of them in Asia. The brand itself has become one of the UK's most successful exports to the Far East, in particular to Korea and Japan.



## ABSOLUT?

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# How to make the Internet mobile in ten minutes...

Being on-line is as important a part of day-to-day communications as having access to a telephone or fax machine. A mobile phone is now accepted as a standard tool for business, anyone who travels without one is seen as being in the Dark Ages. You take one and stay in touch. There is no reason why you should not be similarly enlightened with mobile data. Access to your e-mail, office network and fax wherever you can use your mobile phone.

## What is mobile data?

Mobile data combines two distinct technologies, computing and cellular communications, providing the mobile work-force with a set of powerful tools enabling them to work away from their office. Digital mobile phones communicate in 1s and 0s just as computers do, therefore the mobile phone network can be used as an alternative to the fixed line networks to provide communications between computers.

## Have you ever needed to be in two places at one time?

When you need to work together with a group of colleagues it is not always possible to get them together in the same place at the same time. With mobile data this doesn't matter. You can e-mail documents, including charts, diagrams and photographs, to as many of your colleagues as you like. They can pick up files from their offices, the back of a taxi, hotel or even a train and bounce ideas around the group – or to other colleagues for further discussion. As sales figures change and currencies fluctuate the raw data can easily be distributed and updated. People can add comments to each other's work and reach a collective decision in no time at all. Improving group communications means improving time management.

## Have you ever wanted to know about your rival's latest product the instant it is announced?

Make sure you are ready to log onto the World Wide Web to pick up the details when your rivals announce their latest products. With mobile

data, you may have found it less straightforward than it should be. You need all the right connectors. To plug a computer into a standard telephone socket means that you need the right lead. Different countries have a bizarre and incompatible range of

## Why is the SH888 the best phone for mobile data?

To transfer data, PCs require a modem. Before the Ericsson SH888, a portable PC modem was contained in a PC card, which slotted inside

red when you transfer data, the drain on the battery is nominal too. And because it supports the IrDA protocol it is compatible with the widest range of PCs, laptops and PDAs (operating Windows CE 2.0). It's even compatible with the Psion 5 and the Palm III.

## So how do I use the SH888 to connect to the Internet?

Connecting to the Internet with the SH888 is extremely simple, but it must be noted that you cannot just buy the hardware, switch it on and expect to browse the web. Firstly you have to subscribe to an Internet service provider, either privately or through your company and then each time follow these simple steps. Activate your PC or PDA's infra-red port, select "Activate IR port" on the SH888's menu. Place the phone next to the computer, ensuring the infra-red ports are facing each other. Then either log into your office network or dial into your Internet service provider. Click onto your Internet icon and enter your desired address. For faster downloading you can opt to turn the images off.

## And how do I use the SH888 for e-mail?

Sending and receiving e-mail is as simple as connecting to the Internet and follows much the same pattern – so again, you must

have an e-mail account with a service provider either privately or through your office. Switch on your PC and phone, line up the infra-red ports and to send or receive e-mail, dial into your office or service provider. Then click on the e-mail or the in-box icons. You need only be on-line to transmit and receive e-mails, so you can read and write them at your leisure without tying up your phone line, keeping your costs down as well as your line free for other business.

## The SH888. The best phone from the best manufacturer.

Introducing the SH888 – Ericsson's most technologically advanced phone. As well as an in-built PC card and infra-red communications port, the SH888 boasts the kind of features that you would expect from the Manufacturer of the Year, as voted by the telecoms trade.

The slim battery gives you up to 120 hours standby and 400 minutes talktime on the GSM 900 network, so you may as well leave your charger at home with the cables. And because the SH888 is one of the first dual band phones available, it is the ideal companion on overseas trips. The ability to use both GSM 900 and 1800 MHz networks gives you the widest possible range of roaming partners, making it easier to get a line in remote or congested areas. The SH888's already superior sound design supports EFR (Enhanced Full Rate speech coding) providing speech and reception quality you'd expect from a land line phone. Sleek, black and futuristic with a three line display, it looks as good as it sounds. On its own it's impressive. With a computer it's amazing. The Ericsson SH888.



## The new SH888.

data you can do this wherever you are. The mobile phone freed you from having to stay in the office for an important call, mobile data will free you from being tied to your office PC. You can make sure that you are as well informed as your customers and suppliers by logging on from anywhere in the world and reading the information. Ericsson's new SH888 makes accessing the Internet on the move a practical proposition.

## Have you ever tried to use a computer and modem in a hotel room and given up?

If you are a frequent traveller accessing

sockets. With the SH888 you don't need to worry about sockets and cables because it has an in-built PC card and communicates with your computer directly by infra-red using the same technology as a TV remote control. For international calls a mobile phone can also be substantially cheaper than paying hotel rates.

your computer. The in-built PC card and infra-red technology in the SH888 has a number of benefits, besides removing the need to carry the extra kit and the fact that it's cheaper to buy the SH888 than a mobile phone with separate cable and card. Traditionally PC cards rapidly drain a computer's battery, especially PDAs (Personal Digital Assistant) which use normal Alkaline batteries. Because the modem is built into the phone, the power isn't drawn from the PC. As the phone need only be used on infra-

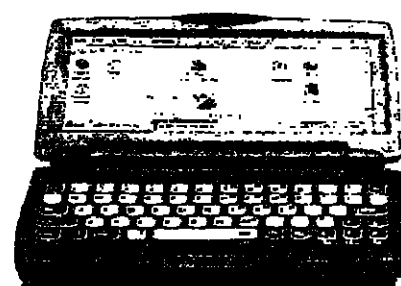
# ...or 10 seconds.



All you need to do to use the SH888 for Mobile Data. Configure your PC or PDA to use its infra-red port.



Select "Activate IR port" on the SH888 menu.



Put the phone next to the computer with the infra-red ports facing each other and log on using your standard PC software.

Make yourself heard.

For further information please call 0990 237237  
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Drumcree stand-off: 'The people feel angry towards the police. They feel they are being denied their legitimate rights'

# Night the defences were laid to waste

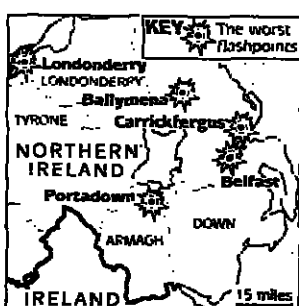
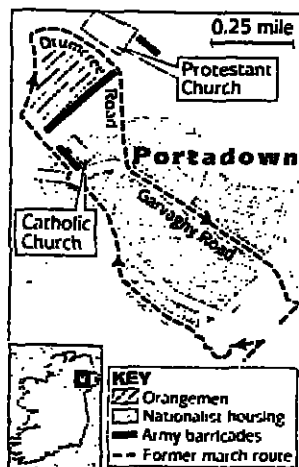
By KIM SENGUPTA  
in Drumcree

AS YESTERDAY DAWNED, the fields around Drumcree church were an extraordinary sight. After a menacing night of confrontation, intimidation and often fierce violence, much of the formidable defences put up to stop the Orange Order marching through the Garvaghy Road had been laid to waste.

A moat had been breached, a mainline of barbed wire tossed aside, and a daunting looking concrete and metal barrier which had become symbolic of the ban on the parade had been systematically demolished and set on fire. Loyalists discovered it had not been filled with concrete as the authorities had been hinting, but was, in fact, an empty container used to store riot shields, and which could be easily tipped over.

There was a price to pay for all this. Three police officers were injured by blast bombs and 20 protestors were hurt, six by plastic bullets. One 20-year-old man was shot in the stomach at what seemed to be no more than 10 feet - far closer than the weapon's range recommended. Last night Charles Colton, who has a seven-month-old baby, was in hospital with possible internal injuries.

George and Sam, two Orange Order marshals from Antrim - tough, confident and articulate - felt confrontation was inevitable unless the parade was allowed to continue down the Garvaghy Road. Both men have backgrounds in security, and explained how the barbed wire was tackled. George said: "The wire isn't knitted together all the way - there are camouflaged



Tired Royal Ulster Constabulary officers rest at dawn in the shadow of a Union Jack fluttering from loyalist lines after Drumcree's night of violence Crispin Rodwell

gaps to go through. We knew the soldiers were coming out from behind the wires to go on patrol, so we just got a camcorder and filmed them. We soon discovered where the break-points were. It should not be impossible to do this again in the future."

Sam said: "One feels sorry for the soldiers and the police having to do this. However, the people around here feel very angry towards the police. They feel they are being denied their legitimate rights."

It will take a long time to repair the damage which has

been done in the relations between the RUC and the loyalist community from which it had traditionally drawn its recruits. Much as Catholics had done in the past, people queued up to complain about the misbehaviour of the police.

Mrs Ray Weatherup whose daughter Emma is married to the injured Charles Colton, said: "You saw what happened. He wasn't doing anything; he wasn't throwing anything; he wasn't hitting anyone. What they did was out of spite. My husband and my son have also

been hit by plastic bullets. Our taxes are paying the wages of these policemen, and they are turning against us to protect those Republicans and tourists on Garvaghy Road."

John Cardwell, a former soldier, added: "When I was serving, I protected policemen against terrorists. And now they are doing this to us!" Like many others Mr Cardwell feels a sense of betrayal by the British Government. "You can keep the English," he said. "They only wanted us when we had to go and fight their wars

for them. I don't consider myself British any longer. I am an Ulster man."

The fighting, which ebbed and flowed for more than five hours under bright security lights, had a cinematic quality. The loyalists attacked the police with blast bombs, packed with shrapnel and threw bricks. The RUC responded with periodic bursts of baton rounds. Acrid smoke from a series of fires hung over the battle ground, and through it descended army helicopters to disgorge reinforcements. A

large number of supporters behind the Orange lines stood on mounds of earth to cheer.

From behind the security cordon the hooded figures hurling the missiles looked like tough paramilitaries. But behind the Orange lines, the masks came off to reveal mainly teenage youths. By Thursday night, they were in a crowd of 20,000. The numbers will now swell by the day, reaching the Orange Order grimly promises, 100,000 by Monday. The people confronting the police will then be men rather than youths

and, it is feared, some paramilitaries. The authorities are, of course, aware of this. Yesterday morning troops began widening the moat surrounding the field where the Orangemen have congregated, and putting up new barbed wire. Soldiers from the Parachute Regiment flew in by helicopter to take up positions behind the church. Just after 3.15 in the morning rumours had begun that the paras were due to attempt to move in from the flanks in an hour's time. A large number of people turned up, including

Jeffrey Donaldson, the Ulster Unionist MP at Westminster. He had heard the rumours about the operation, he said, but knew nothing more. He was also pessimistic about the chances of a settlement.

An excited newcomer asked if the power had been turned off for strategic reasons. Youths had pulled down a telegraph pole to try and black out Garvaghy Road. Instead it had cut off the loyalists at the church. One saboteur said sheepishly, "we didn't get the right intelligence". A marshal snorted.

## King Billy's victory that Orangemen won't forget

By LOUISE JURY

THE BATTLE of the Boyne is celebrated in Northern Ireland as a victory for the Protestant cause. On 11 July 1690, the forces of King William III of England - known as William of Orange - fought the Catholic former king James II on the banks of the River Boyne in Galway.

James had arrived in Ireland from his French exile the year before, with the aim of establishing a base from which to regain his kingdom. He failed to take Londonderry and Enniskillen, wasting his best Irish regiments in the effort. By the time he reached the Oldbridge area south of the Boyne, he was reliant on untrained Irish infantry and dragoons to augment his force of French and Irish troops.

He found his army of more than 20,000 men was outnumbered by William's 35,000-strong force of Dutch and French regiments with Danish, German, Finnish, Swiss and English reinforcements. Fearing encirclement by the greater ranks, James fled the battle and the country.

William's trouncing of the Stuart king opened the way to Dublin and to eventual victory in the war. The battle is commemorated on 12 July, which is actually the date of the more decisive Battle of Aughrim in the following year.

The Orange Order was set up in William's name in 1795, and the first march was held a year later. In 200 years, the marches have been frequently disrupted by fighting, riots and bloodshed.

Twelve people died, for example, in riots during the marching season of 1864, prompting an official inquiry to ask: "Can neither the discouragement of the powerful and influential nor the adverse opinion of the wise and good induce those who indulge in such vain and mischievous displays to remember the claims of citizenship or charity, or of civilisation?"

In the late 19th century the Orange Order proved a focal point for Protestant opposition to the second Home Rule Bill. In recent years, the marches have again sparked controversy with Drumcree in County Armagh one of the most volatile potential flashpoints as the Order insists on marching through hostile Catholic areas.

The order has endeavoured to maintain an image of respectability with its clergy members stressing its Christian ethic.



William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne

## Ormeau march given go-ahead

ORANGEMEN WERE given the all clear yesterday for a controversial march down the lower Ormeau Road in Belfast on Monday following back-to-back court hearings in the High Court.

At 9.30am Mr Justice Campbell dismissed an application for judicial review of the decision by the Parades Commission to allow Orangemen to parade silently through the nationalist area. At 4.40pm three judges dismissed an appeal by Patricia Pelan, a Catholic resident of the lower Ormeau Road.

Mrs Pelan's lawyers had argued that the commission had changed its decision to allow the Orangemen to march in reaction to the Drumcree crisis. But Mr Justice Campbell agreed with a submission by the commission's lawyers that it was entitled to take account of the impact of its decision on the community as a whole.

Mrs Pelan's lawyer then lodged notice of appeal and the case was argued before the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Carswell, and Lord Justices Nicholson and McCollum.

The three judges retired for just over an hour to consider their decision and returned to announce they had unanimously agreed to dismiss the appeal.

"We are of the opinion that the decision was within the power of the Parades Commission and that it cannot be said that the decision was unreasonable," said the Chief Justice.

Afterwards Parades Commission member Aidan Canavan said: "Two courts have separately and independently affirmed the legal basis for our

decisions generally and the one relating to the Ormeau Road in particular."

"There is no excuse for anyone to react outside the law to our decisions and that applies equally to those protesting against parades and those participating in them."

Gerard Rice, spokesman for the Lower Ormeau Concerned Community, said that they would ensure that any protest would be peaceful. "We do not seek to create a situation where violence takes place on the streets," he said.

SOMETIMES  
IT'S EASIER  
TO TALK  
TO SOMEONE  
YOU  
DON'T LIKE.



When you have a problem, it's the most natural thing in the world to want to talk it through with someone.

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An obvious choice would be a close friend. But let's face it, we don't always choose our friends for their amazing powers of tact, diplomacy and discretion. Tell one person, and you may end up telling the world.

You may be lucky enough to be able to talk to someone in your family. Then again, you may be one of the large number of people who find talking to your nearest and dearest agonisingly embarrassing.

A girlfriend or boyfriend? If you can, great. But sometimes we don't want to expose our weaknesses to those who fancy us.

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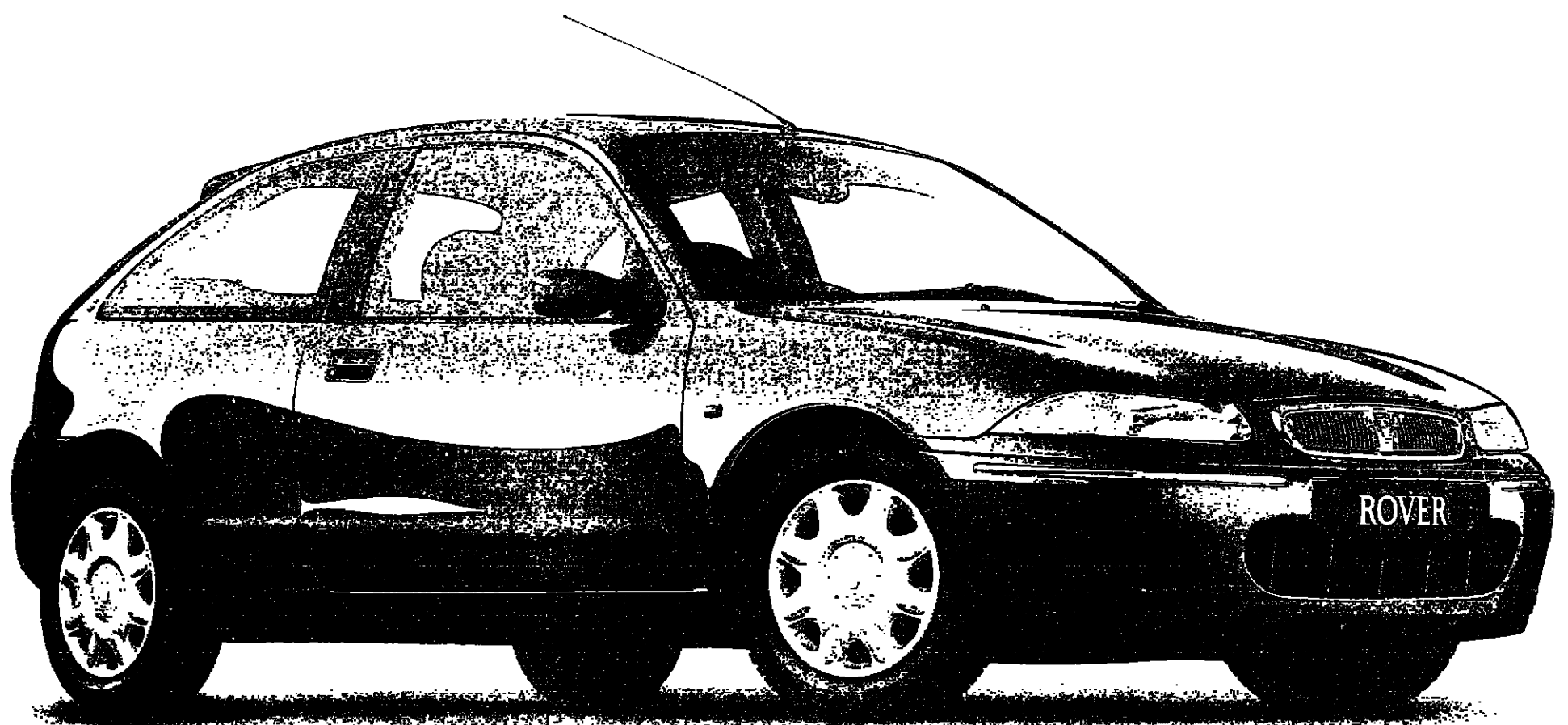
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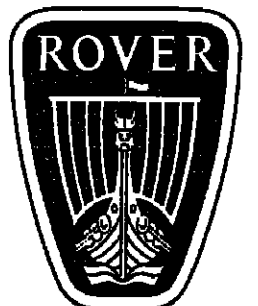
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# Right royal tributes as the House finds common cause

NO SPEECH yesterday, during all stages of the Landmines Bill, was complete without fulsome tributes to the work of Diana, Princess of Wales. The air was heavy with her spirit.

The second reading was opened by Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, who had no difficulty in seeing off a synthetic war dance by Michael Howard, the Tory Foreign Affairs spokesman.

Mr Cook has had a rough time elsewhere in the Sierra Leone/Sandline affair, but yesterday he was back to his old, robust, political good health.

Bearing in mind the public and political support for this measure,

one might have expected him to stick to the reverential diplomatic tones of the grand statesman. If Douglas Hurd were giving the speech it would have been full of statesman-like grandeur. But Mr Cook obviously recognises that his physical appearance and tough debating style lend themselves to more effective point-scoring and he lost no opportunity to kick Mr Howard's shins.

The principal area of controversy about the Bill concerned a convoluted discussion about clause five, which allows, under certain circumstances, United Kingdom soldiers to handle landmines under certain international military op-

erations. Mr Howard and Menzies Campbell (Lib Dem, North East Fife) made heavy weather of this apparent let-out. Mr Campbell interrupted the Foreign Secretary and wanted the views of John Morris, the Attorney General.

Amazingly, we had the remarkable spectacle of Mr Morris responding by seeking to intervene on Mr Cook. A sight rarely seen in the Commons ensued. The Foreign Secretary relinquished control of the despatch box for Mr Morris to jump up and say: "I agree entirely with my Right Honourable Friend." This must be the ultimate in orchestrated sycophancy. We have had much of supine Labour back-

## THE SKETCH



MICHAEL BROWN

benchers asking ministers if they are aware how marvellous they are, but the idea of ministers following suit is both novel and dangerous. Where will it all end? Will we

have Tony Blair intervening on Gordon Brown next Tuesday, during the public expenditure statement, to say how much he agrees with it? Will the fact that ministers don't offer each other support in interventions at the despatch box be taken to be a snub and a cabinet split?

We moved on to an ungracious response from Mr Howard, who, although as good a debater as Mr Cook, is even more disliked by the House. He had just three Tory backbenchers to support him, and his synthetic complaints that the Bill was being rushed through Parliament cut no ice. Mr Howard has the look of smug self-satisfaction

which graphically reminds us why the Tories are in opposition and why he is not leading them.

While Mr Howard joined in the obligatory tribute to Diana, one got the impression that the horrors of landmines had not caused him much lost sleep when he was in Government. His grudging support for the Bill was not helped by the inadequate Tory attendance. The Government turned out the full Foreign Office and Ministry of Defence ministerial teams while the Opposition could not even be bothered to field their defence spokesman.

The two front benches listened in reverential silence to a speech

by Ann Clwyd (Lab, Cynon Valley) who held the House with her own dreadful experiences, at first hand, of landmines in Cambodia.

She caused Conservative squirming when she reminded the House that Diana (with whom she discussed the subject privately) was once forced to withdraw from a meeting with MPs shortly before her death, because of an outcry from the Tories.

The Bill completed all its stages and now goes to the House of Lords. If this really is the Princess of Wales Memorial Act, perhaps it will encourage the rest of the Diana death industry finally to lay her soul to rest.

# Mine ban passed in honour of Princess

LANDMINES  
BY DAISY SAMPSON

THE GOVERNMENT brought in a Bill yesterday to ratify the Ottawa Convention and introduce an international ban on the sale and use of landmines. The Landmines Bill was given a Third Reading without a vote in the Commons and it now goes to the Lords.

The Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, told the Commons that passing the legislation was the best way of honouring the memory of Diana, Princess of Wales, and described Opposition criticism of his Landmines Bill as "humbug". He insisted that the Bill, being rushed through the Commons in one day, gave full effect to the Ottawa Convention banning the sale and use of landmines.

But the Opposition claimed a loophole in the Bill undermined its force. Both Tories and Liberal Democrats questioned whether it fully implemented the convention, although they did not obstruct its passage. During bad-tempered clashes between Tories and the Government the Deputy Speaker, Michael Martin, was twice forced to call the House to order.

The problem was Clause 5: it provides a defence for British troops involved in international exercises with countries that have not signed the convention. Under it British forces would be allowed to "procure, transfer, modify, adapt or even prime landmines" so long as they did not lay the mines themselves.

Michael Howard, the Shadow Foreign Secretary, said the Bill would permit "a whole range of activity expressly prohibited by the convention". British troops, he said, could be permitted to "procure a landmine, to transfer it to the battlefield, to transport it to the precise spot where they thought it ought to be laid, to point to that very spot, before handing the object over to the Americans and asking them to place the object on the ground."

Earlier in the debate, Mr Cook said: "If we can pass the legislation before us Britain can be among the first 40 countries to ratify the convention and bring it into legal force." He denied that there was a "loophole" that would allow British

servicemen to take part in the deployment of landmines.

While saying that he had "some reservations" Menzies Campbell, the Liberal Democrat foreign affairs spokesman, said: "I have no doubt about the need for the UK to ratify this treaty and I have no doubt that it's an essential step today that this Bill should pass through all its stages in our House."

However, Fiona MacTaggart (Slough), one of the Government's own backbenchers, also expressed doubts over the drafting of parts of the Bill. She said: "There seems one interpretation... that this particular drafting is designed to enable Britain enthusiastically to participate in joint operations with countries like the US, which are not signatories to the convention, which might involve us in doing things which are wrong and immoral, and which are prohibited by the convention, and which we simply want to slide under the wire." She said it might be necessary to look at ways to refine the wording of the Bill.

Ann Clwyd (Lab, Cynon Valley), who has campaigned for many years on landmines, spoke of her own experiences in Cambodia which had 41,000 victims and the world's highest ratio of mine amputees: it was the first conflict in which landmines killed or injured more victims than any other weapon. "To our eternal shame, the UK Government in the 1980s was partly responsible for training the non-Communist resistance (including) the Khmer Rouge, to lay landmines," she said.

Andrew Robathan (Con, Blaby), a former Coldstream Guards officer, said: "I have had friends killed by home-made... devices in Northern Ireland." How could the ban be enforced there, he asked.

Armed Forces Minister John Reid condemned criticisms of the Government, especially given the performance of the previous Tory administration on the issue. The Bill had been drafted to give British troops protection from prosecution in joint operations with allies so as not to call into question the future cohesion and effectiveness of Nato, or have serious implications for coalition action anywhere in the world, he said.



The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Mo Mowlam, meeting Margaret Gibney (left), 13, who wrote to Tony Blair from Belfast pleading for peace, and artist Rosie Ireson, 15, at the Commons yesterday. Both girls are nominees for the Champion Children Awards

# Brown warns against pay rises

THE CHANCELLOR, Gordon Brown, yesterday reaffirmed his determination to keep inflation in check and warned of the need for curbs on boardroom pay rises.

In a speech to the Local Government Association annual conference in Bournemouth, Mr Brown gave a blunt message to critics who said it was time to loosen the tight spending reins.

"To those who say that we should relax our commitment to controlling inflation now, or who sanction any increases which cannot be afforded, I

ECONOMY  
BY AMANDA BROWN

say it would be the worst of short-termism to take inflationary risks now with the further risk of higher interest rates tomorrow and the loss of jobs that would follow."

The Chancellor said the long-term challenge was to turn Britain from a high-inflation, low-growth economy into a low-inflation, high-growth economy. "We will allow nothing to stand in our way. Neither short-termism restrictive practices, irresponsible wage

claims, management or employee resistance to necessary change will divert us from pursuing the stability, financial prudence and high productivity we need to achieve prosperity and employment opportunity for all."

"As we reach the end of this comprehensive spending review, let me say that I will not disguise from people the challenges we have to continue to meet in ensuring sustainable levels of public finance."

Adair Turner, director-general of the Confederation of British Industry, who also made a speech to conference, told re-

porters afterwards: "We are concerned at the total increase in average earnings which has occurred, it is clearly increasing the danger of inflationary pressures. As far as we can tell it is in particular sectors of the economy and probably reflects particular skill shortages. There is major pay inflation going on in information technology."

The Chancellor told the conference of a "new deal" in which 20 of Britain's worst council estates will be targeted for special help. "It is time to make one big advance - a new deal not just for individuals out

of work but for hard hit communities too," Mr Brown said. "It is urgent that in our most deprived areas we now tackle the causes of poverty - the lack of jobs, or training for jobs, the need for more investment in education, the need for new businesses and companies employing people, and John Prescott and I will soon launch a new deal for communities that seeks to bring back economic and employment opportunities to the most depressed areas."

"A new partnership with you to tackle the biggest social evil in our country today."

# Bosses criticise union loophole

EMPLOYMENT  
BY BARRIE CLEMENT

EMPLOYERS HAVE warned the Government that it may have opened the way for trade unions to exercise their muscle in virtually every workplace. The Confederation of British Industry is urging ministers to water down proposals that would allow union officials to represent employees at all companies - even where unions are not fully recognised. Ministers have been told this could be a "back door" method of forcing through collective claims on wages and conditions at enterprises where unions have failed to win outright recognition.

The *Fairness at Work* White Paper allows union officials to accompany individual workers who have a "grievance" against their employers. The CBI says unions could prevail upon their members to register grievances on pay. The, with sufficient numbers, this could become a collective wage claim.

John Cridland, CBI director of human resources policy, thought it was an "unexpected and inadvertent" ambiguity of the White Paper, and the CBI is worried that union "hawks" might ensure that the wording ended up in legislation.

The CBI also is also calling on ministers to abandon their proposal to abolish the cap on compensation for unfair dismissal. The CBI accepts the present £12,000 maximum is now too low and could rise to some £40,000, but believes no cap could lead to "vexatious" claims with industrial tribunals inundated by cases from disgruntled employees.

The union movement so far has concentrated its fire on the White Paper's insistence that 40 per cent of a work force must back recognition, not just a simple majority of a ballot.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

### Nuclear rules

BRITAIN IS to adopt tougher rules on the export of nuclear-related goods to India and Pakistan, Tony Lloyd, a Foreign Office minister, said last night.

All export licence applications for nuclear-related goods will be denied to nuclear end-users in India and Pakistan and contacts by British nuclear scientists will be "discouraged", he told Dr Stephen Ladyman (Lab, South Thanet).

# Anger at M25 'U-turn'

THE DEPUTY Prime Minister, John Prescott, faced the anger of green campaigners and charges of a U-turn on roads yesterday after reports that he is to sanction widening part of the M25 motorway.

Although officials insist no final decision has been made on a series of capital schemes including the London ring road, a report in yesterday's *Guardian* newspaper suggested a green light for widening one of the busiest stretches.

The 12-mile stretch between the M3, the Heathrow exit, and the M4, the Gatwick exit, could become a 12-lane section, with

TRANSPORT  
BY PHIL MURPHY

a designated bus lane and another lane for multiple-occupancy vehicles. It is likely that other projects will be scrapped.

The environmental campaign group Friends of the Earth yesterday attacked the plans, recalling that Mr Prescott dismissed widening as "lunacy" when the Tories floated the idea when in government.

Spokesman Paul de Zyva said: "This is another broken green promise by Labour. John Prescott is feebly posturing about bus lanes as a sop to

angry environmentalists and local people. But this piece of blatant greenwash will not hide the fact that Mr Prescott, Glenda Jackson and Labour said they would scrap M25 widening. The only reason for widening the M25 is to assist their friends BAA (British Airports Authority) and British Airways who want to build Heathrow Terminal Five."

BAA director of corporate and public affairs, Des Wilson, dismissed the charge of influence on ministers as "a complete nonsense". He said: "We have made it clear that the case for the widening of the M25 is not related to Terminal Five."

## THE HOUSE



### Lobby culture

LOBBYISTS should be prevented from having any influence in the Welsh Assembly, Rhodri Morgan, a senior Welsh Labour MP, said in a speech last night.

Mr Morgan (Cardiff West), a contender for Assembly leadership, said it was vital the new body, which will sit for the first time next May, was made "free from sleaze and the Westminster lobby culture".

### Curb on cults

THE GOVERNMENT is being urged to clamp down on religious cults which might harm young and vulnerable people.

A report by the European Parliament's Civil Liberties and Internal Affairs committee, calls on European Union states to "take action" and to ensure that information is made available about the dangers of cult membership.

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# Parents to get say over new superteachers

PUPILS AND parents will play a part in choosing the first "superteachers" under a new external assessment procedure which will begin next week. The superteachers, who will start work in September and may be paid up to £40,000, are to be vetted by private consultants.

For the first time, some promotions in teaching will be determined not by individual schools or heads but by external assessors. Teachers' leaders believe the system will be free from the favouritism and unfairness often associated with promotion in teaching.

Schools will nominate teachers with a reference from the head. Westminster Education Consultants, a firm already involved in school inspection, will decide who should go on to the next stage. Then, the firm's inspectors will visit applicants' schools and observe them in the classroom. Mike Chapman, one of the firm's directors, said: "Our first visit to an applicant will be next week. The purpose is to provide external verification of what the school has said about a teacher."

"We shall talk to the teacher. We shall talk to the senior management and to the local authority adviser. We shall also be talking to several groups of pupils and to a group of parents."

The first superteachers, officially called advanced skills

BY JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

teachers, will be appointed in specialist secondary schools and in the first 12 education action zones which aim to raise standards in areas where schools are underachieving. Around 100 out of 190 schools specialising in subjects such as technology, languages, arts and sport have already responded to a request from the Department for Education and Employment to bid for the new posts. Ministers want to persuade talented teachers to stay in the classroom.

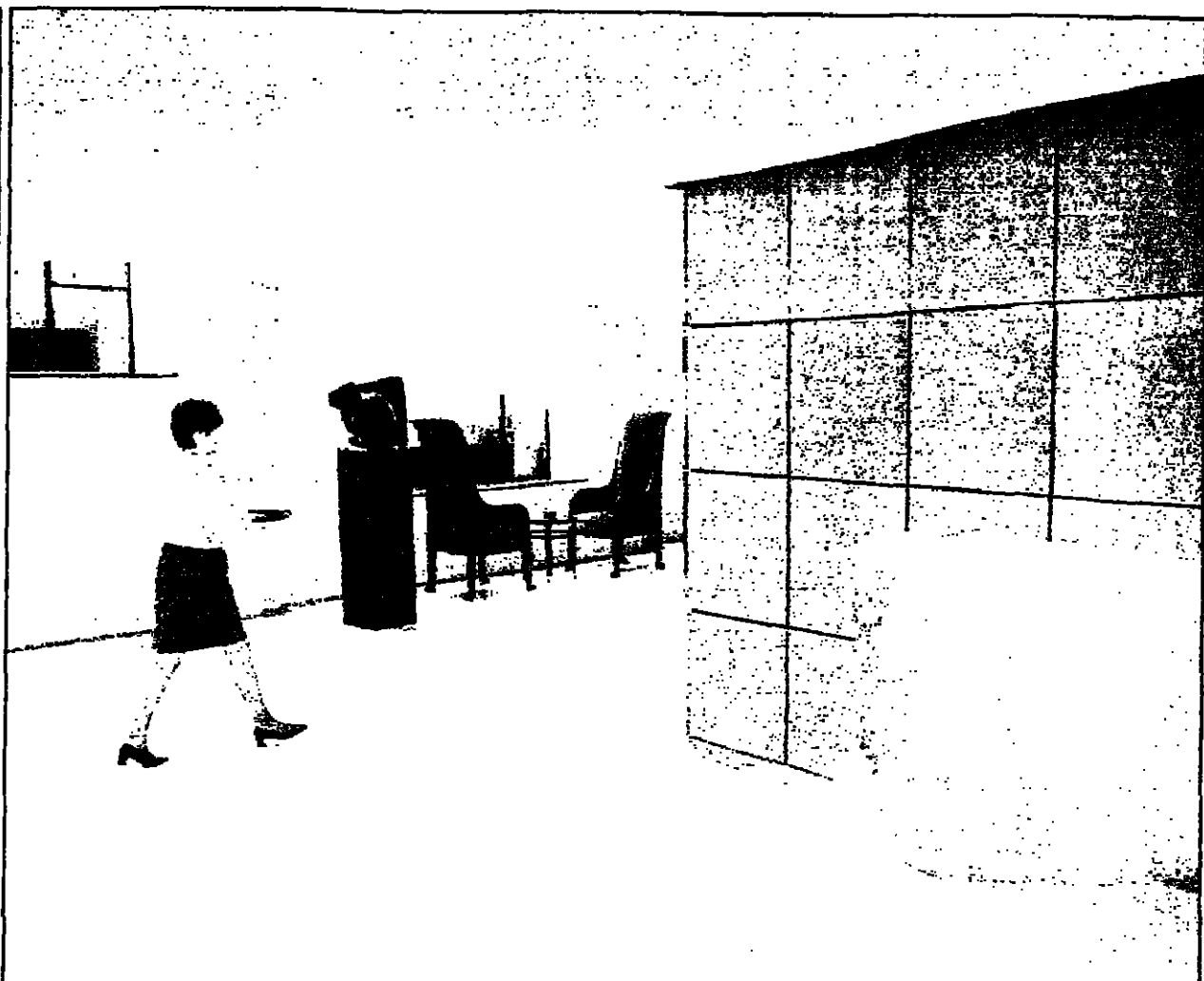
Superteachers will also be expected to use their expertise to help teachers in other schools. The Government is offering to pay up to £5,000 a year for two years in extra salary, a contribution to supply cover and a one-off £5,000 to start the scheme which could cost £3m over the next two years if all 100 applicants are successful.

Teachers will have to show that they excel in getting results, knowledge of their subject, planning, relating to pupils and parents, assessing pupils and helping colleagues. They will not, however, be graded on the scale of one to seven used by the Office for Standards in Education.

A spokesman for the Department for Education said that there were plans for a

signal roll-out of the scheme to allow all schools to put forward superteacher applications but that might not happen until 2000. Eamonn O'Kane, deputy general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters Union of Women Teachers said the union was still unhappy that the superteacher scheme was restricted to such a small proportion of teachers but it was not against external assessment.

He said: "We have argued for the creation of the role of principal teacher whose promotion would be dependent on a combination of external and internal assessment. It would cut out the anomalies and contradictions between one school and another."



The hotel lobby claims to give guests a calm and relaxing atmosphere after 'tiring' London

Neville Elder

## Hotel that thinks it's a museum

BY DIANA BLAMIRE

GUESTS MIGHT be forgiven for thinking they had walked into a museum of modern art, not a hotel. A wooden sculpture of a rower sits squarely in the centre of the 40ft-high room. Just a few brown and grey comfy chairs sit between works of art. But then One Aldwych, the first large luxury hotel to open in central London in seven years, aims to be as little like a conventional hotel as possible.

"I am getting away from the corporate hotel environment which stifles imagination," said Gordon Campbell Gray, managing director. "London is a very tiring city. I want people to be able to come into the lobby and feel it is calm and comfortable... (not) a waiting room."

Other features include a private cinema, and an 18 metre pool with underwater stereo system. Mr Campbell Gray explained: "When you dive in, Mozart will be in the water."

A one-bedroom suite, the cheapest, costs £395 per night, and the priciest £885.

# Are homeless people worth just 2 minutes of your time?

THE NUMBER OF HOMELESS families in the UK has almost doubled in the last fifteen years. Shelter thinks much more decisive action is needed.

Providing decent housing for homeless people makes economic sense in the long term. The savings on health care costs alone would make it financially worthwhile. And what price do you put on ruined lives? The children, for instance, who may never know a real home...

It's not about politics, it's about getting homeless people decent homes, and off the streets. But to tackle Britain's housing crisis effectively we have to keep in touch with public opinion.

Please spend just two minutes of your time completing this survey and return it as soon as you can.

If you can also make a donation of £15 (or whatever you can afford) we would be very grateful. Please let us have your answers within 14 days.

Thank you.



## 1998 Shelter National Opinion Survey on Homelessness

Please help us make this the widest ever survey of attitudes to homelessness. Your contribution will be much appreciated, and your answers treated in the strictest confidence. Please complete and return within 14 days.

PLEASE RETURN WITHIN 14 DAYS

Q1. Are you aged:  
18-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-44 ☐  
45-54 ☐ 55-64 ☐ 65-74 ☐ 75+ ☐

Q2. Do you:  
Own your own home or have a mortgage? ☐  
Rent privately? ☐  
Rent from a Housing Association or local authority? ☐  
Live in someone else's home? ☐  
Other ☐

Q3. Do you share your home with:  
Children? Yes ☐ No ☐  
Partner/husband/wife or anyone else related to you? Yes ☐ No ☐  
Someone not related to you? Yes ☐ No ☐

Q4. Have you ever been homeless or at serious risk of losing your home yourself (through a tenancy ending, not being able to afford the rent or mortgage, break up of relationship, or other reason)?  
Yes ☐ No ☐

Q5. Do you know anyone else who is either homeless or at serious risk of losing their home in such a way?  
At risk of homelessness Yes ☐ No ☐  
Actually homeless Yes ☐ No ☐

Q6. Bad housing can have serious long-term consequences. Please show how important you view these problems (tick one box only for each problem; 1 being the most important):

Children doing badly at school ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐  
People suffering asthma, bronchitis and other serious diseases ☐ ☐ ☐  
People becoming more dependent on social services ☐ ☐ ☐

Q7. Do you think politicians are at present sufficiently concerned about the plight of homeless people?  
Yes ☐ No ☐ Don't know ☐

Q8. Would you be willing to write a letter to an MP which might help to get homeless people housed?  
Yes ☐ No ☐ Don't know ☐

Q9. Would you be willing to make a donation to Shelter to help homeless people?  
Yes ☐ No ☐

Name: (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Mr/Ms/Mrs/Ms

Address:

Postcode:

Telephone No:

Thank you for your time. If you would like to make a donation, please complete the section below. We suggest £15, but any amount you can give will be greatly appreciated.

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Please enclose your cheque/Postal Order (payable to SHELTER) with this survey OR complete the credit card authorisation below and send it to: Shelter, FREEPOST, Room 15, 88 Old Street, London EC1B 1ND.

☐ Please charge the above sum to my MasterCard/Visa/CAF Charity card no:

Expiry date ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ 98/1/08

Signature

Date

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## Camden settles sex case row

A DISPUTE involving the top executives of a flagship Labour council has been resolved, it was announced today.

Amanda Kelly, the £83,000-a-year deputy chief executive of Camden Council, who had claimed sexual discrimination against her boss, Steve Bundred, is to leave her job under the terms of the deal.

A statement from the north London council, where Mr Bundred will continue to work as its chief executive, said an agreement had been reached "in principle". But details would not be released for another month, during which it would have to be clarified and officially agreed.

Both sides have agreed not to comment or release details until the agreement is finalised, but it is understood that a financial settlement was authorised last night by the council's Finance and Resources Committee.

Ms Kelly, a 41-year-old Oxford-educated solicitor, took the council to an industrial tribunal earlier this year. At the hearing in May, Ms Kelly claimed that she had been treated unfairly when Mr Bundred threatened to sack her that male employees of the council were treated more favourably and that her complaint that a male

BY SHENAI RAIF



Kelly: 'Unfairly treated'

officer ranted her at a conference was never investigated properly. The council, which is estimated to have spent £300,000 on legal costs so far, denied the charges.

Mr Bundred told the hearing that it was Ms Kelly who undermined female colleagues and that she referred to them as Stepford wives.

The hearing was adjourned until November after attempts to settle (with a rumoured £70,000 behind-the-scenes severance offer) were rejected by Ms Kelly.

But now the rest of the hearing will not take place. The council said: "Both sides are committed to a settlement."

## Police criticised over World Cup

A POLICE officer has criticised his British colleagues' performance at the World Cup finals and accused them of providing misleading information about English hooligans.

He has also suggested that the Home Office, Football Association and police "cynically" tried to pass on much of the blame for the violence.

Detective Constable Steve O'Reilly, who has carried out research on the intelligence-led operations and is currently working on the Metropolitan Police's specialist operations department, told Police Review magazine: "We say we're doing our best, but our best isn't effective."

"What rankles me is that it doesn't really show the true picture."

He added that the offer of early help to the French with intelligence on football hooligans could be seen as a "cynical effort to ensure that we - as a country, government, home of

BY JASON BENNETT  
Crime Correspondent

fice, police service and football association - would not wholly be to blame should events take a turn for the worse in France."

He argued that the National Criminal Intelligence Service failed to provide the French with enough accurate intelligence on travelling hooligans. "We've said, 'police here have a lot of information, do with it what you will - it's (now) your problem.'" He believed this led to the French authorities treating anyone suspicious as a hooligan.

Figures released this week by NCIS show that 286 English supporters were arrested in France during the World Cup; 11 were imprisoned; 15 were remanded in custody; and one was charged with murder following a stabbing on a train.

In addition, 87 fans were expelled from France and 90 were refused entry into the country.





# Day of the dinosaur on Isle of Wight

By MATTHEW BRACE

THE DINOSAURS on the Isle of Wight are coming back to life. The fossilised bones of prehistoric creatures are, in the words of one palaeontologist, "falling out of the cliffs".

As quickly as they fall, scientists are gathering them up and reconstructing their skeletons to piece together life on the southern island 120 million years ago.

It is now widely accepted that the island is Europe's premier site for dinosaur discovery, an accolade that has drawn scores of fossil hunters, some permanently.

One unnamed prospector struck gold recently when, while scraping around with a trowel, he unearthed a black claw which was unlike any appendage on a contemporary creature. It was from a previously unknown species of predator, swift and agile.

The curator of the island's Museum of Geology, Steve Hutt, described it as a "quite breathtaking" find, but said it came as no great surprise.

"So many dinosaur fossils have come to light on the island over the past century that it was only a matter of time before we had another discovery," said Mr Hutt. Two years ago, another unknown dinosaur was found in the same stretch of cliff.

In the past 150 years, 12 whole skeletons have been found, two of which were previously unknown to scientists.

The roll-call reads like an exhibit at the Natural History Museum - Iguanodon, hysiosophodon, polacanthus, yaverlandia, pelorosaurus, bothriospondylus and ornithomys. More recently, a



The owner of the claw?

brachiosaurus appeared, along with a neovenator, calamitodius, one from the group baryonychid, and then this latest discovery.

"We also know there are many more beneath the surface that we cannot get at yet. We hope to set up a new dinosaur museum to show all these off," Mr Hutt said.

The reasons for the proliferation lie in the Wealden Clay that originally encased the dinosaurs. All of what is now southern England, France, north-west Germany and northern Spain was once a forested, sub-tropical basin

favoured by herbivores who came to feed on the lush vegetation - and other carnivores who came to feed on them.

Sporadic droughts and monsoon floods killed off considerable numbers and they fell into the dirt. The basin also drained several rivers which carried the remains of other dinosaurs into it, creating a prehistoric carcass soup which solidified and lay hidden for millions of years.

The rock beneath the Isle of Wight is now rising, thrusting its dinosaur-rich clay above the surface, and as the cliffs erode at a phenomenal rate - a metre per year in places - the dinosaurs see the light of day once more.

At a Dinosaur Farm where the specimens are put back together to look lifelike for the public, palaeontologist Nick Chase was ankle-deep in bones from an iguanodon he had discovered. He was telling a small crowd of tourists about the prospects for future discoveries on the island.

"If you could turn the land of southern England into desert and badland and let the wind get to work, you would find the Home Counties littered with dinosaur bones. But because they are still below the surface we can't see them," he said.

"On the Isle of Wight, where the land is rising, we can. And there are lots of them, especially on the south-west cliffs which face straight into the channel, and which during the winter get battered by the gales and erode quickly."

Erosion can be as much foe as friend, dropping fossils onto the beach where they either get washed away on the tide or are reburied in fallen cliff clay.

And if the elements don't get them, then unscrupulous hunters will.

"I wouldn't call it a fossil rush exactly, but collecting dinosaur fossils is a market that is growing, even if it is sluggishly," he said. "One bone was found for sale at the Rock and Mineral Fair in Southampton."

Most material found by amateurs finds its way to the museums, either through their good will or through lucky finds like the latest one, but the biggest problem is excavation sites being raided - leaving palaeontologists with large gaps in their prehistoric jigsaw puzzles.

This is why the location of the most recent find is being kept a secret.

"I can't tell you where it is," said Mr Hutt. "All I can say is that almost all of our dinosaur fossils come out of cliffs somewhere." That leaves a mere 60 miles of coastline to search.

Meanwhile, the unnamed discoverer of the hidden claw spoke to *The Independent* from hiding, but only to reiterate that he was "very excited" about his find. His identity will be revealed - when Mr Hutt names the dinosaur after him.



Anne-Yvonne Baker, an assistant at the Isle of Wight's Museum of Geology, examines the island's "breathtaking" new prehistoric find

John Lawrence

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## Stroke victim held in chains

By JO BUTLER

AN INQUIRY is to be launched into the case of a woman prisoner, suffering from multiple sclerosis and a stroke, who was shackled during hospital treatment.

Linda Wright is threatening to sue the Prison Service after being kept chained to prison officers while undergoing treatment for a stroke which left her paralysed down her left side.

Prisons minister Joyce Quin said Ms Wright, 49, had made no complaint while at hospital or on her return to Holloway Prison, and had even sent a thank-you letter to her guards.

But Ms Quin said a full inquiry would be held and vowed that, if mistakes were made, she would not defend them.

Solicitors acting for Wright, who was jailed for 12 years for smuggling cocaine worth £250,000 into the country, said her treatment amounted to assault and negligence.

Wright has alleged that the handcuffs which linked her to a prison officer with a metre-long chain were sometimes locked onto her paralysed arm.

Her solicitor, Simon Creighton, said the Prison Service had been given a week to respond to the complaint before the allegations were made public, but had failed to do so.

"It would be impossible to describe Linda as likely to escape. She is not mobile enough," Mr Creighton said.

"She still can't use the stairs and has to walk with a stick. For

most of her time in hospital she was totally bedridden."

A woman patient in the next hospital bed told BBC2's *Newsnight* that Wright was unable even to walk to the lavatory, and said nurses had expressed concern at the shackling.

Mr Creighton dismissed as a "smokescreen" the Prison Service's publication of a thank-you letter that Wright sent to the officers who guarded her. He said she had no argument with the officers, but with the orders under which they were acting.

Last month the Prison Service announced it was paying £25,000 compensation to a mother whose son was chained to his deathbed, and £20,000 to a former woman prisoner who was shackled just before she gave birth.

It said the decision to restrain Wright was taken after consideration of her condition, hospital security, the risk to the public and the possibility that she might receive outside help in escaping. Two weeks into her stay, the shackles were taken off.

Ms Quin insisted that the guidelines meant most women prisoners were not restrained while in hospital, but campaigners said the incident highlighted the need for change.

Paul Cavadino, of the National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders, said: "The rules should be changed so escorted women are handcuffed only when there are strong grounds for regarding the individual as a serious escape risk."

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# Wartime tragedy: Survivor relates a terrible true-life story that Hollywood glosses over in £60m epic Awful truth behind Spielberg film

BY CHRIS OLIVER WILSON  
AND LINUS GREGORIADIS

LESTER ZOOK will not be able to bring himself to watch Hollywood's latest blockbuster, *Saving Private Ryan*, even though it is the kind of tale of war-time heroism beloved of veterans such as himself. The 79-year-old, who served with distinction for 32 years in the United States Navy, would find the experience too traumatic, too disturbing. It would also leave him angry.

The film, which stars Tom Hanks and has been made by Steven Spielberg, tells the heroic tale of how the US Army brass deal with a tragic situation when one of their generals insists that it is too traumatic to tell Ryan's mother that three of her sons are dead in the D-Day landings during the Second World War - and a fourth is missing. The response is to order Hanks and his unit to find the surviving brother, Private Ryan, quickly.

To the US public it is a reassuring tale. No matter what, they are told, America will not let down its own, even though the odds are stacked against them, even though it may appear the ultimate act of folly to risk the lives of many to save one. It is a theme which has stayed with Americans, especially after the Vietnam War, spawning films of rescue for long-lost veterans.

It is also evidence of the US military acting out its sole survivor policy which ruled that servicemen whose brothers had died in combat could be taken out of the line of fire for the sake of their parents.

But Lester Zook knows that behind this stirring tale lies a terrible true-life story that shamed the authorities, led to a huge public outcry and the hasty introduction of the survivor policy in the first place. Mr Zook, then a petty officer in the Navy, was one of 700 or so servicemen on board the American warship *Juneau* in the North Pacific on the morning of 13 November 1942, two years before the D-Day landings.

To this day he cannot clearly remember what happened next. The vessel had been hit by a Japanese torpedo, and was low in the water. Another hit and it was sinking fast, just



'Saving Private Ryan' reassures the American public that the Army will do anything to rescue a family's last surviving son in wartime

16 seconds, he reckoned, until it went down. "I went down with the ship. When we were about 30 feet under, I gave up and did nothing. I just remember feeling the high pressure of the water in my ears," Mr Zook said.

Somehow he was cast free from the wreckage, passing through a thick layer of leaked oil and breaking the surface. By chance, one of the *Juneau's* life rafts was nearby. On board the *Juneau* had been five brothers, the Sullivans. Four - Francis, Albert, Madison and Joseph -

were among the 600 who went down with the ship.

Among the 110 survivors was the fifth, George, a friend of Lester Zook's. "I remember George Sullivan, the eldest brother swimming from raft to raft looking for his brothers, and calling out their names. Eventually he was attacked and eaten by a shark."

It was an avoidable death. The men had waited and waited for help to come. They fully expected a rescue operation - but the US Navy had decided that the threat of Japanese

submarines in the area was too great. Vessels were ordered to steer clear. "We were totally shocked that no one came to rescue us. Men were dying of their injuries or being eaten by sharks," Mr Zook said.

Seven days passed before the Navy thought it was safe enough to rescue the men who had drifted near the coast of the Solomon Islands. By then 100 had died of their injuries, thirst, starvation or been eaten by sharks. Only 10 survived.

When the story broke in America, the press had a field

day. The actions of the US Navy had been had enough, but the loss of five brothers in one incident angered and sickened the public.

Their parents' house in Waterloo, Iowa, was flooded with tributes, flowers and letters of condolences. The American military realised their apparently logical decision to avoid further loss by endangering another ship looked distinctly like an act of cold cowardice.

Hastily they adopted the "sole survivor", or "discharge on the grounds of dependency"

policy. It was this agreement that is enacted in the film *Saving Private Ryan*.

Mr Zook said: "There was a lot of discussion about what could be done after the sinking of the *Juneau* and the military became far more careful about sending brothers into battle together. Moreover, the sole survivor policy meant the last surviving heir in a family could be discharged even if they were serving in separate sectors of the military."

The story of the Sullivan brothers was itself told in a film

made just two years after their death, *The Fighting Sullivans*, while only last year the US Navy named a new battleship after them - the USS *Sullivans*.

Despite his anger, Mr Zook went back into service, rising to the rank of lieutenant commander. But his commitment to the military will not lead him into the cinema to watch the new £60m film. For him that would be an act too far, an acknowledgement of fictional heroism to follow real-life cowardice.

## Heads attack maths ban

BY BEN RUSSELL  
Education Correspondent

HEAD TEACHERS attacked the Government yesterday over its attempt to remove calculators from maths classes in infant schools for children younger than eight.

David Hart, general secretary of the National Association of Head Teachers, said calculators did have a place in classes for the under-eights and insisted that teachers should decide whether children benefited from electronic aids.

In a letter to David Blunkett, Secretary of State for Education, Mr Hart said that a ban would be unworkable and demanded a rethink.

Earlier this week Mr Blunkett moved to oust calculators from classes leading up to Key Stage One tests for seven-year-olds. But Mr Hart said: "Anybody with an ounce of common sense knows that calculators should never be used to the detriment of acquiring basic mathematical skills, but they can have a purpose, even at Key Stage One."

"Teachers should be allowed to exercise their professional judgement in this area. To ban calculators is to interfere with the professional discretion of teachers and does nothing to enhance their image."

"I have grave reservations about the ability of a secretary of state to ban calculators. Likewise I simply do not see how any attempted ban could be remotely enforceable."

From September, schools are being told to run a daily numeracy hour for children, with emphasis on mental arithmetic, the chanting of times tables and more whole-class teaching.

The strategy will not be compulsory but schools which do not comply will face criticism from inspectors if they fail to hit Government targets. Ministers cannot formally ban calculators without changing the law but a formal ban will be possible when the national curriculum is reviewed in the year 2000.

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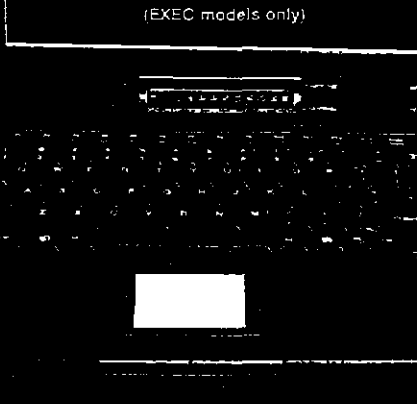
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## Sex trade thrives with Internet advertisements

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
AND KATE ALLEN

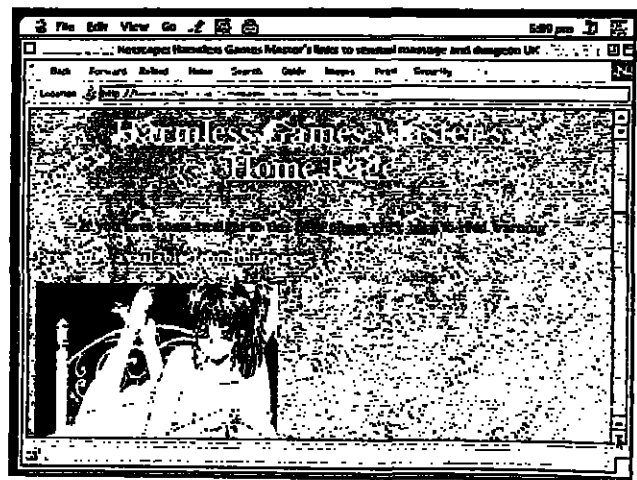
"I HOPE it will replace kerk-crawling," said Savannah, who lives in the town of Flint in Wales. "That young lady in Manchester the other day, she was slashed to ribbons."

The "it" that Savannah hopes will replace the violent streets, where some prostitutes still ply their trade, is an entirely different highway from the Queen's one. It's electronic.

The workers in Britain's hundreds of "massage parlours" are discovering advertising on the Internet. It's cheaper than newspapers, and you get a wider geographical reach. And for rural areas, where there might not be a kerk to crawl, it's a boon, both for the women and for their clients.

Savannah's number went on the global network a couple of months ago. "We're doing all right with adverts in papers like the *Sport*," she said. "But yes, we have had a couple of inquiries from people who saw our number on the Internet."

Jade, who offers "body to body massage" from her localisation in Prestatyn, Wales, said:



One of the Internet sites suggesting sex online

"We do get a lot of locals, but then there are holidaymakers too. But we had someone call us and ask us if we wanted our number put on the Internet, for free. That was a couple of weeks ago," Jade, too, has had responses to her Net listing. The man who called both Jade and Savannah to ask if they wanted their numbers put on the Internet is Ian, aged 41, a former professional photographer who runs a massage parlour in Buckinghamshire.

"The woman who answers the phone refers to him sternly as 'The Master'." He doesn't have any financial involvement with Jade or Savannah - indeed, in the best traditions of the Internet, they have never met. But he reckons that the Internet is going to be a boom area for the sex business in the UK. "A newspaper ad in the *Sport* costs me £180 every week," he said yesterday. "My Internet site costs £205 for a year, plus my phone time, which is minimal."

Already, 10 per cent of his parlour's business comes through the Web. "In a year or two it will be the main source for business," he said.

His faith is such that he has put the numbers of 800 massage parlours from around Britain on his Web site. "The most important thing is to get visitors to the site, and too many other sites make everyone they list pay a fee. That means you don't get a comprehensive list. I offer a listing for free - then if they want to have a picture and some text, I charge £150 for six months, or £250 for a year."

His site gets about 150 "hits" a day. "It's not much in terms of the Web, but if you were in a business and got 150 inquiries per day, that would be pretty good."

And for the women, it takes them even further away from the streets. There are other advantages too: by replacing kerk-crawling, it reduces the hassle for the police. "I think the police have more important things to worry about on the Internet than us," said Ian. "The fact is, as long as you don't bother the neighbours, they don't mind."

## Welsh told to get ambitious

WHEN JOHN Redwood was secretary of state for Wales, he remarked that there was no Welsh word for entrepreneur. Now a government document accusing the people of the principality of "lacking confidence and ambition", proposes to turn them into exactly that.

Ministers have decided that while the Welsh may be adept at persuading the Japanese and Koreans to set up plants, there is a serious deficiency in home-grown capitalism. An official paper entitled "Pathway to Prosperity" aims to set a New Labour economic agenda for the region and calls for a "step-change" in entrepreneurial activity.

Ministers at the Welsh office accept that the inhabitants of the principality are a nation of employees. The Old Labour Marxist/Baptist philosophy of South Wales in particular regards business practice as little short of an economic crime. "Profit" may not be a dirty word, but it is regarded with great suspicion.

BY BARRIE CLEMENT

Kevin Morgan of Cardiff Business School who helped to draw up the document, said the "business birth rate" in Wales was extremely low. "In the poorest parts of Wales there are just four firms per 1,000 people and around six in the richer areas. That compares with 10 per 1,000 in England," he said. He was not prepared to be lectured by the English, however. When Mr Redwood famously remarked on the lack of

professions and "emigration" to England. Ministers are determined to engender a new spirit among young people.

What is often lacking is the confidence and ambition to exploit those talents to the full.

Professor Morgan ventured that there did not seem to be an English word either.

The economic paper states that fully to develop the economy, "we need considerably more growth and development in our existing companies and the creation of more new enterprises". In another passage it bluntly declares: "Wales has the talent needed for commercial success in today's highly competitive global markets. What is often lacking is the confidence and ambition to exploit those talents to the full."

مكتبة الامم





# Quayle back in the saddle and riding for President



Quayle: 'Verbosity leads to inarticulate things'

POLITICS is a little dull in America at the moment, but help is at hand. J Danforth Quayle, the former Vice President, is emerging from the shadows to get his campaign for President on the road. The man who taught American students how to spell "potatoe" is back in the saddle again.

Mr Quayle has a serious chance of the Republican nomination for the Presidency in the 2000 election. He was, after all, a Congressman at 29 and Senator at 33 as well as Vice President. He is a favourite of many conservatives, especially on the religious right, and he scores well in opinion polls.

By ANDREW MARSHALL  
in Washington

But what will count against Mr Quayle, inevitably, is his starting verbal track record. It is not just the word potatoe that he has managed to mangle: in the annals of American politics, Mr Quayle has delivered some of the most astonishing sentences and paragraphs.

His legendary ability with language comes close to brilliance, producing quotations that are a parody of the polysyllabic that every American politician must learn. He has come up with little gems that echo the empty rhetoric of his

colleagues, but with far greater simplicity. "If we do not succeed," he said once, "we run the risk of failure."

Sometimes, his utterances have been near misses at important truths. "I believe we are on an irreversible trend towards more freedom and democracy - but that could change," he said on another occasion. At times, it is hard to divine what, exactly, is going on in his head. As he himself once said, "Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things." Or even more riveting: "What a waste it is to lose one's mind. Or not to have a mind is being very wasteful. How true that is."

Lest we believe that this habit has been exorcised in the years away from the spotlight, Mr Quayle popped up on television recently to demonstrate his insight into the political process.

"Let me just be very clear that the Republican party will select a nominee that will beat Bill Clinton," he said. This is an admirable aspiration. But Mr Clinton, sadly, is prohibited by the constitution from running in the next election.

An opinion poll in May by CNN, USA Today and Gallup showed Mr Quayle as one of the top four possibles alongside the Texas Governor, George W

Bush, (son of the former president), Elizabeth Dole (wife of former candidate Robert) and Jack Kemp, another former candidate.

Mr Quayle is discreetly putting his hat in the ring. He has a political action committee gathering funds, Campaign America, based in Arizona. He made a campaign swing through Iowa, a key state, recently, using the opportunity to take a poke at Bill Clinton and his team, which he called "the most scandal-plagued administration in the history of our republic". He is quietly recruiting friends and associates to work on his campaign, which is like

ly to gather steam in the next few months. He is distancing himself from his one-time patron, George Bush, and will put himself forward as an anti-establishment candidate - an odd position for a man who has spent most of his adult life in Washington.

The front-runner for the Republican candidacy at the moment is George W Bush, who is, by the standards of the Republican party in 1998, a relative moderate. There are other candidates who will try to snatch the support of the religious right, but none has Mr Quayle's name recognition, and few have his fund-raising po-

tential and contacts. The jokes about him will not exactly help, but Mr Quayle has become better at deflecting them and even capitalizing on his image. "How can you shake this image that you had during your vice-presidency as sort of a bumbling Vice President who couldn't spell?" he was asked on a recent television show.

"I'll tell you what," he replied. "I'll let all the perfect spellers support Al Gore and those who have trouble spelling should support me." On that basis, he could be on for a landslide victory.

Leading article,  
Review, page 3

## Fear and loathing in Peru's press

WHILE most journalists hope for the fame that a big break brings, Angel Paz of Peru wishes he did not have that kind of luck. His name is becoming well-known to newspapers outside his country, as well as to organisations such as the Paris-based Journalists without Borders and the Committee to Protect Journalists, based in the United States.

For two months Paz has been the target of a smear campaign in four of Peru's most sensationalist tabloids. Placed next to articles on UFOs landing on Peru's beaches, articles have called Paz a traitor for allegedly collaborating with Ecuador, Peru's northern neighbour, with which it fought a short war in 1996. Others call him a Communist for his alleged sympathy with Peru's ultra-left-wing Shining Path rebels.

The last charge is paradoxical, given that Paz has also been continually denounced in the Maoist group's underground newspaper, *El Diario*, and he has received numerous death threats from the rebels. At first, Paz dismissed the articles in four Lima tabloids, *El Chino*, *El Mananero*, *El Tio* and *La Chuchi*, as absurd. He began to get truly concerned, however, when he noticed that many of the articles appeared to be written by the same hand.

By LUCIEN CHAUVIN  
in Lima

The Peruvian tabloids are widely read, because they are cheaper than the government press, and although they are independently owned, they tend to rabidly defend Alberto Fujimori, Peru's President.

Paz, and many other journalists, believe the articles are part of a campaign orchestrated by the National Intelligence Service to intimidate and silence investigative reporting.

The attacks on Paz started after he reported Peru's purchase of fighter aircraft from the former Soviet republic of Belarus in the daily *La Republica*, where he heads the investigative news unit. The government has admitted buying the aircraft, but the terms of the purchase were kept secret.

During a visit to Peru last month, a delegation from Journalists without Borders, the Committee to Protect Journalists, Freedom Forum and a representative from the Argentine daily, *Clarín*, for which Paz covers Peru, brought up his case with President Fujimori. "We told the president that we were concerned about Angel's safety and what appeared to be an orchestrated campaign against him," said *Clarín's* foreign news editor,

Marcelo Cantelmi. He said the President had promised to look into the case, and had assured the group that freedom of the press was fully guaranteed. But the campaign against Paz seems to be working.

Hilda Rodriguez, who has run a news stand in Lima for more than 20 years, says of Paz: "He's the journalist who defends Ecuador." *El Chino*, which has published more than 70 articles against Paz, is one of her top-selling papers. Paz still receives death threats, but he is alive and remains in the country. In the past year, Baruch Ivcher, the former



Angel Paz, an investigative reporter, shows copies of 'El Tio' in his Lima office. The newspaper is one of four that regularly denounce Paz as a traitor. Journalists charge that Peru's intelligence service is using the tabloids to silence investigative reporting

Martin Mejia/AP

owner of Frecuencia Latina, Lima's local Channel 2, has fled Peru, fearing for his safety.

Ivcher's station made the mistake of airing programmes about army intelligence agents who had been killed by their colleagues. Ivcher was publicly denounced by the government.

Last summer, the station's journalists were told to leave the building. When they refused, Ivcher - a naturalised Peruvian of Israeli descent - was stripped of his citizenship and of his majority stock holdings in the company.

A few months later, Jose Arrieta Mattos, the former chief of

Contrapunto, the channel's news programme, fled the country and has since sought political asylum in the US. Arrieta was accused of illegally obtaining information from the intelligence services and was interrogated for more than seven hours by intelligence agents.

The list of attacks against the press is long. Blanca Rosales, editor of *La Republica*, was kidnapped on 1 April 1997, by three men. She was later released. Throughout 1997, and this year, numerous journalists have been beaten, harassed, or called in for questioning by state security agents. One of the

most controversial programs run by Channel 2 under Ivcher reported on the systematic phone-tapping of journalists.

The most troubling case, however, is that of Isabel Chumpitaz, a radio journalist in the northern city of Piura. She was assassinated on 6 April with her husband, Jose Amaya. Chumpitaz's radio programme, *The People's Voice*, defended the rights of peasant farmers and criticised the government's plan to privatise state-owned lands in the north of the country.

The police immediately ruled that "common criminals" were responsible for the murders. They dismissed testimony from two of Chumpitaz's brothers that the assassins were shouting political slogans before they killed her.

The government's claim that the press is free in Peru has some truth. Journalists continue to openly question and criticise President Fujimori's moves, but Peru's government continues to cite "state security" when it wants to stop the press from exploring delicate issues. Paz says that while there is freedom of the press on paper in Peru, there is also a sinister campaign "to intimidate investigative reporting".

If the murders were ethnically motivated, they would reflect Nigeria's division between the richer south and the arid and poorer north, powerbase of the Hausa-dominated military. Not surprisingly, many south-easterners refuse to believe Abiola's death was from natural causes.

Nigeria's ruler, General Abdulsalam Abubakar, has put off the address in which he was to unveil his plans to return Nigeria to democracy. It will not take place before Tuesday, by which time international pathologists will have reported the findings of their autopsy on Abiola.

IN BRIEF

**Kosovo refugees flee battle**

KOSOVO Albanian refugees fleeing the western town of Pec told United Nations officials the town was under very heavy shelling from Serb forces yesterday and 200 to 300 people had fled, a spokesman for the UN High Commissioner for Refugees said.

**Pilots face court martial**

THE American pilot and navigator whose warplane cut the cable of a ski lift in Italy in February, sending 20 skiers plunging to their death, will be court-martialled, Pentagon officials said. The two will face charges of involuntary manslaughter, negligent homicide and dereliction of duty.

**Leader of anti-semitic mob jailed**

A MAN convicted of inciting a black mob against Jews during New York's 1991 riots was sentenced to almost 22 years in prison. Charles Price, 44, led a crowd of men who attacked and killed Yankel Rosenbaum "with a blind, baseless bigotry."

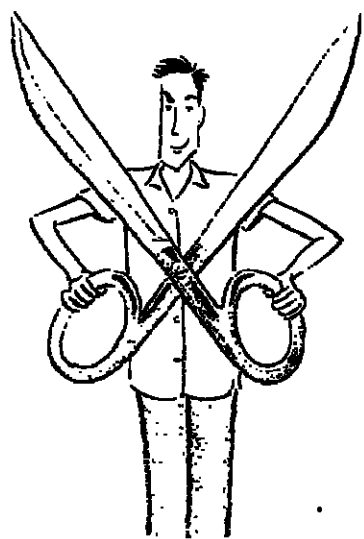
**SS veterans to join Estonia rally**

ESTONIA said it suspected a "Soviet-style" campaign of disinformation over a planned meeting of veterans in the capital, Tallinn, which will include former SS fighters. Some 1,000 war veterans plan to gather for an annual meeting in the city today.

**Mickey Mouse back on the job**

MICKEY MOUSE will return to work at Euro Disney after the actors who play Disney figures voted yesterday to suspend their 17-day-old strike, ending the longest walkout in the history of the fun park.

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## Murder of Castro's foe shakes Little Havana

FAUSTO MARIMON had an obsession: to kill Fidel Castro. As a member of the Miami-based paramilitary group Alpha 66, he was planning a clandestine landing on Cuba with a group of heavily armed fellow Cuban-Americans.

After a strategy meeting in Brindley's Bar in Miami's Little Havana district last week, the group broke up at 4am, got into their cars and went home. But Marimon did not get far.

The 46-year-old was found murdered in his beaten-up blue Chevrolet van in the bar's car park 14 hours later. Miami police have put wraps on the case, refusing to say even how he was killed.

Now the talking point in Little Havana is "Who killed Fausto Marimon?" There are several answers: fellow Cuban-Americans opposed to an attack on Castro for fear of a backlash in Miami; members of his own group in a dispute over their projected mission; Castro's own agents; even the CIA.

Some believe it might have been simply a crime of passion, or a drug deal gone sour. "All I can say is it was a murder and we're not ruling anything out," said Detective Delrish Moss when asked if Cuban agents, known to have infiltrated Little Havana, might have killed Marimon. "In my 14 years in the job I've never seen it happening."

"Castro's agents are always watching us. We know we're in constant danger," said Alpha 66's leader, Andres Nazario

By PHIL DAVISON  
in Miami

Sargent, 78. He has been trying to overthrow the Cuban leader for nearly 40 years. "Fausto was a captain in Alpha 66. He was planning to go the island with a group of our commandos. There was a meeting in a bar but that's all we know."

Marimon's death threw the spotlight back on Alpha 66 and other Cuban-American groups in Miami dedicated to overthrowing Castro, having fled his 1959 revolution.

They take themselves seriously, are well-armed and train regularly in the Florida Everglades. The Cuban-American lobby is powerful in Washington because of its vote-gathering potential, so the authorities tend to turn a blind eye to the manoeuvres.

Wearing civilian clothes, Mr Nazario Sargent runs Alpha 66 openly from an office in Little Havana's Plaza de Cubanidad. The office is dotted with pictures of his men in training. He claims 1,500 active part-time commandos and another 4,000 followers. He also claims to have commandos inside Cuba as well as the secret support of the majority of Cubans.

The group claims to have fired on Cuba's northern tourist resorts, such as Varadero, in order to cripple Castro's tourism industry, although these attacks have rarely been verified by anyone on shore.

Marimon spent a year in jail after trying to buy anti-tank



A group of anti-Castro demonstrators on the march in Little Havana, Miami

Frank Spooner

rockets, a Stinger anti-aircraft missile launcher, C4 plastic explosives and other military equipment in 1994 from an undercover FBI agent.

Another Cuban-American, Ivan Rojas, was given a two-year jail sentence last year in Miami after the US Coastguard found him 50 miles north of Cuba on a cabin cruiser loaded with guns and explosives.

"I am a freedom fighter. I was delivering the arms to insurgents in [the Cuban province of] Camaguey," he said. A Miami judge set him free on bail, pending appeal.

Then in October, the US Coastguard boarded a boat near Puerto Rico and found an arsenal of weapons including two sniper rifles, night-vision scopes and military uniforms.

Three of the Cuban-Americans on board claimed ignorance. The fourth, Angel Alfonso Aleman, said: "These weapons are mine. They are for assassinating Fidel Castro."

The local authorities took the threat very seriously - all Cuban exiles were suddenly deported from the island, and Mr Alfonso Aleman has been charged with conspiracy to commit murder and weapons smuggling.

Last month, another anti-Castro group, the Movement of Revolutionary Recovery (MRR), said it had landed commandos in Cuba's Pinar del Rio province. "They took to the hills," an MRR member said. "They will recruit partisans and create the conditions for a guerrilla war."

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# Tsar's family snub 'insulting' burial

FURIOUS DISCORD over next week's reburial of Russia's last tsar, Nicholas II, burst into the open yesterday as a leading branch of the imperial family condemned the funeral as "an insult", and announced a boycott.

Complaining that the event was "hasty and unprepared", Grand Duchess Maria Vladimirovna and her relatives have joined a lengthening list of those who will not be going, including all top Orthodox clergy and President Boris Yeltsin. She said the Russian government was proposing to bury the last Romanov emperor in a "rough and ready" fashion, singling out the fact that his grave will be in a side chapel of the St Peter and St Paul Cathedral in St Petersburg and not in the body of the building where most other tsars - including Peter the Great - lie.

When Russia first talked of reburial of the imperial family - shot by a Bolshevik firing squad in Yekaterinburg 80 years ago - it had grandiose plans for a ceremony that would attract the world's leading politicians and royals, and help unify a disorientated and divided population. Plans were mooted to take the remains from Yekaterinburg - where they were found in a pit in 1991 - through the country by funeral train to St Petersburg.

But inter-city rivalry over the burial site, divisions among the imperial family, and the refusal of the Orthodox Church to endorse the event have turned it into a half-hearted and acrimonious affair. The Grand Duchess's remarks ally her with the position of the ruling synod of the Orthodox Church, which has distanced itself from the event for internal political reasons. She appears to support the stance of the Orthodox Church abroad and conservative clerics, who strongly dis-

BY PHIL REEVES  
in Moscow

pute the authenticity of the bones despite positive DNA tests by scientists from Britain, Russia, Germany and the US.

The duchess spoke with bitterness about the failure of the funeral to unify Russians. "Instead of becoming an act of national reconciliation and repentance of the sin of regicide, the burial has provoked disputes and has become a new reason for confrontation in Russian society," she told Interfax news agency.

The Grand Duchess's withdrawal is a further blow to the event's credibility, as she is the mother of one of the pretenders to the Romanov throne, 16-year-old Prince Georgy. His great-grandfather was Kyrill Vladimirovich Romanov, a cousin of the last emperor who proclaimed himself tsar whilst in exile in Paris in 1924. He died in 1938. She said she, her mother Leonida, and the prince will attend a rival service to be held on the same day and presided over by the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, Alexy II, at a monastery outside Moscow.

Her mother has also complained about the modesty of the ceremony, saying that it is "not fit for an emperor". She has a point. The tsar, his wife Alexandra, three of their four daughters, their doctor and three servants, will be reburied not by the Patriarch or even a senior Orthodox cleric, but by a local city priest. Before he is finally laid to rest in the Cathedral of St Peter and St Paul, opposite the Winter Palace, only 19 shots will be fired over Nicholas's coffin. This is instead of the customary 21 shots for Russian royalty - a two-bullet distinction intended to underline the fact that he abdicated. During the service, the priest



Grand Duchess Maria Vladimirovna

will not refer to the remains before him as those of the Romanovs. Russian national television is not providing full live coverage of the event on Friday - the anniversary of their execution in 1918. It will be a working day for most Russians. Press coverage of the burial has been overshadowed by the country's precarious finances, its search for international loans, and labour protests. A survey recently found that four out of ten Russians had "no view" about the occasion.

Mindful that millions of Russians still harbour Communist sympathies and millions more are suffering severe economic hardship, the government says it is spending less than \$1m on the event. "God Save the Tsar" will not be played at the funeral; the coffin will be carried through St Petersburg not at a dignified walking pace, allowing passers-by to pay their respects, but at 40mph.

Nor is the guest list exactly bulging with golden names. No European royals are expected apart from Prince Michael of Kent, who will be there in a private capacity. (Britain will be represented by its ambassador

to Moscow, Sir Andrew Wood.) In stark contrast to the tsar's Orthodox Church, the Vatican is sending two archbishops. The Kremlin has dispatched Boris Nemtsov, the Deputy Prime Minister who headed a government commission into the imperial family's remains and what to do with them. But this week the mayor of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, who fought brazenly for the bones to be interred in the rebuilt Cathedral of Christ the Saviour on the banks of the Moscow River - and the head of the upper house of parliament, Yegor Stroyev, added their names to those who will be elsewhere on the day.

The mood of discord and disappointment swirling around the royal bones has drawn acid comment from the governor of St Petersburg, Vladimir Yakovlev, who is struggling to hold the event together. The burial was a "delicate subject" that has been exploited for "selfish political reasons", he said. His city, the former imperial capital, had "enough dignity not to take part in the political debates on the subject", but he appealed for "common sense to prevail over political vanity" during Friday's ceremony.

Whether his call will be heeded remains to be seen, but the signs are worsening. The duchess has gone out of her way to keep the issue alive after the Romanovs are below ground. She could not, she said, regard the forthcoming burial as "anything other than a temporary one. If the authenticity of the remains is at last proven irrefutably, Nicholas II and his family must be buried at the Cathedral of St Peter and St Paul next to their royal ancestors... with honours that correspond to their status and the contribution that they have made to Russian history".



Monarchists and Cossacks carry portraits of Nicholas II to mark his birthday on 19 May

Oleg Nikishin/AP

## Champagne ship set to rise again

BY ADAM JASSER  
in Rauma

TREASURE HUNTERS trying to salvage a champagne-laden First World War ship from the floor of the Baltic Sea hope to raise the vessel this weekend.

Divers have been working around the clock, braving extreme water pressure and temperatures of 2C, to put a special harness on the 25-metre wooden hull of the ketch Jonkoping. A floating crane will then lift it to the surface.

The 560-tonne crane, Pernille Diver, had been due to raise the ketch on Thursday, but the recovery team said they had been forced to postpone the operation. Divers have been struggling to clear debris from the ship's deck and dig through the clay mud under its bow, in order to put a sling beneath it.

The ship was sunk by a German submarine in 1916 while taking 5,000 bottles of 1907 Heidsieck & Co champagne, 67 casks of cognac and some burgundy wine to Tsar Nicholas II's army in Finland, then a Grand Duchy of Russia.

Wine lovers who have had the chance to sample individual bottles that have been brought to the surface declare it has been ideally preserved by the cold, dark Baltic Sea.

One French expert, who identified the Heidsieck's sweet taste as "young American", said it was preserved so well that a blind tasting would put its age at 10 years.

Claes Bergvall, the professional treasure hunter heading the expedition, estimates the



Salvage skipper Markku Kankaristo admires an old champagne bottle lifted from the Jonkoping

AP

potential value of the cargo at tens of millions of dollars. He hopes to sell the champagne to collectors for \$3,000 a bottle, and believes up to 80,000 bottles of cognac could also be filled if all casks are preserved.

But a spokesman for Christie's in London put the champagne's value much lower. "The commercial value is maybe £50 to £100 (\$80 to \$160) a bottle, for rarity," Duncan McEuan told Reuters. "If it

came from the Titanic, maybe you would get a big premium." Once the cargo is raised, Mr Bergvall's next battle will be with the liquor laws in Sweden and Finland. "I'm waiting for legal advice on where to take the cargo," he said.

Mr Bergvall found the wreck after scouring libraries to find out about the Jonkoping's last voyage. He wants to tow it back to its home port of Gavle, Sweden, and make it a museum.

## Cathedral treasure revealed

LITHUANIAN archaeologists know how to keep a secret. They waited 13 years before revealing this week that they had discovered treasures thought to be worth more than \$50m in the cathedral in the capital, Vilnius. The cache includes hundreds of jewels, gold goblets and church artifacts that date back to the 16th century.

Workers came across some of the cache in 1985, when Lithuania was still part of the Soviet Union, while they were fitting the cathedral with air conditioning. Archaeologists were then brought in to explore further.

It was a stunning find, remembered one of the archaeologists, Romualdas Budrys, director of the Lithuanian Museum of Art.

"We were searching with ultrasound equipment and suddenly the sound changed," he said yesterday. "We broke one brick wall and were blinded by the shining of gold. I still remember the pale faces of my colleagues."

They informed the Lithuanian Ministry of Culture about the find, but promised not to pass on the information to the Soviet authorities, as they feared the treasure might then

be confiscated. Withholding such information from the Kremlin was a risky move.

"In those days, our tongues were our greatest enemies, but we managed to keep the secret until safer times," Mr Budrys said. Archaeologists believe that the treasure was hidden in 1655 when Russian troops stormed Vilnius, which was then part of the Lithuanian-Polish state.

Lithuanian authorities said they plan to arrange an exhibition of the treasure. Lithuania's Catholic authorities have also laid claim to the treasure. - Vilnius (AP)

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# Japan tenses for crucial elections

AFTER WEEKS of mounting tension over its worsening economy, Japan faces a week-end of acute political uncertainty with elections that may unseat the Prime Minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, and throw into turmoil the country's crucial programme of financial and economic reform.

Tomorrow's elections to the less powerful upper house of the Japanese Diet, do not threaten the ruling majority of Mr Hashimoto's Liberal Democratic Party (LDP). But after a disastrous 18 months in which Japan has slipped into outright recession, they are widely seen as a referendum on the Prime Minister's performance.

If the LDP fails to hold its own, Mr Hashimoto will face intense pressure to resign, throwing into jeopardy the reform programme on which the world has been pinning its hopes of Japanese economic recovery.

Uncertainty about the election drove down the price of shares and the value of the yen in Tokyo yesterday. "The outcome of this election is going to affect the economy and the financial markets," said a foreign diplomat in Tokyo yesterday. "That affects us and it affects the whole world, so this really does matter."

A week ago Mr Hashimoto's chances looked good, thanks

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY in Tokyo

principally to what was expected to be a record low turnout by the voters. This would have worked to the benefit of the LDP, whose well-disciplined campaign machine always ensures a good showing by committed supporters.

But after a campaign by the media encouraging people to vote, and a two-hour extension to the voting period, the latest opinion polls suggest 60 per cent of the electorate will turn out to cast ballots. Among them will be a large number of voters disenchanted with the LDP and the status quo it represents.

Half the 256 seats in the House of Councillors, Japan's upper chamber, are at stake tomorrow. Of the 128 up for grabs, the LDP currently holds 61. At one time the party aimed to win 68, thus regaining an outright majority in the upper house. That now looks unlikely. Victory in 64 seats will probably save Mr Hashimoto's skin for the time being. If he holds between 61 and 64, he will be wounded but may limp on for a few more months. With only 60 seats, or less his position will become untenable.

In most other countries, the Prime Minister would have been hounded out of office months ago for incompetence.



Ryutaro Hashimoto, hanging on

During Mr Hashimoto's tenure domestic spending has slumped after a disastrous rise in the consumption tax, unemployment has increased to a post-war record of 4.1 per cent and the economy is expected to shrink this year.

Last week, his party gave a fine demonstration of just how slack its political grip has become, with a series of contradictory statements over tax cuts. First they were on, then off, then a possibility, now on again.

Two things work in Mr Hashimoto's favour. One is the abject state of the Japanese economy. In 1993 they scored a great triumph when a coalition

of parties briefly formed a government, ending four decades of LDP rule. But since then opposition has floundered, beset with disastrous splits, feuds and realignments.

The strongest challenger to the LDP is the Democratic Party, led by Naoto Kan, a former Health Minister who became a hero when he forced bureaucrats to own up to their responsibility in a scandal involving HIV-infected blood.

But Mr Kan's popularity exceeds that of his party, an uneasy alliance of diverse political interests. A poll in last week's *Asahi* newspaper suggested the Democrats will only hold their own tomorrow, winning 19 seats.

Mr Hashimoto has one more advantage tomorrow – the lack of a credible challenger within his own party.

The LDP was once the domain of powerful factions which were virtually parties within a party. The prime minister's job rotated among them. But since the LDP's 1993 fall from office, the system has weakened, and with it the party's own sense of who should be leading it.

Whether Mr Hashimoto stays or goes after tomorrow, the government is going to be preoccupied with internal politics for weeks, at the expense of the problem the rest of the world is worrying about – its economy.



Massed television sets in a Taipei store show President Clinton's recent arrival in China

Eddie Shih/AP

## Why Taiwan has weathered Asia's financial storm

TAIPEI. THE capital of Taiwan, looks different from other East Asian capitals these days. The city is not packed out with suspended building projects, office blocks are not plastered with "To Let" signs, and hotels and restaurants are doing a roaring trade.

Alone among the so-called tiger economies, Taiwan appears to have come through Asia's financial crisis battered but not crippled like its neighbours. The economy might even manage growth of 4 to 5 per cent this year.

Compare that with the plight of three tigers nearby. South Korea is still recovering from the humiliation of having to secure the largest bail-out in the history of the International Monetary Fund. Hong Kong is heading into recession; and even Singapore will be lucky to see its economy actually expand during this year.

As for the tigers-in-waiting, they are worse off. Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia and the Philippines all have economies in various states of disarray and have seen high growth rates slumped abruptly into reverse.

Why is Taiwan different? Prime Minister Vincent Siew's response will not go down well with the governments of neighbouring countries, who have long argued that their success was linked to a lack of political liberty. "To pursue economic growth, you have to prepare political reform," said Mr Siew.

"When you have open economic systems, you have to have transparency," he argued. This means that corruption, mismanagement, political loans and all the other problems which have come crawling out of the Asian woodwork need to be kept in check.

Yet Taiwan's own system is hardly squeaky clean. In fact, the island's legislature is packed with known members

BY STEPHEN VINES in Taipei

of criminal gangs, bribery at election time is widespread, and the ruling Kuomintang party controls what may be one of the world's largest political money machines.

But this is all out in the open now, and is the subject of vigorous exposure by the local media and by the hyper-active opposition parties.

The net result, according to Mr Siew, is that fund managers and investors have confidence in the Taiwanese system. One broker with a locally based finance house in Taipei said one of the main reasons Taiwan has remained immune from the problems of its neighbours is that big-league foreign players have only a marginal role in Taiwan's financial markets.

For years they were deliberately excluded. Once the regulations were lifted, the big foreign institutional investors felt uneasy about entering the rollercoaster Taiwan market, which remains dominated by local investors.

Taiwan has been saved by the resilience of demand in the local market. In countries such as Japan, domestic demand has fallen through the floor. In Taiwan the situation is different. The government won't admit it, but it is pursuing a classic Keynesian policy – launching major public infrastructure projects to keep local demand high. Any moment now, Taipei is expected to sign contracts for a \$7.8bn high-speed rail system which will add to a long list of major public projects.

Years of economic growth have left Taiwan's state coffers in a healthy state. The country is sitting on \$84.5bn, the third-largest pool of foreign reserves held anywhere in the world.

Yet Taiwan is still facing problems. The currency, the

New Taiwan Dollar, has lost around 20 per cent of its value since the onset of the Asian crisis – forcing the central bank to reverse a previous policy of not intervening in the financial markets. Exports in the first half of the year were down 7 per cent, leading to a decline of almost 59 per cent in the country's trade surplus. On top of this, share prices keep hitting new lows.

In the wider Asian context, these problems do not appear too serious, but worse may come. Shaw Yu-ming, a former information minister who now runs the main government think-tank at the National Chengchi University, believes the government is doing everything possible to stabilise the situation. But he still fears it will be powerless if China decides to devalue its currency. "It will be a catastrophe, not just for North Asia but for the rest of the world," he predicted.

China and Taiwan may be politically divided, but their economies are becoming increasingly intertwined. Fending and Taipei conduct a great deal of trade, and the level of Taiwanese investment on the Chinese mainland is growing.

Taiwan's worry is that, if China devalues, this will lead to another round of competitive Asian currency devaluations, which in turn will push the two countries' economies further into uncharted water.

So the Taiwanese are not quite in good enough shape to gloat. The crisis is not over.

Meanwhile Taiwan is not slouch in using its relative strength to gain diplomatic advantage. Official delegations have been visiting Asian countries, offering assistance. "The most important thing is to help friends in need," said deputy foreign minister David Lee. "If there's a by-product, we certainly won't object."

## Indonesia swings to reform

SUPPORT for democratic change in Indonesia intensified within the ranks of Indonesia's biggest political organisation yesterday when a growing number of its officials said they would back an ally of the reformist President BJ Habibie as party chief.

A three-day special congress of the Golkar party, which once was the tool of autocratic former president Suharto, is scheduled to end today when 27 officials from each of Indone-

BY ALI KOTARUMALOS in Jakarta

sia's provinces vote for a new party chairman.

The official Antara news agency quoted 11 representatives as saying they would back Akbar Tanjung, who is state secretary in Mr Habibie's Cabinet and the President's own choice for the party job.

Eight other representatives announced they would support Akbar's rival, Edy Sudradjat, a

retired army general and former defence minister, picked by supporters of Suharto. Analysts have speculated that Suharto's followers want to slow down political reform in order to protect their positions.

Other party representatives were undecided or have named other choices, Antara said. But support for Akbar could grow following a strong call for reform made by President Habibie in a speech when the congress opened on Thursday.

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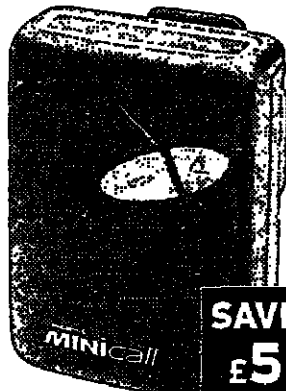
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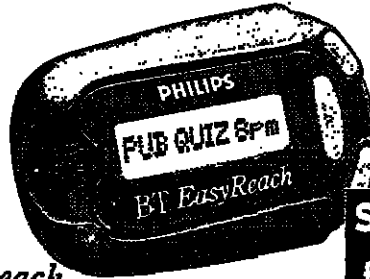
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# The biggest concert ever, but it's just 'no sweat' for Paul

THE MOST AMBITIOUS classical concert ever staged. The biggest selling classical artists of all time. The largest set ever built beneath the Eiffel Tower! In the shadow of so many superlatives one would expect Paul Savonitto to be under stress. As production co-ordinator, he is responsible for the global broadcast of the Three Tenors pre-World Cup Final concert. It will be shown on BBC 1 at 4.35pm tomorrow.

But he will have none of it. "I am very calm. There is no point being anything other than calm. Otherwise everyone gets worked up and the job becomes twice as hard". He is no avid fan of José Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti, but admits the rehearsal was "magique".

The live audience last night, and two billion television viewers over the next couple of days, will have seen and heard three men and an orchestra performing on stage for two-and-a-half hours. But the concert has taken two years to plan and has involved a team

of 1,200. For Paul, 45, the week was the culmination of two months of intensive work.

The great arch of the set was almost ready by the start of the week - astride the Champ de Mars, the long rectangular gardens that stretch from the back legs of the Eiffel Tower to the Ecole Militaire. Replanning the delicate ironwork at the base, the set appears to nestle beneath the Tower. It may provide a stunning backdrop, but France's favourite monument is turning out to be the bane of the production team's lives. Mobile phones are constantly cut dead. The Tower doubles as an enormous radio and TV transmitter, blotting out other signals.

It is an international operation. Paul is French, but many on the team are British. "It's a good thing - it's more fun, as you have to make more of an effort to communicate. Inevitably that means people are nicer to each other". Despite the lack of impres-

## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF PAUL SAVONITTO

sive office suites - portaloos, portacabins and porta-jobs - about everything else - he has installed a "terrace", complete with garden furniture and real espresso machine.

Paul is "trouble-shooting" in his tiny makeshift office - talking alternately on his mobile phone and walkie-talkie while fielding questions from an air-conditioning technician and filling in a telephone contract. He remains the epitome of charm. Prominent on his desk is the weather report. Friday, concert day, will be "sunny, no wind, 11-24C degrees". Paul snorts - it is the least of his worries. Today "ca boom" - it is all happening at once.

Meetings with electricians and technicians have all been disastrous. No-one turned up on time, then all arrived together - late. It is 4.30pm and

there is still no power on stage. This evening's rehearsal with the tenors is due to begin at 8pm. Last night power was not switched on until 10pm.

Paul's stress theory has acquired a new angle - people annoy him and he worries when things are not going to plan, but this is still not stress. "You see some people rushing around looking flustered and sweaty. I don't sweat."

In the evening, the press can see 20 minutes of the rehearsal. Pavarotti sports a flat striped cloth hat, Carreras, a baseball cap and Domingo, sophisticated, greying curls. The conductor, James Levine, is in a shiny green shellsuit.

Paul is arranging for a mechanic to rescue the motorbike of one English producer. Parked on the Place de la Concorde next to Pavarotti's estate car.

"Pav's" hi-tech alarm paralysed the bike alarm.

The sacred French lunch hour is rigidly adhered to, despite the countdown to the concert. "You still have to eat, after all. If you tell the [French] runners that lunch is delayed for an hour a look of horror comes across their faces".

Later in the afternoon, the arrival of the long-awaited dozen telephones provokes a radiant smile - he has been waiting for them for the past four days. They are essential to the visiting broadcasters' viewing boxes. The France-Croatia match is at 9pm and so is the dress rehearsal for the concert. Behind the scenes, the atmosphere is relatively relaxed in the broadcast production camp. Pizzas are ordered and a party gathers to watch the match on television. Despite an earlier argument with one staffer he declares himself "complètement zen".

The day before the concert starts badly. Its 10am and



Paul Savonitto - a cool hand behind the chaos of the Three Tenors world Cup final show

there is still no power in the office. Paul has been waiting 'again' for the telephone company for the past two hours. He is understandably peeved at having missed an extra hour of sleep, especially considering that he will not go to bed at all on the night of the concert. The authorities have insisted that everything except

the stage, which is going to be used for Bastille Day festivities, must be taken down by midday after the concert. The clear-up will begin even before the audience has dispersed.

The day dawns and there is a sense of calm - before the storm. The stage is ready. De-

spite the good weather reports, the sky looks cloudy. Chairs for the audience are swathed in plastic sheeting in case it rains. Especially keen fans have been camping out overnight on the Champ de Mars to ensure they get the best view. Programme sellers report for duty and crates of champagne for the after-dinner show are unloaded.

Paul is swamped with questions from the broadcasters arriving on site. This morning will be spent dealing with the more urgent problem of getting clearance for use of the air space - which is controlled by the French military - over the stage. The aerial shots are essential for the planned cover of the compact disk recording of the show.

By nightfall, a full moon is glowing above the stage. The pale blue, dusky sky perfectly complements the orange and brown floodlit Eiffel Tower. According to Paul Savonitto, "everything is going to be fine". I believe him.

LUCY REID



A WWF official watching a recording of the film showing a Bengal tiger being eaten

## Stir-fried tiger on TV causes fury

BY JANET SNYDER  
in Tokyo

A LEADING Japanese television network has provoked outrage by showing its entertainers eating and enjoying tiger meat on a cooking programme.

The World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF) said that the Fuji Television programme, which forms part of the *World Super Deluxe Rare Cuisine* series, set a terrible example for viewers.

In the programme, which was filmed in China, three Japanese entertainment personalities were shown dining on the tiger at a Shanghai restaurant, describing the meal as delicious and showing no remorse when told what they were eating. Newspaper television listings for the programme had said the featured dish would be "Stir-Fried Bengal Tiger: Cantonese Style".

A spokesman for Fuji television said the Bengal tiger used in the meal had died a year ago in a fight with some other tigers in Shanghai zoo. It had been frozen since then, he said.

After a first course of buffalo penis, the guests were given a blind tasting of a braised meat dish and were asked to guess what it was. A live Bengal tiger, which is on the world's endangered species list, was then led into the dining room by way of answer.

Fuji television denied that eating the tiger meat violated a global treaty that protects endangered species.

The WWF said in a report earlier this year that there were only 5,000-7,500 tigers left in the wild, mainly in national parks and protected areas.

After the network was bombarded with complaints and animal rights groups denounced the programme, Fuji TV issued a statement, but not a full apology. "We don't believe this programme violated the Washington treaty which prohibits international trade in endangered species," it said.

The World Wide Fund for Nature said the programme pointed to a low level of awareness among Japanese of the plight of endangered species.

## Hong Kong air chaos worsens

THE NIGHTMARE of Hong Kong's new airport, which opened last Monday, has grown with news that due to continued breakdowns of the cargo handling system all the freight sitting at the new airport for processing will be taken to the old airport for processing while a ban on new shipments remains in force for another eight days.

For the next three days, convoys of trucks and barges, which last Sunday made their way to the £12.4bn new airport at Chek Lap Kok, will retrace their steps to the old airport at Kai Tak where the former processing system has been pressed back into service.

BY STEPHEN VINES  
in Hong Kong

Although passenger operations are working more smoothly the cargo situation is going from bad to worse. The company operating the cargo terminal says it could take a "few months" before import sorting and distribution will be moved back from the old airport to the new one. It hopes to move export processing back to the new airport on 18 July.

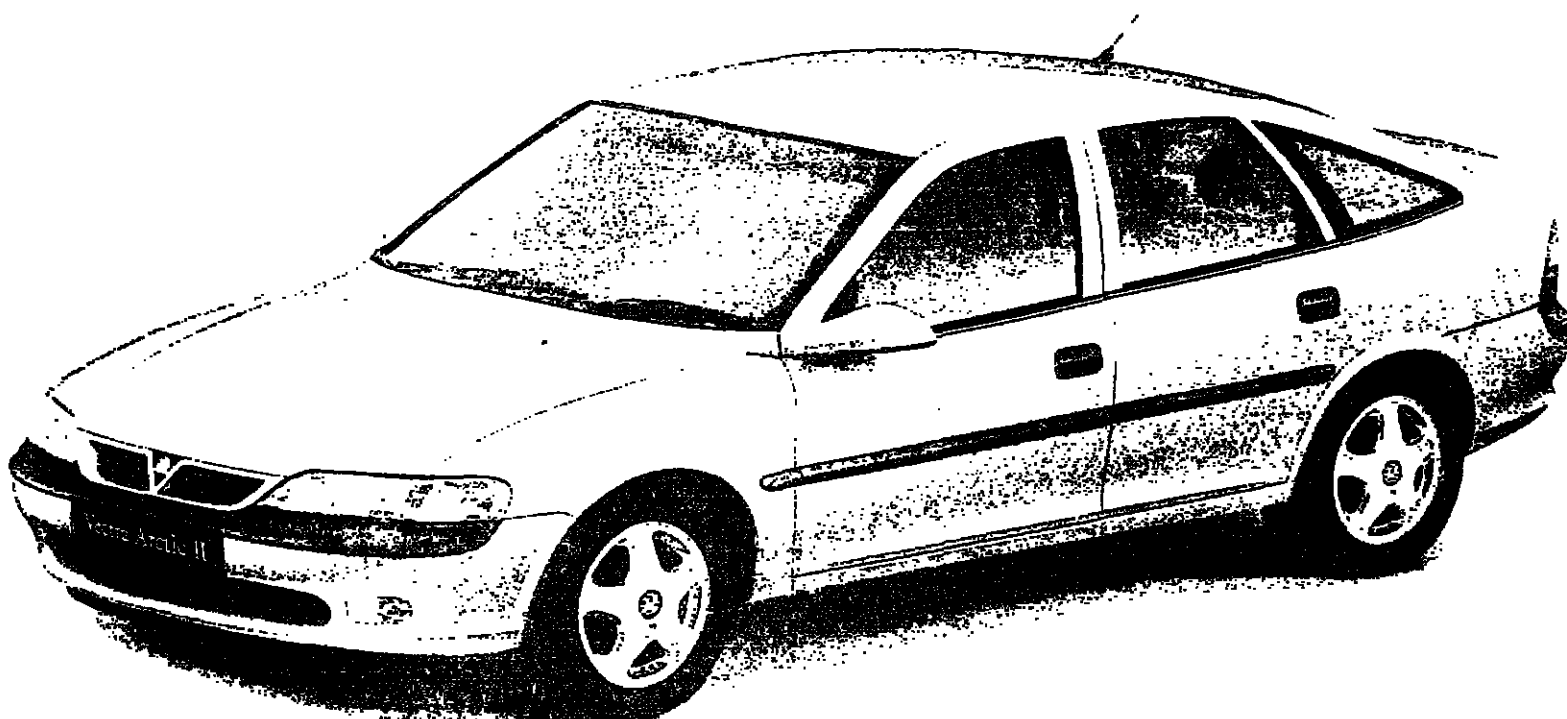
Yesterday, the government announced that it was taking the highly unusual step of establishing an inquiry into the operations of the new airport.

JAN MORRIS

"Mass tourism is a sterile industry.  
It creates nothing.  
It degrades all it touches."

WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 5

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# BUSINESS

## Six nations back plans for European air defence giant

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

A BREAKTHROUGH was in sight yesterday in the stalled negotiations to create a single European defence aerospace company after ministers from six countries, including Britain and France, agreed that the new grouping should be free of political control.

A meeting in Paris on Thursday night agreed that the six governments should have "no direct influence on the management" of the company, said a statement issued by the UK Minister for Science, Energy and Industry, John Birt.

Until now talks on restructuring Europe's defence industry to create a super group embracing everything from aircraft to missiles and helicopters have been dogged by the fact that the main French company, Aérospatiale, is state-owned.

However, at the meeting the six ministers, including the French Industry Minister, Christian Piriou, endorsed industry proposals for the new group to be based on the stock exchange, run on a commercial basis under a single management structure and free to raise money on the markets.

The ministers also agreed that the new company should not be dominated by any individual shareholder. The industries of the six countries have been asked to report back by the end of October on the shareholding and industrial structure of the new grouping and how it will be integrated.

The leading companies involved are British Aerospace, Aérospatiale, Germany's Daimler-Benz, Casa of Spain, Alenia of Italy and Saab of Sweden. However, any grouping will also need to bring in Britain's GEC and Thomson CSF of France.

### BRIEFING

#### Safe havens for the year 2000

FUND MANAGERS are not yet factoring in companies' efforts to stamp out the millennium computer bug when making investment decisions, but are likely to start doing so over the next six months.

A survey by Merrill Lynch, the investment bank, has found that although many fund managers do not believe the millennium date change is an issue when picking stocks, it will have a negative effect on global economic activity after 1 January 2000.

The bank's investment analysts believe that most firms are likely to have prepared their systems for the date change. But certain sectors, such as the transport and utilities industries, pose a greater risk, prompting a likely switch to shares in large companies in safer industries.

#### Travers seeks £1.5m from Cortecs



Glen Travers, the former executive chairman and chief executive of the Cortecs who resigned on 8 June, has commenced legal proceedings against the company and is seeking compensation of around £1.5m for loss of office. Cortecs said yesterday. The company added that it believes the compensation sought by Travers was "unjustified" and said it would contest the proceedings.

#### Firms duck millennium claims

INSURANCE COMPANIES are adding special "millennium computer bug exclusions" to their policies, to avoid bills for hundreds of millions of pounds repairing or replacing equipment which fails because of the bug.

The exclusions appear on household contents policies, motor policies and the extended repair warranties sold by electrical retailers.

Among insurers who have amended their policies, or are planning to, are Commercial General Union, Royal & Sun Alliance and Cornhill.

## Unions in turf war at new BA airline

BY BARRIE CLEMENT  
Labour Editor

SENIOR MANAGERS at British Airways' budget airline Go! have been warned that they face a turf war between unions over membership after the company yesterday revealed a recognition agreement with the Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union.

Despite the decision, the Transport and General Workers' Union, the biggest employees' organisation at BA, has served notice on the upstart airline that it will continue recruitment.

The new company, which started its operations in May, was determined not to afford recognition to the transport workers' union whose members were involved in the "sick note" strikes last year among stewards and stewardesses at British Airways.

George Ryde, national official at the TGWU, attacked the rival union for agreeing to a three-year pay freeze on behalf of the 300 staff of Go! "It is not the function of a union to keep people's wages down, but certainly not without consulting them," he said.

Three unions, including the MSF white-collar union, have



Go! chief executive, Barbara Cassani, has promised unions and staff a consultative group at the airline

been involved in talks with the company over recognition. Mr Ryde said that his organisation would attempt to maximise its membership and claim recognition under laws proposed by the Government.

The TGWU official said that his union enjoyed the largest membership among the ground staff at Stansted airport, from which the new airline operates. "The AEEU might have recognition but we've got the

membership. We are not going away."

Officials at the engineering union said that the pay freeze may not last. Market forces, market rates, inflation and the economy may well force the company to revisit the issue within the three-year period. They said the union understood that the company would countenance further negotiations if circumstances changed.

Ken Jackson, general secretary of the Engineering Union, declared his "delight" at the deal. He said the partnership provided the foundation for a successful future for the company and employees alike. "Our union will take every opportunity to demonstrate our commitment. This agreement is a flying start in building a successful working partnership."

Barbara Cassani, chief executive of Go!, said that the airline's most important resource was its people. "I want to ensure that they have a meaningful involvement in the business."

Ms Cassani said this would be achieved through a consultative group involving management, employees and union representatives. The AEEU will now seek to recruit employees ranging from engineers to cabin crew, but excluding pilots, who are represented by their union Balpa.

## Orange announces loss of director

ORANGE, the mobile phone operator, has parted company with its marketing director just after launching a campaign aimed at persuading users to make more use of their mobile phones, writes Peter Thal Larsen.

Robert Fallow, who joined Orange last year from Reebok, the sportswear company, masterminded the company's current £7m campaign which promises a "brighter future". He left Orange at the end of June.

The news comes at the end of a week when Orange shares have been hit by a heavy bout of profit-taking as investors questioned the company's ability to win the battle for new subscribers without suffering increased losses.

Orange shares have fallen 14 per cent in three days as analysts at Henderson Crosthwaite, the investment bank, argued that the share prices of mobile operators were due a "reality check". They closed down 32p at 638p yesterday.

It is understood Mr Fallow's responsibilities will be divided between Richard Brennan, the information technology director at Orange, and Bob Fuller, communications director.

Orange is trying to persuade potential subscribers and investors of a "wire-free future" where mobile phones largely replace fixed-line networks.

## Azlan ends takeover talks as offers fail to satisfy

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

AZLAN, the troubled computer components distributor, has called off takeover talks with two potential predators after failing to agree a satisfactory price for the company.

Barrie Morgans, the chairman and chief executive, said: "They were both serious players. But we weren't getting near to an offer that was of value to our shareholders." He said Azlan had "parted amicably" with both bidders.

Mr Morgans announced that he was turning over the chief executive's role to Peter Bertram, who has been Azlan's finance director since April 1997. Mr Morgans will remain as non-executive chairman.

Azlan's share price fell sharply on the news but recovered on hopes that one of the two predators would mount a hostile bid. The shares eventually closed down 3p at 60p.

Mr Morgans refused to identify the bidders, but industry sources suggested that CHS and Techdata, two large US distributors, were the most likely suitors. Both want to establish a larger presence in Europe and would have been attracted by Azlan's extensive Continental distribution network.

Mr Morgans denied the bidders had been put off by Azlan's turbulent history. Last year, the

company shocked investors when it started an investigation into accounting irregularities which ended in the company reporting a £14m loss and launching a £24m rights issue. The Serious Fraud Office later launched an investigation into the episode, which prompted the departure of three top directors.

"I can assure you there are no issues on financial due diligence," Mr Morgans said. "There is no hint or sign of a recurrence of those problems."

He refused to say how much the bidders had been willing to offer or what Azlan had demanded. Observers said Azlan had been holding out for a bid worth at least 100p per share.

## Broker Exco reveals merger talks

BY ANDREW VERITY

EXCO, the struggling securities house which used to be part of the failed British & Commonwealth group, yesterday revealed it was in reverse takeover talks with Intercapital, the privately-owned rival known for its spread-betting business.

The two yesterday confirmed they were in advanced talks after 5.5 million shares were traded on Thursday, indicating that news of the talks had leaked. Shares were suspended and the Stock Exchange is looking into the matter.

Under the deal, Intercapital will reverse its broking operations into Exco in exchange for a 60 per cent stake in the merged company, to be called Intercapital plc.

The takeover will give Intercapital a market listing and nearly double its worth to £55m. Michael Spencer, chairman of Intercapital, will become chairman and chief executive of the newly merged group.

Exco, once a thriving securities operation, has shrunk to nearly a tenth of its value four years ago when it was capitalised at more than £200m. It failed to pay a final dividend last year after sliding into losses due to shrinking volumes and dwindling commission levels.

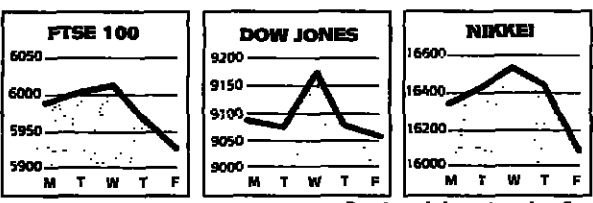
Executives blamed the company's problems on the strength of sterling and the Asian financial crisis, but analysts say the broker never caught up with the market's transition from telephone-based to automatic trading.

The company's fortunes contrast markedly with its success as part of British & Commonwealth before the group's demise. John Gunn, then chief executive of Exco, was last month cleared in court after being criticised by the Department of Trade and Industry for his part in the highly-leveraged takeover of Atlantic Computers.

The takeover went badly wrong as it emerged that Atlantic's accounts contained grave inaccuracies. The errors led to the collapse of British & Commonwealth.

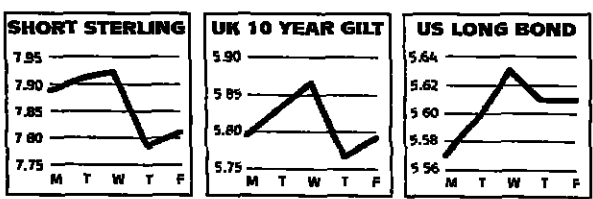
After Exco was floated off it suffered a series of boardroom rows which led to the departure of chief executive Ron Sandler.

### STOCK MARKETS



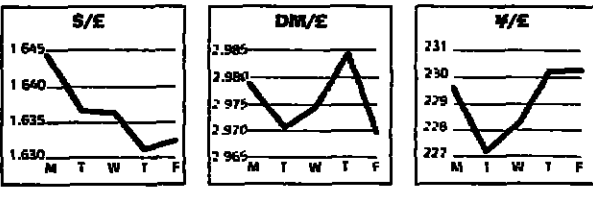
Index	Close	Change	High	Low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	5929.70	-40.00	6150.50	5882.80	3.96
FTSE 250	5628.80	-4.50	5870.90	5594.20	3.34
FTSE 350	2862.00	-16.10	2940.10	2811.80	3.77
FTSE All Share	2787.48	-15.32	2872.04	2706.59	3.73
FTSE SmallCap	2578.90	-7.90	2793.80	2482.10	3.19
FTSE Pledging	1413.60	-3.20	1517.10	1225.20	3.37
FTSE AIM	1097.40	7.20	1146.90	965.90	1.16
FTSE FBLIC 100	1083.94	-2.42	1125.20	965.90	1.16
Dow Jones	9053.47	-29.87	9261.91	8971.32	1.58
Nikkei	14620.06	-358.89	15177.00	14488.11	0.95
Hang Seng	8205.77	-228.01	8720.31	7351.68	4.99
Dax	5982.42	-14.35	6052.13	5887.24	2.67

### INTEREST RATES



Index	3 month	Yr chg	1 Year	Yr chg	10 year	Yr chg	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	7.81	0.73	7.88	0.38	5.78	-1.31	5.38	-1.62
US	5.69	-0.06	5.80	-0.23	5.40	-0.85	5.61	-0.95
Japan	0.82	-0.02	0.65	-0.15	1.67	-0.88	2.20	-0.84
Germany	3.55	0.42	3.82	0.55	4.66	-0.90	5.28	-1.09

### CURRENCIES



Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago
Pound	1.6323	+0.11c	1.6881
Dollar	2.9694	-1.68p	2.9571
Yen	230.32	+0.21	190.95
Euro	105.80	-0.00	103.80
Sterling	0.6126	-0.04c	0.5924
Yen	141.07	+0.25	113.12
Base Rates	7.50	+0.00	102.60

### OTHER INDICES

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Brent Oil (\$)	11.76	0.05	18.06
Gold (\$)	290.45	-1.65	321.35
Silver (\$)	5.30	-0.04	4.34
GDP	114.80	3.00	111.66
RPI	163.50	4.20	156.91
Base Rates	7.50	+0.00	102.60

### TOURIST RATES

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Australia (\$)	2.5639		
Austria (schillings)	20.35		
Belgium (francs)	59.79		
Canada (\$)	2.3436		
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8442		
Denmark (krone)	11.10		
Finland (markka)	8.8572		
France (francs)	9.8993		
Germany (marks)	2.9024		
Greece (drachma)	481.91		
Hong Kong (\$)	12.24		
Ireland (pounds)	1.1484		
India (rupees)	63.59		
Israel (shekels)	5.5261		
Italy (lira)	2867		
Japan (yen)	226.21		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.6246		
Malta (lira)	0.6251		
Mexican (nuevo peso)	13.22		
Netherlands (guilder)	3.2625		
New Zealand (\$)	3.0339		
Norway (krone)	12.36		
Portugal (escudos)	294.27		
Saudi Arabia (rials)	5.3370		
Singapore (\$)	2.6889		
Spain (pesetas)	245.07		
South Africa (rand)	9.8714		
Sweden (krone)	12.94		
Switzerland (francs)	2.4542		
Thailand (bahts)	61.28		
Turkey (liras)	422.67		
USA (\$)	1.5915		

### AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

#### LONDON

THE STOCK market closed lower for the second successive day as weakness in the US and Asian bourses pulled shares down.

The FTSE-100 closed down 40 points at 5,929.7, drifting further away from the 6,000 barrier reached earlier in the week. The FTSE-250 benefited from less exposure to world events and ended 4.5 points down at 5,628.8, while the small cap drifted down 7.9 to 2,578.9. Zeneca and Orange were among stocks to suffer as markets fell.

Francesco Guerrera, page 19

#### NEW YORK

US STOCKS fell on concern that earnings reports in coming weeks will contain unpleasant surprises.

Software companies declined after SAP AG, the world's largest business-management software company, warned weak Asian demand was hurting profits. Insurers fell after Salco said unexpectedly big claims from recent storms would result in disappointing earnings. The Dow Jones Industrial Average lost 42.49 to 9047.29 in midday trading. Standard & Poor's 500 Index dropped 5.26 to 1153.30.

#### TOKYO

TOKYO closed sharply lower amid continued confusion over planned tax cuts.

While the prime minister Ryutaro Hashimoto has not specified what size or form the cuts will take, some members of his ruling Liberal Democratic Party reportedly said the cuts could be as little as 2 trillion yen, far less than the ¥4 trillion the market has focused on. The Nikkei 225 average fell 356.89 points, or 2.17 per cent, to close at 16,090.06. The yen also fell, trading below 141 to the dollar for most of the session.

#### PAKISTAN

BATTERED Pakistan stocks crashed to a new life-time low yesterday after government warnings that sanctions in response to nuclear tests could lead to a moratorium on external debt.

The benchmark Karachi Stock Exchange 100 share index slumped 55.74 points, or 6.69 per cent, to end at 777.26. Pakistan has an external debt liability of around \$30bn and officials say it is difficult for the country to meet its debt repayments without assistance from international donors.

#### HONG KONG

RIDING the volatility of the currency markets, stocks closed sharply lower in line with a drop in the Japanese yen and brokers said the market would remain weak, trapped in a tight range.

The Hang Seng Index closed down 228.01 points, or 2.70 per cent, at 8,205.77, after sliding to a low of 8,129.56 in early afternoon trade.

The yen weakness in turn sparked local fears of another round of exchange rate volatility, pushing local interbank rates up by about 100 basis points.



# The trouble with crony capitalism

IT WAS presumably an American who invented the term "crony capitalism", since this is how the United States, or at least most of its free market economists, like to epitomise the economic crisis in the Far East. This is a crisis not of capitalism, the US view goes, but of bad government, a crisis born out of an orgy of corruption, nepotism, government meddling and poor financial supervision.

I've never wholly bought this perspective, the capital markets self evidently bear a large part of the blame for what occurred. Any economy, our own included, would be brought to its knees by the reversal of international capital flows that took place in the five Asian countries most affected by the crisis. From being blessed by huge net inflows of foreign capital, these countries were suddenly faced with an almost equally huge outflow. Even an economy as robust and mature as that of the US would have difficulty coping with such a turnaround, amounting as it did in these cases to rather more than 10 per cent of Gross Domestic Product.

If Asian capitalism is so bad, why did foreign investors pour so much money into it in the first place? The reality is that the crisis in the tiger economies of the Far East is as much about the traditional propen-



JEREMY WARNER

*Labour is in the invidious position of being seen as more beholden to big business than the Tory Party ever was*

sity of markets towards speculative boom, followed by investor panic and spectacular bust, as it is to do with structural weakness in the Asian economic model.

All the same, cronyism is very much centre stage. In an economy run for the benefit of the government and its cronies, capital always gets misallocated to some

degree. In the Far East, this occurred on a massive scale. Foreign capital was diverted into uneconomic government-sponsored projects, or by banks into the industrial groups with which they were linked, regardless of commercial value. In other words, the free market system was corrupted by cronyism and obfuscation.

Presumably, even William Hague wouldn't suggest Labour is deliberately headed off down this path. Nonetheless, he is plainly trying to use the cash for access row to tar New Labour with the crony capitalism label to some degree. So does the charge even remotely stick? I would argue that up to a point, and in a very limited way, it does.

Before the meltdown, Tony Blair, the Prime Minister, repeatedly expressed his admiration for the Asian economic model, which at that stage seemed impressively to be harnessing the power of capital to communitarian aims and values. That's what Mr Blair wants to do too. But if Labour is mildly guilty of the charge, it is probably not yet in a way that could be regarded as economically dangerous. Furthermore, I would put it down not so much to deliberate policy, less still to any tendency towards corruption, but to a certain naivete in the Labour leadership's attitude

to business, and in its relationship with big business. I'm not going to discuss the Labour groupies now acting as lobbyists for business interests. Enough column inches have been devoted to that already. But the affair does raise wider questions about the open door policy Labour is operating with certain businessmen.

It is almost as if Labour has over-compensated in its efforts to transform itself and win over sceptical business leaders. Mr Blair seems closer now to big business than he is to his own party. As a result, the Labour government is in the invidious position of being seen as rather more beholden to the power and influence of big business than the Tory Party ever was.

Nearly all governments have their business cronies, even those operating in the most pure free market economies. Mrs Thatcher certainly had them, but interestingly, her successor, John Major, didn't. If all the businessmen and entrepreneurs who claimed to be "Mrs Thatcher's favourite businessmen" had any real cause to believe it, then she was promiscuous with her attentions indeed.

But some were close. Lord King of British Airways was one, and Lord Hanson another. I was once told of a letter Lord Hanson wrote to John Major just after he

became Prime Minister which went along these lines: "Dear John, As you know I was close to Margaret and hope to enjoy close relations with you too". He went on to describe how a particular government policy on the environment was adversely affecting his aggregates business and suggested, pointedly, that a dispensation would not come amiss. Mr Major responded curtly that he had forwarded the letter to the responsible civil servant who would be drafting an appropriate reply. Plainly Mr Major was above cronyism. It is only possible to speculate on whether his predecessor was equally fastidious.

I can think of only one proven case of a company getting favourable treatment to the disadvantage of others with this government, and because the quid pro quo arrangement entailed was out in the open and could arguably be justified on public interest grounds, it is not clear this amounted to cronyism. That was the deal under which BT's Sir Iain Vallance agreed to wire up schools and hospitals to the information superhighway in return for early release from the government ban on delivering TV via the telephone network.

In the end Sir Iain's supposedly close relationship with New Labour didn't seem to do him any good. Having been led to be-

lieve that alone among the utilities he would escape the windfall profit tax, he was actually hit harder than any, an outcome that famously led him to remark that he realised what they were going to do, he would never have voted Labour. The wires-for-TV deal was none the less telling for that; it may not have amounted to very much, but it was the thin end of a potentially very large wedge - the wedge being that the Government is prepared to surrender public policy in return for a favour.

The concept of partnership with business, so often referred to in speeches by Mr Blair, might in itself be seen as a form of cronyism. It is all well and proper to be sensitive and responsive to the demands of business, but it is another thing entirely to have commercial interest sitting there at the heart of government as it does by serving on New Labour's various task forces.

There were 350 business people sitting on these policy review bodies at the last count. And that's quite apart from those like Rupert Murdoch and Bob Ayling who don't need to bother with such tedium to pick up the hotline to Mr Blair. None of this may be cronyism a la Far East, but it is easy to see why competitors excluded from the process widely see elements of it in what's going on.

## Footsie retreats from 6,000 level as Asian gloom spreads

FOOTSIE WAS in depressed mood yesterday, ending a week which had started with such promise firmly on the backfoot. A thin reporting schedule and another round of international gloom from the US and Asia combined to dampen sentiment and produce a second consecutive day of losses.

Any residual hopes of regaining the magical 6,000 level reached earlier in the week vanished first thing in the morning when traders found news of hefty losses on Wall Street and Tokyo awaiting when they arrived at their desks.

International events continued to dominate trading later on, with the Dow's opening loss, putting the final nail in the FTSE 100 coffin. In the end the leading index closed down 40 points at 5929.7, after paring an initial loss of 50.4 point in early trading.

Second liners benefited from their lower exposure to the great wide world and ended much better, with the FTSE 250 coming within a whisker of posting its eighth consecutive rise, but eventually finishing down 4.5 points at 5628.8. The Small Cap had a sluggish day, finishing 7.9 points worse off at 2578.

Zeneca, the drug giant,

**AUTONOMY Corporation**, the Cambridge-based computer software company, put on a strong performance yesterday on its debut on Easdaq. The price rose to \$4.15 in midday trading, a hefty premium to the initial placing price of \$3.70, which valued the company at \$146m (£102m).

The offering, which was led by Paribas and BT Alex Brown, was more than seven times oversubscribed. The company raised around \$36m from the flotation.

looked off colour, losing 67p, or 2.71 per cent, to 2463p as brokers rushed to cut their forecasts after the latest tests cast doubt on the efficacy of its breast cancer drug, Tamoxifen. SG Securities was rumoured to have shaven £30m from its profit prediction bringing it down to £960m for the current year.

The shock warning by the American behemoth Du Pont a couple of days ago also weighed on pharmaceuticals and chemicals, with ICI going down 22p to 996p.

In a related sector, Rentokil Initial, the supplier of many an office toilet, felt the pinch of an ABN Amro recommendation to switch to rival Hays and left 17.75p on the ground to close at 436p.

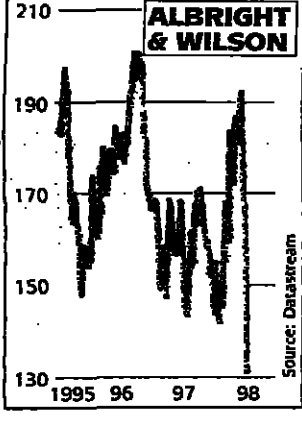
The engineering group Siebe was down 28p at 1,101p, amid talk of a downgrade from SG Securities.

### MARKET REPORT



FRANCESCO GUERRERA

#### SHARE SPOTLIGHT



A surprise profit warning proved Albright & Wilson's undoing, wiping a cool 9.6 per cent from the chemicals' group share price and making it the biggest loser on the FTSE 250 by a mile. At 131p, the shares are now trading at an all-time low. Inspec was dragged down in sympathy and finished 10p lower at 267.5p.

Telecoms continued to perform abysmally, as more analysts jumped on the bandwagon started by Henderson Crosthwaite two days ago, when its suggested that the booming mobile phone market was due for "a reality check".

The future may be bright but Orange's present looked particularly bleak yesterday with the stock losing another 32p yesterday to close at 636p, a fall of over 15.3 per cent in the last three days. The mobile phone company was also the biggest faller in the Footsie. BT was another telecoms casualty, losing 21.5p to close at 782p.

Retailers were looking decidedly perky and were among the few sectors to have a good day. J Sainsbury led the way, boosted by a convincing sales performance in the first part of the year. The shares checked out a 14p gain to 544p. Storehouse, the BHS and Mothercare group, also reported a sale lift, which pushed the shares up 13p to 279p. Marks & Spencer confirmed the trend and rose 10p to 337p with a little help from a Williams de Broe buy note.

Insurers were still running on the wave of an HSBC "overweight" recommendation on Wednesday. Norwich Union, the former mutual, put on 12.5p to close at 454p, while Sun Life & Provincial was up 14.5p at 570p.

Selected housebuilders con-

tinued to capitalise on the gains of the past few days, with Redrow group up 5.5p at 160.5p and Beazer 5.5p better at 195p, after Dresdner Kleinwort Benson was said to have changed its stance on the sector to "overweight" from "underweight".

Banks were also in demand amid talks of a positive note by BT Alex Brown. Barclays closed up 9p to 1,797p. NatWest was up 1p at 1,105p, while Abbey National put on 6p to 1,050p.

Water companies took comfort from a report on the Prime Minister's opposition to tough regulation of utility prices. Thames Water was the sector stalwart, rising 26p to 1,092p, but Severn Trent was not far behind, up 15p to 1,049p. Rolls-Royce was boosted by news of £105m-worth of aircraft orders and closed up 2.75p to 259p.

Among the second liners, Baldwin, a tour operator specialising in camping and caravan holiday, jumped 35p to 170p after receiving a bid from rival Eurocamp, which values it at 182p per share. Prism Leisure, the leisure equipment maker was up 10p to 55p after an upbeat trading statement.

Microgen, the computer group tumbled more than 15

per cent to 109.5p after a slump in pre-tax profit and the warning of a forthcoming dividend cut. Save, the UK's largest independent petrol retailer lost its shine after the group admitted bid talks with a big international player were off. The shares were down 17.5p to 101p.

Shield Diagnostic, the go-go drug company, came to a brisk halt, shedding 72.5p to close at 510p, after a warning that it would soon go back into the red because of research costs, while falling precious metals prices took 3.5p off Biliton at 135.5p. Handover International, the hotel operator which was targeted by Jarvis Hotels a little while ago, celebrated the sale of their Imperial Hotel in Cork for £4m, with a 3p increase to 130.5p.

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Selected housebuilders con-

By KATHERINE BUTLER  
in Brussels

**TOP-SELLING** European recording artists, including British band M People and Denmark's Aqua, joined forces with music industry heads to lash out at piracy on the Internet yesterday and demand tougher EU legislation to protect copyright.

Draft legislation is to be voted on by Euro MPs in the autumn, but industry bosses fear the proposals are too weak to fight a "growing number of sophisticated Internet scammers".

France's Jean-Michel Jarre, who was honoured in Brussels on Thursday night along with other platinum-selling European artists at a pan-European music industry awards ceremony, said the proposed European legislation left artists wide open to exploitation.

"Piracy destroys the basis of the artists' livelihood and in turn stunts the development of a whole music culture. The Internet is a great new opportunity, but only if the creators are sure to be rewarded for their work," Mr Jarre said.

Piracy cost the record industry an estimated \$5bn (£3bn) last year thanks to an explosion in illegal CD-making capacity. One in three recordings is now thought to be an illegal copy.

But music industry bosses represented by the International Federation of Phonographic Industries (IFPI) said the EU must act not only against CD and cassette pirates, but also the Internet pirates of tomorrow. Nic Garnett, the Director General of IFPI,



Heather Small's band M People is among those seeking tough EU laws. All Action

said: "Piracy is the biggest threat to the future of the recording industry and it will spread wherever there is weak legislation, unprotected technologies and lucrative revenues for pirates."

Mr Garnett said the last few months had shown that piracy has a strong foothold on the In-

ternet. "Unless there are proper safeguards it could spread rapidly." The IFPI is particularly upset by an exemption in the EU proposals which permits digital private copying and the sale of specialist "hacking" devices. It also exempts "temporary" copying from prior authorisation.

IFPI research indicates that there are 80,000 illegal music files on the Internet on 2,000 sites in over 30 countries. The number of illegal sites is thought to have grown by 50 per cent in the last six months. More than half were found in the US, but many are in the UK, the Netherlands and Sweden.

## Retailers warn of slowdown

RETAILERS drew comfort yesterday from buoyant results for the spring, but warned of a slowdown in consumer spending which pointed to tough times ahead.

Both J Sainsbury and Storehouse saw their share prices rise in defiance of the market when they said sales had been better than expected since April. However, both warned that trading conditions were deteriorating.

Lord Sainsbury, chairman, said: "All the markets where we trade are highly competitive and there are signs of slower growth in consumer expenditure. Nevertheless, we expect we will achieve further solid progress in the year ahead in all group businesses."

J Sainsbury's statement succeeded in quelling investor fears that it was losing ground

to Sainsbury and Somerfield, both of which have reported better-than-expected results in recent weeks. Its shares fell by 3 per cent on Thursday but rebounded sharply yesterday, closing up 14p at 344p.

Like-for-like sales grew by 3.8 per cent at the supermarkets division and by 5.1 per cent at Homebase, where the group overcame worries that had weather would have depressed sales of outdoor goods such as garden furniture.

Fears that smaller rivals

such as Sainsbury could encroach on Sainsbury's customer base are new to Sainsbury, which lost its leading position only two years ago and saw its first fall in profits for 22 years in the year to 1996.

Lord Sainsbury's remarks echo those made in April by his company's arch-rival Tesco. Tesco said then that it feared the current year would prove "challenging".

Storehouse, the BHS and Mothercare retailer, voiced exactly the same sentiments as Sainsbury's. It unveiled rises in like-for-like sales of 3.3 per cent for BHS and 1 per cent for Mothercare. Alan Smith, chairman, said he expected further progress this year. But he said: "As to the future, it is clear that the sector of retailing in which we compete is going through challenging times."

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**August car sales set for a record**

NEW CAR sales will reach an all-time record of 530,000 in August, motor industry leaders are forecasting, writes Michael Harrison.

Alan Fulham, director of the Retail Motor Industry Federation, which represents car dealers, said strong consumer demand coupled with the decision not to raise interest rates should mean bumper sales next month. Sales in the first half of the year were up by 8 per cent.

The August number plate change makes it the key month in the motor industry calendar, usually accounting for around a quarter of annual sales. But this year will be the last time the letter prefix changes in August. From next year number plates will change twice a year, in March and September.

The other partners in the venture were Thailand's Pao

## Energy Group quits Thailand power venture

THE Energy Group, owners of the electricity supplier Eastern, yesterday became the latest British utility to curb its overseas expansion plans after confirming that was withdrawing from a joint venture to build a coal-fired power station in Thailand.

Energy Group, which has been taken over for £4.45bn by

By MICHAEL HARRISON

Texas Utilities, was to have invested \$120m (£80m) to take a 30 per cent stake in Full Power Corporation, a joint venture building the 350-megawatt station in the Hualien region on Thailand's north-east coast.

The other partners in the venture were Thailand's Pao

Shiang Construction and Industrial Company and the China Development Corporation.

Reports from Thailand said that Full Power was now facing heavy fines from the state-owned Taiwan Power Company for failing to honour contracts to supply electricity. The reports said that the sta-

tion had been due to start supplying power last month, but an Eastern spokesman said the plant was not due to be commissioned until 2001.

The spokesman could not say whether Eastern had invested any money in the project or whether it had any potential exposure to the fines being levied on Full Power.

He could not comment on whether the withdrawal from the joint venture had been prompted by the takeover of the Energy Group.

A number of other utilities, including the National Grid and several privatised water companies, have lost money on ill-fated overseas expansion strategies.

### IN BRIEF

**Arriva purchase referred to MMC**

ARRIVA's acquisition of Lutonian Buses has been referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, the Competition and Consumer Affairs Minister, Nigel Griffiths, said yesterday.

Mr Griffiths said he had accepted the advice of the Director-General of Fair Trading, John Bridgeman, that the acquisition raises competition concerns in respect of the supply of bus services in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. The MMC is required to make its report by 23 October.

**Change at Allied**

ALLIED DOMECQ is to restructure its UK pub operations from 24 August, with a new company, Allied Domecq Restaurants and Bars, incorporating its 560 outlets where food sales predominate. Allied's 1,470 other managed houses will come within an enlarged Allied Domecq Inns.

**£64m RR orders**

ROLLS-ROYCE, the aero-engine maker, yesterday announced orders for new engine worth \$105m (£64m).

The first, worth \$50m, follows the holiday group Airtours' confirmation that it is to take two more Airbus A330-200 aircraft powered by Rolls-Royce Trent engines in addition to the two orders announced last year. Rolls said. The second is a \$55m order for engines for Qatar Airways' new fleet of Airbus A330 aircraft.

**US tobacco bill**

THE White House yesterday said attempts to revive talks between tobacco companies and the states suing them would not yield a long-term resolution, and that it would keep pressing for a comprehensive tobacco bill.

Recent reports have suggested that the tobacco industry could announce a new \$200bn (£122bn) deal next month which would settle all outstanding litigation with states over healthcare costs for ill smokers.

**Rosneft delayed**

THE RUSSIAN government has postponed the privatisation of the oil company, Rosneft, because there are no bidding candidates for the sale, scheduled for 21 July.

The Russian minister of fuel and energy said the deadline was being extended until 27 October in the hope that "by that moment oil prices will reach an acceptable level".

Both Royal Dutch/Shell and British Petroleum have recently withdrawn from bidding for Rosneft.

COMPANY RESULTS						
Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	Ex-Dividend
British Bloodstock (F)	6.7m (8.5m)	0.40m (0.302m)	7.5p (5.8p)	2.5p (2.0p)	06.10.98	01.09.98
Gordon Land Investment (F)	4.1	0.165m (0.232m)	0.2p (-1.3p)	nil		
Interspace Group (F)	18.5m (15.4m)	3.72m (2.92m)	3.8p (3.19p)	0.675p (-)	15.10.98	24.08.98
Microgen (F)	38.1m (34.0m)	1.25m (4.21m)	0.4p (5.3p)	nil		
Prism Leisure (F)	31.1m (33.5m)	0.85m (2.73m)	6.0p (20.93p)	8.33p (7.19p)	07.09.98	01.09.98
Savoy Magazine (North-)	1.23m (-)	0.22m (-)	3.2p (-)	2.0p (-)	14.08.98	20.07.98

(F) - Final (I) - Interim EPS is pre-exceptionals Dividend to be paid as a FD



[illegible]

ports



# SPORT

## Hamburgers and beer, the recipe for success

THE WINTER Palace Square in St Petersburg makes St Mark's Square in Venice look poky. Its vast, cobbled expanse is bounded on one side by a sweep of ochre-coloured, neo-classical architecture, at the centre of which is the arch through which the Bolsheviks marched in November 1917, before wresting the unfortunate members of Kerensky's government out of their state room.

Less than a couple of weeks ago, through that very arch, over that same stretch of earth, strolled Britain's athletics team. On the previous day the men had defended the European Cup, and as the visitors headed into Nevsky Prospect, the main avenue of Peter the Great's great city of avenues, there was an air of cheerful expectancy about their sunlit sightseeing.

Chatting later to a British supporter who had stayed at the team



MIKE ROWBOTTOM

hotel, I discovered I had been only half-right in my fond imaginings. "They were all talking about going to McDonald's," I was told.

Preconceptions, as a dictionary will testify, can always involve prejudice. They are not generally useful.

As for the athletes' choice of food - well, perhaps one should not be

surprised. After all, the team captain, Roger Black, does TV adverts for Pot Noodles.

If there had been a wholefood and vegetarian restaurant amid the department stores and airline offices along the main drag, maybe the Brits would have gone there instead. Maybe.

Athletes - and track and field athletes in particular - have a hard time of it as far as food is concerned. The natural impulse evidenced on a mass scale in St Petersburg is constantly checked by messages advocating abstinence and unswerving dedication. Extravagance is something which applies to sports nutrition supplements.

Black himself recalls the time he and Kris Akabusi attempted to follow a strictly non-fat diet according to instructions they had received on ideal nutrition for athletes. One morning while they were break-

fasting at a hotel, Black observed his friend tucking into mustard on dry toast - the only permissible things on the menu.

Our footballers, it seems, operate within different nutritional guidelines. Glenn Hoddle's banishing of baked beans from England's World Cup menu appeared odd, given that the reason for the diklat was the amount of sugar contained in the tomato sauce.

You might have thought that was just the diet required for those such as, say, Teddy Sheringham, who may have been missing the benefits of the sugar which can be derived from, say, pints of lager.

On a more personal note, I played for several years alongside a particularly effective footballer whose habitual pre-match nutrition consisted of a large curry, usually consumed in the early hours before a morning kick-off.

He swore by it. And we who shared his dressing-room swore by it too.

My friend also believed resolutely in the calorific assistance that was to be gained by lager intake, and applied himself to the process with application.

Nowadays, however, such is the link that has been forged by the advertisers between beer and football that we should perhaps be relieved not to see teams taking to the pitch swigging from cans.

Graham Taylor's famous exhortation to England supporters to get in front of the television, put their feet up and open a beer was merely an acknowledgement of the current credo. The proliferation of sports bars, and pubs with Sky football, has strengthened the connection still further in recent years.

I don't exempt myself in any way: I confess that I enjoy watching

a football match on television with a can of beer in my hand, almost to the point where I feel deprived of the full experience if I am without one.

True. And truly said. The advertisers have done their work well in my case, as with many others.

I was chatting recently to a colleague who asked me to guess the price of the ticket he bought for the 1998 World Cup finals which covered all matches played at Wembley, including the final itself. Taking into account inflation - as I believe the phrase goes - I estimated it had cost him £120.

"No," he said with a grin of triumph. "Five pounds." Five old English pounds. To see what is now sporting fable, in a stadium where the old steps led up to the old Royal Box, and the attendants lurking forever in the victory celebration pictures wore peaked caps with "Wembley Stadium" printed on them.

And the arena itself was simply pitch, crowd and white walls, free from the now-ubiquitous hectoring of advertising hoarding. Happy, happy distant days...

Reverentially, after this little challenge, I looked up the souvenir programme of the final I had obtained as a child. Turning the pages, I found the expected items - a picture of Her Majesty the Queen, the Football Association's patron, a greeting from the FA chairman - were interspersed with other messages.

"Cheers! Call for a Carlsberg." "The best beers in Britain come from Charrington. Try one at the local after the match!" "GUINNESS." "Say Johnnie Walker - you'll like it." "The best short drink for football fans is Lamb's Navy Rum." "Watney Mann introduce a great beer - World Cup Ale." Preconceptions. Not generally useful.

The 127th Open: Course's beautifully natural contours have always shaped a major victory for America or Australia

## Birkdale links jinx confronts Europe

BY ANDY FARRELL

ST ANDREWS has the history, Turnberry the spectacular setting, Carnoustie, which returns to the Open Championship rota next year after 24 years, is simply a brute of a golf course. The uniqueness of Royal Birkdale, which stages the 127th version from Thursday, is not so easily defined, apart from having one of the oddest looking clubhouses in major championship golf.

Yet this Lancashire links has a special place in the hearts of two of Europe's greatest players. Birkdale could be described as the spiritual birthplace of the modern European tour. Nick Faldo won his first professional title, and first of four PGA Championships, here in 1978, but two years earlier the Open saw the introduction of Severiano Ballesteros.

"The Spaniard," reported *Golf Illustrated*, "brought to the Open a breath of youth and an uninhibited attitude to championship golf that not only endeared him to the spectators fortunate enough to be at Royal Birkdale but also to the millions watching the event from the comfort of their armchairs."

The 19-year-old Ballesteros thrashed his driver fearlessly and first showed the magic in his short game. He led by two going into the final round but was overtaken by Johnny Miller. However, it was Seve, as it would so often be, who stole the show at the 18th, threading an audacious pitch-and-run shot between two bunkers to within three feet of the hole. A star was born.

But he did not win and neither did Faldo when he contended at Birkdale in 1983. Never, in fact, has a European won here in seven attempts. Only Australians and Americans, Peter Thomson won the first and last of his five titles in 1954 and 1965. Arnold Palmer took the 1961 Open, Lee Trevino won 10 years later, followed

by Miller and Tom Watson, with the fifth of his five crowns, in 1983.

Watson won from his compatriots Hale Irwin and Andy Bean. Seven years ago, Australians claimed the first two spots in Ian Baker-Finch and Mike Harwood, but were followed by four Americans: Fred Couples, Mark O'Meara, Jodie Mudd and Bob Tway. Despite Baker-Finch's terrible decline since, he shared with his fellow Birkdale winners the distinction of being a classy champion at the time.

"I can see why the Australians like it," said Faldo. "When it gets hot and hard-running, Birkdale plays like the great sand-belt courses around Melbourne." Thomson recalled it was "bone-dry" in 1954 and he kept the ball on the fairways by guiding his three-wood around the dog-legs.

But his main memory is of George Duncan, then a veteran British professional, saying: "If you ever do that again, I'll kick your arse." Thomson had back-handed his tap-in on the final green, something Irwin tried to do at the 14th in the third round in 1983 only to take an air-shot. "The only thing worse would be to lose by one tomorrow," Irwin said. He did exactly that.

Birkdale's fairways are flatter than at other links courses, running along the valleys through the sand dunes. The blind-shot and side-hill lies, a feature of Royal St George's for example, are largely avoidable. "There are no weaknesses here," said Watson. "This is a very strong golf course that never lets up."

Watson should know. The 18th, which he played with a three-wood and a six-iron a few days earlier, was playing into the wind when he came to the 72nd in 1983. After a superb drive, Watson then hit "the best two-iron of my life" to secure victory.

Birkdale's lay-out has been continuously refined and modernised, starting in 1932 when Fred Hawtree



and JH Taylor brought the links up to championship standard. After the 1961 Open, when "Arnie's Army" swamped the links, the sand dunes were moulded into amphitheatres and the short 17th was removed and

replaced with a new par-three at the 12th. That means that Palmer's plaque, commemorating the brilliant recovery he made from a thicket of rough beside the 15th fairway, can now be found at the 16th.



Frank Hawtree, son of Fred, was involved in the changes and it was Martin Hawtree, the son of the son, who was brought in to rebuild and re-sculpt all 18 greens after the last Open at Birkdale. Then Jack Nick-

laus said of the greens: "Pitching into the greens was like pitching into a laundry basket full of clothes."

As for the clubhouse, the Art Deco building was erected in the 1930s and designed to look like a

Birkdale's bias: Arnold Palmer (top) on his way to victory in 1961; Lee Trevino (bottom left) celebrates his 1971 championship win; and Johnny Miller (bottom right) en route to taking the 1976 Open after a 19-year-old Seve Ballesteros had enjoyed a two-shot lead going into the final round

Hulton Getty/  
Scottish Daily Record

## Experts from a certain school of non-thought

SIXTYTWO matches down, only two to go. I can almost feel what might be called "lukewarm turkey" setting in. Some of the addiction to the football ebbed away during the week as the two semi-finals both proved to be half-baked baguettes. Now we've only got the irrelevance of the third-place play-off - does anybody care about this, even the players? - and the final itself to get through. After that, I can get back to my life again. What life?

When Sepp Blatter, Fifa's president, was quoted earlier last week about shortening the tournament there must have been a few quiet sighs of relief. Sixty-four games are just too many to decide a world champion. Even baseball managers with only seven. But then it emerged that what Blatter had re-

STAN HEY

VIEW FROM THE ARMCHAIR



ally meant was shortening the length of the tournament by cutting down the gaps between the group matches and scheduling three games a day. Can you imagine what this will be like, beamed back from Japan and South Korea during our breakfasts in four years' time?

This thought must have hit the panellists of both broadcasters al-

ready as they all went a bit stir-crazy last week. The BBC team, trapped in Des's penthouse on the 15th floor of Lynam Park, have started to josh with each other in the way schoolchildren do towards the end of the summer term. And as happens in the playground, first names have now been dropped in favour of the more laddish use of surnames only.

"Lawrenson's not wearing his orange shirt!" "McCoist tipped Argentina!" "Hansen keeps interrupting me!" These were all phrases which somehow found their way into the analysis of the France-Croatia semi-final.

Meanwhile, at the Stade de France, Lawrenson and Lineker, not Mark and Gary, were moaning firstly about the cold - don't they watch

the weather forecast in France? - and secondly about how the panel's half-time talk had left the two to conclude that "You've said it all for us". This much could have been foreseen. With four panellists including Des - sorry Lynam - in the studio, Motson and Brookling in the commentary box, and Lineker and Lawrenson in the stadium, we were almost back to the good old days of BBC over-manning, when every assistant had an assistant.

God knows how big their line-up will be on Sunday, when I'm sure they will smuggle Ginola back from Tottenham's pre-season training camp in Switzerland so that he can flick his hair nervously in anticipation at the fate of his compatriots. But by then, of course, Moty will have claimed them for the mother

country. He has already started to refer to "Chelsea's Marcel Desailly" and "Newcastle United's Stephane Guivarch", even though they've yet to kick a ball for their new clubs. With both Chelsea's Frank Leboeuf and Arsenal's Emmanuel Petit almost certain to be playing, Moty will go into statistical meltdown trying to work out the last time something like this happened.

ITV, meanwhile, faces the problem of dividing its attention between the British Grand Prix at Silverstone and the final in Paris. Quite apart from being able to rub the BBC's face in it for no longer having Formula One, there will surely be a temptation to get the French and Brazilian drivers on the starting grid to give us their big

match tips, or to helicopter Britain's Damon Hill across to Paris as soon as his Jordan breaks down.

The presence of Jim Rosenthal at Silverstone will weaken ITV's line up for the final as Arsenal's Bob Wilson has, metaphorically speaking, let a few shots in at the rear post with his plonking performances. And ex-Chelsea manager Ruud Gullit will no longer be the asset he was for their Brazil-Netherlands semi-final, when viewers could tap directly into his nation's pain.

But as we all know by now, Sunday night will be a farewell party for Gillingham director Brian Moore and he will probably be escorted to the exit by Fulham's Kevin Keegan. Ron Atkinson, currently of no fixed abode, would have been my choice

but even he was showing rare signs of verbal fatigue last week. I began to notice the number of times he prefaced everything with "I tell you what..." Almost as though he'd just discovered what he was being paid for.

But with former Rangers player and Manchester United supremo Alex Ferguson at last free from probing enquiries about his players - Neville, Beckham, Stam - and none of Terry Venables' Crystal Palace players that I know of likely to be in view, ITV will have a hard time coming up with those valuable emotional links. Unless of course they all have a whip-round and buy Ronaldo for Brian Moore as a leaving present. For me it's France to win, because they've got the better national anthem.



## A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a person riding a horse. The rider is wearing a hat and holding a whip, leaning forward in a dynamic pose. The image is framed by a thick black border.

**Phil Cole/Allsport**

favour of the 10-furlong Prix Eugene-Adam, and a possible confrontation with Dr Fong, at Maisons-Laffitte next Sunday. Fly To The Stars, one of six Godolphin entries in the Sussex Stakes, will be taking the role of Brazil against eight French runners in the Messidor.

**Results, page 24**  
**Cards and Hyperion's tips for tomorrow's three meetings will appear in the Independent on Sunday**

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4.45 Sty

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**No Dancer 2.55 Three Angels**  
**Introvy 4.35 Bersaglio 5.05 Q**

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# Song Of Freedom can rise to occasion

## Simon Holt of Channel 4 Racing analyses today's John Smith's Cup Handicap

Prince Of Denial: Rudly hampered at Sandown last Friday and better judged on earlier form, including victory over the course and distance in May, outside chance.

Pasternak: Brilliantly trained to win this race and the "Pambridge" last season and, while higher in the handicap, now can again be expected to prevail. Has been prepared for a repeat performance.

Wilcuma: Caught the eye running on strongly over a mile at Sandown last Saturday and, probably better off this trip nowdays, seems to be returning to his best at the right time.

Vagabond Chanteuse: Has not won since August 1990 and is becoming difficult to place. Well beaten at Ascot on latest attempt.

Refuse To Lose: Rapidly improving handicapper and an all-time winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Royal Ascot last year. Saddled with an 8lb penalty for that success but races with tremendous enthusiasm.

Song Of Freedom: Pleading second at Kempton under top weight first time out but subsequently disappointed at Epsom (possibly unsuited by track). Might be worth another chance and is potentially smart.

Cardigan Bay: Lightly-raced ex-Irish gelding, who had every chance when a good fifth at Ascot last time out on first run in a handicap. One to keep an eye on.

Anak-Kn: Made all gamely against just six rivals on his reappearance at Salisbury and, a winner four times last year, has proved a useful money-spinner. But more needed here.

Dower House: Useful and consistent colt, a winner at Epsom in early June and then despatched untried at Doncaster last time having been badly hampered. One for the short-list.

Rapier: Defied a big weight over nine furlongs here last month but this represents a rise in class. Genuine sort.

3.10: ANSTAND, a progressive sort from the Ramsden stable, is well handicapped and will be suited by 7f. Bolin Terry looks the danger.

3.40: RIDAITYMA, beaten a short-nose by Elation in a Group Three event over 1m at Milan in June, will stay well. Street General is the threat.

4.15: CARDIGAN BAY, who ran a creditable race to finish less than three lengths fifth at Another Time in a competitive 1m2f handicap at Ascot's Heath.

4.45: STYLISH WAYS, beaten under a length when third to Prince Dome (4lb worse off) at Haydock last time, figures on a lenient handicap mark.

5.00: MYROBOLA NOVICE STAKES (CLASS D) £3,000 added 2m 6f. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

5.30: ROTHMAN'S NORTH SOUTH HANDICAP (CLASS D) £3,000 added 2m 6f. It would be unwise to take Dame Judy's latest apparent improvement into account. She is clearly capable of more but preference is for the colt, who has a good record here and will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

5.55: STANLEY RACING SERIES HANDICAP (CLASS D) £4,000 added 2m 6f. Last year's winner, Meranti, might be back but has been disappointing since. Preference is for the colt, who has a good record here and will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

6.25: FOSWAY HANDICAP HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,000 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

6.55: AUTOTOTE BET CAPTURE NOVICE CHASE (CLASS E) £4,000 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

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8.25: RED OIL HANDICAP CHASE (CLASS D) £6,000 added 2m 5f. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

8.55: ALPHAMERIC NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS E) £3,000 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

9.25: BAHAMAS NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS F) £2,500 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

9.55: CHARNWOOD JACK (CLASS F) £2,500 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

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1.00: CHARNWOOD JACK (CLASS F) £2,500 added 2m 11yds. The outcome probably hinges on the strength of the new comers, SHAMAL, being of particular interest given John Smith's recent record with the colt and Sanderson, his previous winner, were well backed in this race. Those that have not been seen since last time will be worth considering early if the odds allow.

## CHESTER

2.10 Pet Express Flyer 2.45 Domappel 3.15 Bishops Court 3.50 Miss Grapette 4.25 Ace Of Parkes 4.55 Ambidextrous

GOING: Good to Firm. STALLS: 1m 21 - stands side, rest inside. DRAW ADVANTAGE: None. Numbers best.

Left-hand, light, circular course. The step up to 7f is a challenge for the colts, but the pace will be well maintained and the draw has been good. The race is likely to be run to the end, with the pace likely to be well maintained and the draw has been good.

LEADING TRAINERS: J. B. P. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 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# Drummond's drive for work

**GOLF**  
BY ANDY FARRELL  
at Loch Lomond

ROSS DRUMMOND was supposed to have spent the last few days practising in Southport for the Open's final qualifying which takes place tomorrow and Monday. Drummond is currently due to tee off at Hillside where one of his playing partners will be the 17-year-old amateur Justin Rose.

Rose missed the cut in the Standard Life World Invitational but Drummond, who only received his invitation for the event last Friday when Davis Love pulled out due to a back problem, led at the half-way stage for the first time in his 20-year career. A victory or second place here would mean Drummond would be exempted straight into Thursday's Open.

More important than a ticket to the biggest and best show in golf, Drummond would get his job back. The 39-year-old from Paisley, who for many years combined his tournament play with being an assistant at Prestwick, lost his card for the first

time last year. Never a winner on the European Tour, Drummond experienced his best-ever season two years ago when he had three top-four finishes, as described in journalist-turned-caddie Lawrence Donegan's best-selling *Four from the Soul*. But last season he missed 15 cuts in 27 events and finished 134th in the Order of Merit.

"It's an extraordinary thing," he said. "In 1996 I was reborn, my game and my attitude were in good shape and I played some of my best golf. I tried to do the same things last year but it just didn't happen. But I have never considered any other career. As soon as I lost my card, I was trying to work out ways to get it back."

First up was an unsuccessful trip to the qualifying school and then came a winter of writing letters to sponsors of tournaments asking for one of their 10 invitational spots. In the eight events he has played this season, Drummond has won £20,000 and probably still needs another £30,000. A second round of 66 on Thursday meant he was partnering Lee Westwood in the last group yesterday.

When heavy rain flooded the course and suspended play, Drummond was still five-under, level par for the round through 13 holes. He was tied with David Howell and the Swede Denis Edmund, but Westwood, with birdies at the seventh and ninth, had moved into the lead by one shot.

Colin Montgomerie was paired with Jose Maria Olazabal and scored a 68 to the Spaniard's 69 to move to two-under. A last-round charge cannot be ruled out from Montgomerie, who shot birdies at two of the last three holes on his way round yesterday, but for once he would not be disappointed if he was to finish second.

"I would like Ross Drummond to win," Monty said. "I have known him a long time - he's from Prestwick and I'm from Troon - and he has had a difficult time the last couple of years."

"Sure, I feel for people in his position. It's not just a bad year, it's the loss of your job if you lose your card. If I go on and win, then fine, but I would almost prefer that he won right now. I've got the Open coming up."

## Hickman powers in as records fall

**SWIMMING**  
BY JAMES PARRACK  
in Sheffield

THE COMMONWEALTH Games trials vibrantly came to life last night with three British and one Commonwealth record in the first three events. James Hickman and Helen Don-Duncan set new standards in the 400 metres individual medley and 300 backstroke respectively, and Sue Rolph equalled the 100m freestyle Commonwealth record held by Karen Pickering, who finished a close second.

All three swimmers top the Com-

monwealth rankings and will start as favourites for gold in Kuala Lumpur in September.

"I always swim to do best times," Hickman said. "The fact that they are all British records is not a problem for me. I wanted to go sub-4.20 to really get in there for Kuala Lumpur, but 4:21.53 is great."

The second day of the trials provided a parade of champions. Mark Foster again dominated the 50m freestyle, Adam Ruckwood outclassed his rivals in the 200 backstroke and Pickering saved her best for the Games in the 100m freestyle.

"I came here to go sub-56," said Rolph. "My 55.79 ranks me first for

the Games and the Australians will have to think twice if they think they're going to beat me."

England has a long history of breaststroke success in world swimming and teenagers Darren Mew and Adam Whitehead will join Richard Madden for the 100m breaststroke to try to continue that tradition. Still at the start of their international careers, England can expect much from Mew and Whitehead for the future.

After a turbulent year Olympic bronze medalist Graeme Smith proved his fitness in the 1500m freestyle and will carry Scotland's medal hopes in Kuala Lumpur.



Rob Eras, of the Netherlands, on Collezione Cesaro La Perla clears the gate during his first round at the Nations Cup at Hickstead yesterday  
David Ashdown

## French in command as British struggle

**EQUESTRIANISM**

GENEVIEVE MURPHY  
at Hickstead

FRANCE extended their substantial lead in the Samsung Nations Cup series yesterday when defeating a strong German team at the Royal International Horse Show at Hickstead.

The British, lying last of the six teams at half-way, made a small advance to finish in fifth place but are unlikely to qualify for the final in September. In stark contrast to the French, who have an abundance of good horses, the British are struggling to find a quartet good enough to make any sort of mark on the World Equestrian Games in October.

Two French riders - Thierry Pomet on Thor des Chaines and Xavier Caumont on Baladine du Mesnil - jumped double clear rounds, with the latter penalised by just a quarter time fault in the first round. Pomet, last to go for the team, needed his second clear in order to defeat the Germans, who were helped by two faultless performances from both Beerbaum brothers, Markus and Ludger.

The dismal British performance left team manager Ronnie Massarella, feeling "bitterly disappointed". Michael Whitaker, first to go for the Virtual Village Ashley, stopped at the fourth fence and had two other

downs for eleven jumping and one and a half time faults. Di Lampard and Abberval Dream, so impressive when jumping double clear rounds at Lucerne and Modena this year, added to the gloom with three first round errors. Geoff Billington then jumped clear on It's Otto before John Whitaker had two down on Heyman.

The second round began with clear rounds from Ashley and Abberval Dream, but there were two mistakes from It's Otto and one from Heyman.

ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW (Hickstead) Samsung Nations Cup. France 2-5 faults; 2 Germany 6; 3 The Netherlands 16.25; 4 Ireland 12; 5 Great Britain 24; 6 Brazil 41. 6th: Virtual Village Ashley (J. Whitaker) 12.25; 7th: Virtual Village Heyman (J. Whitaker) 12.0; 8th: Virtual Village It's Otto (G. Billington) 0.8; 9th: Virtual Village Abberval Dream (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 10th: Virtual Village Ashley (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 11th: Virtual Village Heyman (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 12th: Virtual Village It's Otto (G. Billington) 1.0; 13th: Virtual Village Abberval Dream (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 14th: Virtual Village Ashley (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 15th: Virtual Village Heyman (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 16th: Virtual Village It's Otto (G. Billington) 1.0; 17th: Virtual Village Abberval Dream (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 18th: Virtual Village Ashley (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 19th: Virtual Village Heyman (J. Whitaker) 1.0; 20th: Virtual Village It's Otto (G. Billington) 1.0; 21st: Virtual Village Abberval Dream (J. 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Tour de France: Despite commercial misgivings today's time-trial in Dublin will prompt yellow-jersey fever

# Virenque's mob-handed job

BY ROBIN NICHOLL  
in Dublin

THERE ISN'T a spare bed to be had in Cork, and the Tour de France is starting in Dublin. Yellow-jersey fever is sweeping Ireland, and the festivities are in full swing.

The £2m paid by the Irish government to "buy" the Tour for three days is already seen as a healthy investment, but others are complaining that the world's greatest race is "bad for business". Up to 500,000 spectators are expected for today's opener, a 5.6-kilometre time-trial in the city centre, but the Chamber of Commerce estimates a loss to traders of some £5m because of the traffic disruption in Dublin, and air-gates are in a flap.

Tour organisers have been granted an air exclusion zone around Cork so that TV helicopters can film the conclusion of the second stage into the port. It will, however, disrupt the travel plans of hundreds of passengers on Monday. The zone includes Cork airport's main flight path, which if totally enforced would mean rescheduling 14 flights. The Irish Aviation Authority ruled that the exclusion zone is unavoidable, bringing delays of between one and four hours.

Yet hours after the finish comes the irony. Tour officials, 189 riders, and the media will head for the airport to fly to France for the next stage, as others and the Tour convoy cross by sea overnight in three ferries.

An aerial advertising firm have gone to law claiming that the zone restricts its lawful commercial activities. They wanted to tow a banner within the zone which extends to 5,000ft and a mile either side of the race route, and are seeking an injunction to prevent the Authority restricting their lawful activities.

The traffic disruption in Dublin, particularly the re-routing of bus services, is worrying the Chamber of Commerce. "We met them 18 months ago to present the Tour," said Pat McQuaid, head of the team behind the Irish stages. "Then just three weeks ago they started complaining."

Ireland is preparing to party to the whole length and breadth of the 390 km of race route from Dublin to Cork. Carrick-on-Suir, the home town of Tour hero Sean Kelly, opened festivities almost a week before anywhere else on the route. One early reason to celebrate was a



The Deutsche Telekom team in training on the streets of Laodun Loughire near Dublin yesterday

resurfacing and improvement programme for the whole race route, and of the £8m estimated to have been spent. £3.5m was on the Enniscorthy to Cork leg which passes through Kelly country.

The family of Stephen Roche, who brought Ireland glory with his Tour victory in 1987, had a personal celebration. His mother, Christina Roche, was installed this week as the mayor of Dundrum, the village where Roche grew up. By the time Sunday's stage is flagged away from the monument commemorating Roche's victory in the village, the yellow jersey will be worn by whoever

was fastest on Saturday.

Chris Boardman is among the favourites, and even Jan Ullrich, who won the jersey outright last year, might fancy his own chances. Having trimmed away his weight worries, the German warned his rivals: "I am at the same level as last year. Nothing has changed at all. I want to arrive at the first major time-trial in the best possible shape so I will not extend myself in these early days."

That race-against-the-clock comes on the eighth day when the

riders tackle an undulating 58km route starting from the Tour's tiniest start, Meyrignac l'Eglise, a village of 50 inhabitants.

Whatever the outcome for Ullrich, the serious challenge is the Pyrenees and Alps where the French hope Richard Virenque and the Italian Marco Pantani will turn the screw unmercifully.

Virenque's team came to the Tour mob-handed. If Virenque slips in the mountains where he has reigned for the past four years, then his Swiss team-mate Laurent Dufaux can take over. They also have

Alex Zülle, second overall in 1995 after two falls on one day. This Swiss has won the Vuelta a España twice, but collapsed badly in the Giro d'Italia.

"It would have made life easier if he had won the Giro," said his Festina team manager, Bruno Roussel. "Our sponsor's goal is to win one of the major tours, and that ambition is now complicated because we have three potential leaders for this Tour."

The days in Ireland will be a grand fête, before the fates take a hand in the destination of the yellow jersey.

## FIVE TO FOLLOW



**Jan Ullrich (Ger)**  
Team: Deutsche Telekom  
Born: Rostock, December 2, 1973. Best performances: 1997 Tour de France winner.  
In the mould of other Tour greats, Ullrich is an all-rounder whose time-trialling talent is the key to overall success. Coupled with the strength to survive the difficult days in the Alps and the Pyrenees it makes him a formidable opponent. Won the event last year after an astonishing second place on his debut the previous year.



**Richard Virenque (Fr)**  
Team: Festina  
Born: Casablanca, November 19, 1969. Best performances: 1997 Tour de France runner-up.  
Emerges again as the best of the French challengers. Mainly because of his ability to race over the mountain passes, which has given him the red polka-dot jersey for the past four years. Could well be overshadowed though by team-mate Alex Zülle, who has the time-trial flair that the Frenchman lacks.



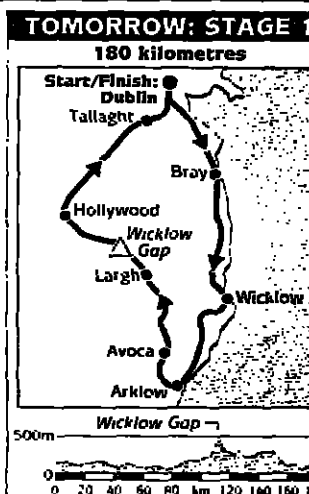
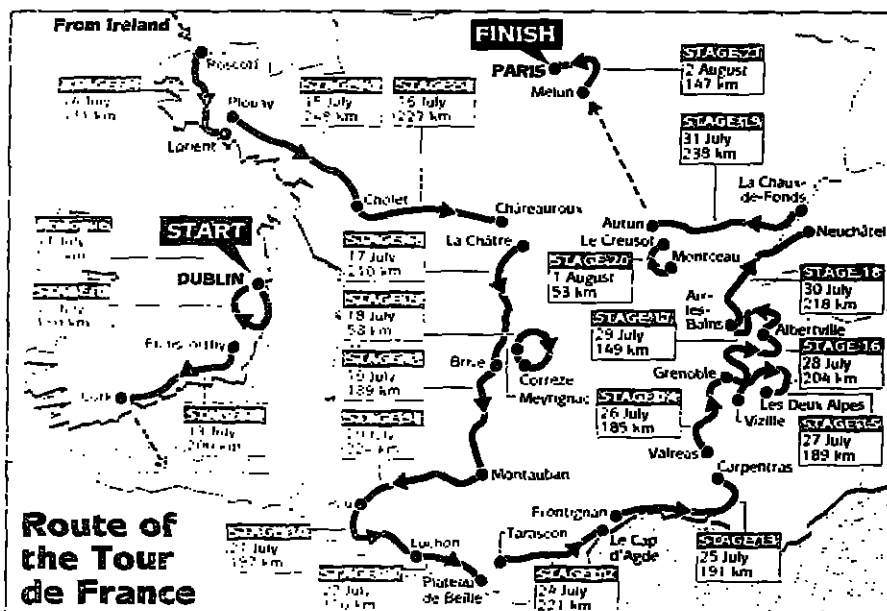
**Marco Pantani (It)**  
Team: Mercatone Uno  
Born: Cesena, January 13, 1970. Best performances: 1998 Giro d'Italia winner.  
Buoyed by his victory in the Giro d'Italia, the shaven-headed Italian will want to improve on his third overall standing in last year's tour. Any victory hopes are most likely to be forged in the mountains, where the lightweight Pantani's friskiness makes him too much of a handful for most contenders.



**Abraham Olano (Sp)**  
Team: Banesto  
Born: San Sebastian, January 22, 1970. Best performances: 1995 world road race champion.  
Left to follow in the wheeltracks of his great countryman, Miguel Indurain, Olano is, like Indurain, a specialist against the clock. He beat Ullrich in the final time trial at Disneyland last year, and took silver medals behind Indurain in the 1995 World Time Trial Championship and at the Atlanta Olympic time trial.



**Alex Zülle (Swi)**  
Team: Festina  
Born: Olten, July 5, 1968. Best performances: 1995, 1997 Vuelta a España winner.  
Has won the Vuelta a España twice, and finished second in the 1995 Tour but an attempt to add this year's Giro d'Italia to his honours went wrong in the mountains when he lost over 30 minutes in a day. His team is loaded with potential leaders. Apart from himself and Virenque, there is also his Swiss compatriot Laurent Dufaux.



## Coxless four show they mean business

### ROWING

BRITAIN'S COXLESS four followed up their victory at Henley last Sunday by qualifying for the semi-final of the World Cup's third round in Lucerne, Switzerland.

The team of James Cracknell, Steve Redgrave, Tim Foster and Matthew Pinsent covered 1,500 metres in the fastest time of the event before easing off and crossing the line first.

Romania, winners of the first round of the Cup, and Australia, who finished on top of the second, took victory in the other heats.

Dot Blackie and Cath Bishop, of Thames and Marlow, continued their unbeaten run in the coxless pairs by qualifying for tomorrow's final - but only two other British crews avoided the repechage stage.

Guin Batten of Thames won her heat of the women's sculls to reach the semi-finals, while the Oxford University pair of Stephen Williams and Fred Scarlett also won their heat.

Greg Searle qualified for the semi-finals of the single sculls via the repechage, despite competing with a broken toe. Searle had sustained the injury at Heathrow Airport on his way to the regatta.

## Becker has clay target in his sights

### TENNIS

BORIS BECKER inched closer to the first clay-court title of his career yesterday when he secured a place in the semi-finals of the Swiss Open with a surprising straight-sets win over the defending champion, Felix Mantilla of Spain.

Showing flashes of the form that carried him to six Grand Slam titles, Becker, now semi-retired and ranked 119 in the world after falling out of the top 100 for the first time in 13 years this week, neatly disposed of the fifth-seeded Spaniard 6-4, 6-4 in their quarter-final. It was the first time this season that Becker has reached the semi-finals of a tournament.

Before the 30-year-old German can play for what would be his 50th career title he must find a way past the world No 2 and top seed, Marcelo Rios, in today's semi-final. The Chilean, who briefly claimed the No 1 world ranking spot earlier this year, advanced easily with a 6-3, 7-5 win over Spain's Francisco Clavet.

The other semi-final will see the Belgian Filip Dewulf take on Spain's Alex Corretja.

## TODAY'S NUMBER

21

The number of goals that Tracey Neville, sister of Manchester United's Gary and Phil, scored (from 31 attempts), as England's netballers beat a combined West Indies side 56-48 on Thursday.

## Goldspink set for Wigan Saints wait as Nolan leaves leaders

### RUGBY LEAGUE

BY DAVE HADFIELD

ST HELENS face losing Australian prop Brett Goldspink to great rivals Wigan for next season. Goldspink, who played for Oldham last year, is the man Wigan have chosen after casting around extensively for a new front row. His arrival will mean at least one departure, with the futures of Neil Cowie, Terry O'Connor and Stephen Holgate all uncertain. Saints have joined Sheffield Eagles in showing an interest in Halifax's Western Samoan winger, Pereti Tuilagi, whose contract expires at the end of this season.

London Broncos do not expect to have a work permit in time for their new signing, Shane Millard, to play

against Bradford at Edinburgh next Saturday. Millard has been signed from South Sydney and, according to the Broncos coach, Tony Currie, is "the sort of young, hungry player we need."

Currie also expects to complete another signing from Australia next week and was checking out players who have been identified as potential Super League prospects in last night's First Division game between Dewsbury and Featherstone.

There will be further departures to follow those of Roger Best, Darren Higgins and Butch Fatmouna, although Currie said: "You can't pull people before you have replacements."

Bradford are expecting to take 4,000 supporters to next Saturday's game at Hearts' Tynecastle Park.

The Rugby League has rejected any suggestion that Super League could set up its own refereeing operation. Super League's managing director, Maurice Lindsay, hinted on television this week that the organisation could bring back the Rugby League's former director of referees, Greg McCullum, to take charge.

The Rugby League said it was: "Very disappointed by Maurice Lindsay's comments. Super League is a marketing organisation and he knows full well that this does not fall within its remit."

One of Australia's most legendary players, Arthur Beetson, is coaching the Australian Aboriginal side to play Baria in the first Test of their tour at Redfern Oval in Sydney tomorrow.

BY DAVE HADFIELD

MIKE NOLAN, the chairman of the Super League leaders, Wigan, resigned yesterday, leading to speculation that he may be planning a move to arch rivals St Helens.

The Central Park manager handed in his resignation just nine months after rescuing Wigan from a financial crisis and spearheading a major turnaround in the club's fortunes.

In a statement issued by the owner, Dave Whelan, and chief executive Phil Clarke, the club said: "Mike came to Wigan during a period of turmoil and did an excellent job in restructuring the club."

"His leadership was vital during troublesome times and the club are extremely grateful for every-

thing he has done. We would like to wish him well for the future."

Nolan's departure leaves just Clarke and the financial director, Mike Colling, on the Board, and an emergency meeting will take place next week to consider today's developments.

Nolan, a former St Helens and Rochdale Hornets player, led the take-over of the club when shareholders forced out the then chairman, Jack Robinson, nine months ago.

Backed by Whelan's money, Nolan came to power on a promise to keep Wigan at Central Park until a new stadium was built in the town, to accommodate both rugby and Wigan Athletic football team.

Under his chairmanship, the club's most successful-ever coach, John Monie, has been brought back

and team strengthening has seen the side take the lead in Super League this season.

There have, however, been boardroom conflicts between Nolan and Clarke as well as rumours of Nolan's involvement in attempts to take over St Helens.

He has been increasingly marginalised by the power axis that runs from Whelan to Clarke, but his admission that he has developed a taste for the administration of the game suggests that he will surface elsewhere, with St Helens the obvious destination.

Nolan said yesterday: "I've resigned for business reasons. I don't want to get involved in a slanging match."

"I'm leaving on good terms with Dave Whelan. I believe I have com-

pleted the job. Nobody can point a finger at me. Perhaps I've been too successful for some people."

Although Nolan has been linked with a possible takeover of Saints, he yesterday flatly denied any involvement.

"It's not true," he insisted. "I have no plans at the moment but I'm enjoying rugby league and if something comes along, I'll consider it."

Nolan's influence at Wigan cannot be underestimated, as even the quickest perusal of recent Super League results shows. Last Sunday, their emphatic 38-14 win over their old rivals St Helens put them two points clear at the top of the table. Quite whether they can maintain such form without the man that many credit as being their inspiration remains to be seen.

If the World Cup is driving you In Seine

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# Benson and Hedges Cup final: Essex and Leicestershire have the talent to give the one-day competition a fitting finale

## Essex depend on the rule of Law

BY DEREK PRINGLE

THE SUPPORTERS of Essex and Leicestershire that will gather at Lord's today, will see the last puff of smoke from a competition that first lit up in 1972. For better or for worse, and players as well as spectators are split on the matter: cricket bids farewell to the Benson and Hedges Cup, the changing habits within society, as well as those within English cricket, conspiring to bring it down.

Much like tobacco itself, domestic one-day competitions, of which the Benson and Hedges Cup is but one of three, have long been blamed for many of the game's bad habits. Poor bat-

ting technique, along with our bowlers' inability to take wickets, are just two of the modern ills attributed to limited-overs cricket and used perennially to explain our poor showing at Test level. Modern society demands scapegoats, though no one has bothered to point out that South Africa, one of the few teams who use the same personnel for both Test matches and one-dayers, are formidable at both.

Critics, as is their nature, tend to be one-eyed, conveniently forgetting how one-day cricket has improved fielding out of sight, as well as generating both money and interest in the game. No one complained when one-dayers kept

English cricket going through the struggling Seventies.

There is no doubt that our best players, who are clearly overburdened by our year-round cricket, are unlikely to lament the passing were it simply being phased out. But no, its place in the summer calendar is to be taken by the so-called "Supercup", a competition that will involve the top eight teams in this year's Championship. If ever there was ever a disincentive for players to do well in four-day cricket, then this must be it.

Beginning in the age of bell-bottoms, the first Benson and Hedges Cup final was won by Leicestershire, whose presence in today's final at least al-

lows the possibility of some historical symmetry. Under the mercurial Chris Lewis, deputising for the injured James Whitaker, Leicestershire have looked a robust outfit, and are the only side in the country who are still able to contest all four major competitions.

In Darren Maddy, they undoubtedly have the firm player of the competition. In seven innings to date, Maddy has scored 624 runs, including three centuries, at a whopping average of 156. Ironically, the previous record for a single season was 591 runs set in 1979 by Graham Gooch, the year Essex last won, thanks mainly to Gooch's century against Surrey in the final.

Eschewing modern mores, Maddy does not pinch hit, but looks to bat for at least 40 overs. Placement and hard running are the two weapons he, Ben Smith and most of Leicestershire's early order use to keep the scoreboard ticking along. Only Phil Simmons, the burly Trinidadian, tends to go in for real power, though Vince Wells, Paul Nixon and Lewis himself, can all give the ball a thump if needed.

As the great Lord's under-achievers - this will be their sixth Benson and Hedges final - Essex desperately need this trophy to even up an otherwise disappointing season. Strangely, the bookies appear to be overlooking Essex's recent in-

consistencies, and both sides go into the final as joint favourites.

If the teams look well-matched on paper - lengthy batting line-ups and useful seam attacks - their approach, particularly to the first 15 overs, varies markedly. The damp summer has not produced many batsman's paradises, but this has not prevented Stuart Law blazing away. When Law has failed, which has happened more often than in previous years, Essex's answer has been to promote their keeper, Robert Rollins, to heave and swipe in his place.

More often, though, in this seam-bowlers' summer, they have relied on Ronnie Irani to marshall a long middle-order

Both Irani and Nasser Hussain will be keen to silence critics over their alleged one-day shortcomings, while the return of Paul Prichard, the longest-serving county captain on the circuit, will undoubtedly strengthen Essex's resolve.

The bowling, so important when moisture levels are high, looks to be well-matched despite the absence of Leicestershire's pacemen Jimmy Ormond and David Millns through injury. Their places will probably be taken by the 23-year old medium-pacer Dominic Williamson and the left-arm spinner Matthew Brinson, though much will depend on what the pitch looks like at 10 o'clock this morning.

Keith Fletcher, Essex's coach-cum-guru, believes Lord's is a ground that favours swing, which could give Mark Ilett and Ashley Cowan the edge over their counterparts, Lewis and Alan Mullally.

If it does swing, Cowan, troubled by a shoulder injury for much of this season, tends to relish bowling from the Nursery End. Last season he took 3 for 29 against Warwickshire in the NatWest final, a performance he bettered six weeks ago when he took 5 for 28 in the quarter-final against Middlesex.

So before the No Smoking signs go up, there is one more chance to light up. Maddy versus Cowan in full swing. Not bad for a last request.

## Magnificent Maddy set to make his mark

Leicestershire owe their appearance at Lord's to a gifted young batsman. Jon Culley met their fearless opener

DARREN MADDY'S plans for Lord's today naturally enough involve opening Leicestershire's batting with a substantial score and helping his side say farewell to the Benson and Hedges Cup in the way that they greeted the competition when it was launched in 1972 - by winning the final. But even were he to be out for a first-ball duck, should the latter part of that goal be realised then Maddy will still deserve an award, having carried Leicestershire to the final almost single-handedly.

Maddy's unbeaten match-winning 120 in the semi-final against last season's finalists Surrey at Leicester earned the bright 24-year-old his fourth consecutive Gold Award and fifth in all from eight Benson and Hedges matches this summer, raising his aggregate of runs in the competition to 624 at an average of 156.

There have been two other centuries - 136 not out against Lancashire and 151 against the Minor Counties - plus 89 against Northamptonshire and an unbeaten 93 in the quarter-final with Kent.

It has been a remarkable sequence and yet another exhilarating leap forward in a career already notable for its rapid upward progress. After setting a Second XI scoring

record with almost 1,500 runs in 1994, also the year of his first-class debut, by 1996 Maddy was being hailed as the best young batsman in England. By last winter, having made 1,000 first-class runs in 1997, he was touring with England A and making an extraordinary success of that, too, clocking up a double century in Kenya and a further century, a 99 and five half-centuries in Sri Lanka.

It was enough to establish Maddy as a hot spring favourite to become Michael Atherton's opening partner in the Test series against South Africa this summer. That has not happened yet, although the possibility looms large again after Nick Knight's failure at Old Trafford. In the meantime, his Benson and Hedges exploits have represented an unexpected consolation.

"It has come as a surprise because so far I have always been looked upon as a four-day player," he said. "You approach the one-day games in a different way and I've just gone out intending to enjoy myself and enjoy the occasion. I've ended up scoring 600 runs and we have reached the final."

Recognised as a batsman of excellent technique, he has a rock solid defence and a range of attacking



Darren Maddy: 'I can have a setback now and not be disheartened because I believe I'm good enough to come through a crisis and bounce back'

Allsport

strengths, off both front and back foot. A compact 5ft 9in, he cuts and pulls superbly but is decisive enough to get forward to drive when opportunity presents itself.

But perhaps just as great an asset is his temperament. Fearless even against the most hostile bowling - he made his debut against Allan Donald on a fast wicket in 1994 and survived two and a quarter hours - he possesses enormous self-belief, although he insists his confidence is acquired rather than natural and mostly learned from his county captain, James Whitaker.

"When I first came here I used to doubt myself," he said. "But James is a very positive man to have in the dressing-room. He taught me about believing in myself and my own ability."

"He made me believe I was a good player. I take a lot of pride in my performance but I can have a setback now and not be disheartened because I believe I'm good enough to come through a crisis and bounce back."

A receptive listener, Maddy has been guided throughout his career by his mother, Hilary, and his father, William, a club cricketer of 35 years

standing, to whom he pays generous tribute. "He has always been there, always driving me around the country when I was young, always giving me incentives to work at my game," he said.

"He is in a business partnership with three other people but tries to see me play at least one day a week. He came out to Sri Lanka for the third Test and they will both be there, mum and dad, at Lord's."

Tutored by Mike Gatting and Graham Gooch during the winter, he returned from the A tour an improved player technically, having learned

much about playing against spin and how to build a long innings. The reluctance of the England selectors to recognise his quality - he was picked for two Texaco Trophy matches but so far no Tests - has baffled his supporters, although not Maddy himself.

Self-critical despite that inner confidence, he affirms quite definitely that his selection has not yet been merited. "I always think you should pick players in form and the fact is that until last week [when he made 162 against Durham] I had hardly scored a run in four-day cricket. At the time the first Test

team was chosen I had only about 80 first-class runs and it would have been unfair to other players for me to be selected," he said.

"If the chance does come I want it to be because I've earned it through the weight of runs I've made in four-day cricket. The 160-odd the other day was an enormous relief and encouragement but I need to have some more days like that."

Given England's plight, however, he may find that the selectors do not share his patience, especially should everything he touches turn to gold again today.

## Prichard seeks perfect symmetry

APPEARANCES CAN be deceptive. It may look as though Paul Prichard has simply asserted some kind of *droit de capitaine* over his Essex team, opting to sit out all six matches on the way to the final only to step in once all the groundwork has been completed and grab the glory by leading them out on to the Lord's pitch for the final Benson and Hedges Cup final, however that is not the case.

The truth behind Prichard's absence for the whole of their campaign in the 50-over competition is far more painful. Yes, he did have his feet up, but it was not through any sort of captain's privilege, rather it was because of injury.

The 33-year-old Prichard explained: "I had had this nagging problem for quite a while. People thought it was shin splints, but in fact it was a stress fracture of my left leg. I had been struggling with it for a couple of years on and off and it finally got to a stage where my body said, 'Enough's enough. Can't take

David Llewellyn finds the returning Essex captain determined to ensure that the B&H Cup's first home will be its last

any more. Give it a rest.' I suppose it can be put down to wear and tear, running so much on hard pitches. Whatever, I just had to stop and put my feet up."

Prichard was just a couple of games into the season, like many batsmen eager to get into the groove and find a rhythm. It was frustrating, therefore, to be sidelined after just a couple of weeks. "I never felt out of things, though," added Prichard. "I was still very much involved and discovered a role somewhere between captain and manager. And it also allowed me more time to speak to Fletch [Keith Fletcher, the county's cricket consultant] and exchange views, discuss overall tactics, chat about the Second XI, all very useful stuff that would not have been given much time had I been playing. In fact, dur-

ing the seven weeks that I was laid up I attended more meetings than the Salvation Army."

Having just been knocked out of the NatWest Trophy earlier this week, the competition they had won so comfortably last year, the signs were not all that good, but Prichard insisted: "What happened against Hampshire will not have any bearing whatsoever on [the Benson and Hedges] Cup. A Lord's final creates its own kind of pressures. Since Wednesday night everyone's minds have been focused solely on the final."

Remarkably, Prichard pointed out that only one of the first team squad has not appeared in a Lord's final: the England Under-19 batsman Stephen Peters.

"I do not have to worry too much about explaining to the players how

to handle things on the day. I will simply tell them, as I have done before, to go out and enjoy the day. The individual's game will take care of itself."

Having led out Essex twice in the last two years onto the hallowed turf, Prichard would not quite admit to suffering from nerves. "I'm looking forward to it," he insisted. "I'm not overly nervous, but then I know what can go wrong. In fact I think it is the older, more experienced players who will be more aware of the pressure. It's easier for the younger players generally; they tend to go into a final with a naive confidence. Whereas the senior players all know how bad things can get." Such as when Essex were bowled out for a paltry 57 in the NatWest Trophy final two years ago - the lowest final total in that particular competition's history.

Prichard was captain for that one as well and in fact he is something of a veteran of Lord's cup finals. This morning he makes his sixth appearance, having to date received just two winners medals - both in the 50-over NatWest Trophy. "I've only got loser's medals in the Benson and Hedges," said Prichard, a Billerica boy who made his Essex debut in 1994. "It would be nice to pick up a winner's medal this time around. But there is another reason I would like us to beat Leicestershire. This is the last year of the Benson and Hedges Cup and I think it is a sad day. It has been a great showpiece in its 27 years and is the perfect way to lift the season."

It would be especially good to win the Cup this year because it was the first piece of silverware Essex had ever won back in 1979 and that sparked us off; we did the double that same year. It would mean a lot to me and a great deal more to the club if we could win the very last final. It would round things off. There would be a certain sort of symmetry to it."



Paul Prichard, ready to lead Essex at Lord's today

Empics

## Victorious Richardson targets British record in Rome

ATHLETICS

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM

MARK RICHARDSON, a winner against the odds over Michael Johnson in Oslo on Thursday night, will seek the British record he missed by a fraction when he races again in Rome on Tuesday.

"There's a lot more to come," he said. "I'm hoping for bigger and better things." Richardson's winning

time of 44.37sec - just 0.01sec off the British record held by the man who was second on the night, Iwan Thomas - has established him as the second quickest in the world this year.

That means there will be no repeat in Rome of what happened to him at the Bissett Games, the first of the six IAAF Golden League meetings, where he was drawn in the inside lane.

"It was a very tough challenge because Oslo has such notoriously tight

bends," Richardson said yesterday. "The night before, when I heard my draw, I gave my manager, Mike Whittingham, a panic call. But he calmed me down and reassured me about the shape I was in."

Richardson's position in sixth and last place after 200 metres was not due to the fact that he was saving himself. "I just couldn't physically get round any quicker," he said. "When I came to the straight it was the first time I was able to run

freely." His late effort took him past Johnson, who was making only his second appearance since recovering from the injury which caused him to miss the US Championships.

"I wasn't surprised at the way Michael ran," Richardson said. "He had only run 45.05 in his first race back so to expect him to be doing low 44's straight off was a tall order." For all that, the 25-year-old Windsor athlete goes forward with increased confidence into a season where he

hopes, in his own words, to be "knocking on the door of 44 seconds." Uncharted territory for Brits. Among the field he will face in Rome is Britain's Olympic silver medalist Roger Black, with whom he has been training for two years, and probably Thomas, who demonstrated his own impressive form in Oslo with a timing of 44.50.

Also progressing more in expectation than hope is Britain's world triple jump record holder Jonathan

Edwards, who produced the fourth-furthest effort ever recorded at sea level with his fourth and last attempt to win the competition with 13.01 metres - 28 cm short of the record he set in winning the 1995 world title.

That effort took him beyond the Russian, Dennis Kapustin, who had recorded a personal best of 17.65m. More importantly, it confirmed for Edwards that he is back to the sublime form of two years ago.

"I knew I had to produce some-

thing special and thankfully that's what I did," Edwards said. "My training has been a bit hit and miss this year, but in June it all started to come together again. As you can see, I'm now back at my best." The European Championships and Commonwealth Games await.

Steve Buckley, Britain's European javelin champion who missed the European Cup with injury, confirmed his return to fitness by taking second place in 85.44m.



British Grand Prix: Threat of rain takes the shine off Scot's promising start to his campaign to win home event

# Coulthard comes out on top in dry run

BY DERICK ALLSOP  
at Silverstone

THE DARK clouds closing in on this circuit threaten the realisation of a dream for David Coulthard in tomorrow's British Grand Prix.

Coulthard made the most of yesterday's fine weather to register the fastest time in practice, 0.124sec ahead of his McLaren-Mercedes team-mate, Mika Hakkinen. Should the Scotsman maintain that advantage in qualifying today, he will be armed with a crucial advantage in a race not only of emotional significance but also vital to his prospects of staying in the world Championship contest. However, forecasts of weekend rain introduce an element which no amount of performance superiority may be able to overcome.

A wet track produces a level playing field, and that is Michael Schumacher's territory. The German, who trails Hakkinen by six points and leads Coulthard by 14 in the title standings, has no peer in such conditions, as he has demonstrated on numerous occasions in the past and Coulthard acknowledges now.

Coulthard said: "We haven't beaten him yet in the wet and he's had some amazing races. I don't have a psychological problem with him, but I do prefer it to be dry. In the end, I have to think about my own race. I've got the greatest respect for him but he's only human."

I've beaten him before and I intend to beat him again."

Coulthard's campaign has been undermined by a succession of mechanical problems and a subsequent yield of only one point from three races.

"Of course it's important as far as the championship is concerned," he said. "It's also important to try and have the upper hand. When I am down I have to work that bit harder."

For the man based in Monaco there is still further incentive to win here. "On the very first lap this morning it was such a good feeling to be at home," he said. "The overall picture of the championship is one thing and I need to claw back the points, but it would be a dream come true to win this race."

"It's only 10 points for a win here, like any other, but your home race does mean more to you than any other. Just seeing the support, the flags and everyone waving, gives you a lift. It gave me a nice twinge in the stomach. I remembered being here as a wee lad, standing inside Stowe Corner, watching the cars go round. It took me back."

The task ahead could be determined by the start. Schumacher and his Ferrari team-mate, Eddie Irvine, launched themselves in front of the two McLarens in France, a fortnight ago, and were still there at the finish.

"We worked on starts the day



David Coulthard, fastest in practice at Silverstone yesterday, relaxes without his helmet in the cockpit of his McLaren-Mercedes

Alisport

after the race," Coulthard said. "Hopefully that won't happen again. Ferrari are quick, they're on the crest of a wave, but we still have the best package."

Coulthard was a little too eager at the start yesterday and was fined \$8,000 (£4,800) for his second pit lane speeding offence of the season. Hakkinen, similarly anxious to get on with the job, was fined \$3,250 for exceeding the 50mph limit. Schumacher was a relatively laid-back and modest seventh, but conserved his tyres and doubtless has something in hand.

Ferrari have applied increasing pressure and Irvine, designated

and dedicated No 2 to Schumacher, reiterated his belief his partner would win the championship. "McLaren should be further ahead of us than they are," the Ulsterman added.

Ron Dennis, the McLaren team principal, was unimpressed. "He's wrong," he said. "Most opinions drivers express are wrong. Inevitably when you are pushing everything to the limit you make mistakes. If anything, what he says motivates us more. The things Eddie says I think are mischievous, to destabilise us, rather than malicious. It doesn't worry me at all."

Asked what Coulthard had to do

to tilt the balance Dennis replied: "He has got to find the extra speed in himself. It swings from one driver to the other. It's too early in practice to say who'll come out on top."

Irvine could find himself on the driver merry-go-round, which has gathered momentum here. It is understood factions inside Ferrari wish to unload him, but failed in their attempts to lure the Italian reigning Cart champion, Alex Zanardi.

Irvine's strongest suit at Ferrari is the backing of Schumacher, who argues he has never had a quicker team-mate. He knows also that

Irvine will continue to accept his role as a supporting driver to the No 1.

Zanardi is now expected to sign a two-year deal with Williams, who are also waiting to hear from Jacques Villeneuve whether he intends to stay with the team. Their other driver, Heinz-Harald Frentzen has been negotiating with Cart teams.

Irvine was fifth fastest yesterday, behind Frentzen and Villeneuve, who arrived here with his hair dyed purple. A more conservative Damon Hill, still seeking his first point for Jordan, was 10th and Johnny Herbert driving Sauber, 11th.

**BRITISH GRAND PRIX (Silverstone)**  
Times from yesterday's unofficial practice: 1 D Coulthard (GB) McLaren-Mercedes 1min 25.640sec; 2 M Hakkinen (Fin) McLaren-Mercedes 1:25.764; 3 H H Frentzen (Ger) Williams-Mecachrome 1:26.107; 4 J Villeneuve (Can) Williams-Mecachrome 1:26.114; 5 E Irvine (GB) Ferrari 1:26.291; 6 G Fisichella (It) Benetton-Playlife 1:26.840; 7 M Schumacher (Ger) Ferrari 1:26.884; 8 A Wurz (Aut) Benetton-Playlife 1:27.121; 9 R Schumacher (Ger) Jordan-Mugen-Honda 1:27.460; 10 D Hill (GB) Jordan-Mugen-Honda 1:27.667; 11 J Herbert (GB) Sauber-Petronas 1:27.978; 12 J Alesi (Fr) Sauber-Petronas 1:28.136; 13 T Takagi (Japan) Tyrrell-Ford 1:28.258; 14 R Barrichello (Br) Stewart-Ford 1:28.338; 15 J Trulli (It) Prost-Peugeot 1:28.685; 16 J Verstappen (Neth) Stewart-Ford 1:28.983; 17 O Panis (Fr) Prost-Peugeot 1:29.193; 18 M Salo (Fin) Arrows 1:29.262; 19 P Diniz (Br) Arrows 1:29.375; 20 R Rosset (Br) Tyrrell-Ford 1:29.664; 21 S Nakano (Japan) Minardi-Ford 1:30.090; 22 E Turo (Arg) Minardi-Ford 1:30.266.

## Irvine's realism holds key to dreams

CASTIGATED FOR some of his antics on the track, despised for many of his comments, derided as a mercenary, ridiculed for sucking up to "St Michael", Irvine is a man alone, a maverick. And that seems to suit him just fine.

Often his utterances give the impression they are delivered for effect, to shock, or at least to ruffle well-groomed feathers. Sometimes you have to work at being yourself. Serious irreverence can take years of perfecting. But however dismissively or cynically you view the 32-year-old Ulsterman, he cannot be ignored. His role as the dutiful No 2 to Michael Schumacher at Ferrari could prove crucial, even decisive, to the outcome of the World Championship.

Irvine rode shotgun for the German in France a fortnight ago, where their first and second finish seriously dented McLaren's title ambitions. Schumacher starts tomorrow's British Grand Prix a meagre six points behind Mika Hakkinen and 14 ahead of David Coulthard. Irvine is fourth in the standings, with no prospect or dream of the title. That is part of a £3m-a-year deal. His

job with the Ferrari team is to support Schumacher.

In the macho world of Formula One you are supposed to profess yourself the best, and most of the leading drivers do. Irvine acknowledges he cannot beat Schumacher, and is scorned for it. "I'm just being honest," he reasons. "I challenge Coulthard and Hakkinen to put every penny they've got on a head to head, in the same car, with Schumacher. I wouldn't do that because I'd lose money. And neither of them would do it. They'll talk a big fight, but when it comes down to it they'd get destroyed."

"If Michael puts pressure on them they're gone, they're history. Simple as that. I don't think either of them is consistently fast enough on all the circuits. You look at Michael, he's just on it everywhere. It's soul destroying, but that's the way it is."

"The great drivers, like Ayrton Senna and Michael Schumacher, are always up there. They modify their driving style for every corner. They just know how to get the maximum from it all the time. That's the killer."

He may be Formula One's maverick but he is learning the tricks of the trade from the world's best driver. By Derick Allsop

The mocking assumption in the Formula One paddock is that Irvine will never contradict Schumacher - the driver whose uncompromising conduct has, at various stages of his career, been condemned in most quarters - for fear of jeopardising his job. Irvine maintains he does not always approve of his partner's behaviour and the preferential treatment he is perceived to receive, or agree with all of his views.

"Michael has weaknesses, as we have seen, and he sometimes values his opinion a little higher than I think it deserves," Irvine said. "But because he's the two-time world champion everyone will listen to him before they listen to me."

"It doesn't necessarily mean his opinion is right, but no one will pay attention to mine, even though it may be better than his. It's the same with the other drivers. No one's going to pay attention to them because Michael's the better driver."

"I don't think they knock him because they know he's a better driver. They're just knocking him because they see it's slightly unjust, which, to a certain extent, it is. He's not particularly liked. Senna was liked. Michael, for whatever reason, isn't liked."

"He's got bad qualities I don't like and many good qualities I do like. In some ways he is arrogant. But he's very honest, which I do like. He's very straightforward to deal with, which is more than you can say of some. And if he's your friend, he's a proper friend, which is a lot more than you can say about a lot of drivers around the circuit."

"He's a friend to me. He's been very supportive of me in the team and to be honest there's been times when I've needed it, and he's stood by me 100 per cent. And not because it suits him, but because that's what he genuinely feels. It is good to know where you stand with someone."

"We work well together. The tyres I choose he likes, set-ups I choose he likes. There are so many similarities it's unreal, but he just seems to be able to get that little bit extra out of it."

There are, of course, the consolations and although Irvine's income falls some way short of Schumacher's annual fortune of £78m, he acknowledges he has more than sufficient to indulge his hedonistic tendencies.

"Sometimes I think it's just mind-blowing, you know? I'm sitting on my yacht, down there in the Med, blissful blue water, with a bunch of friends with me and it's absolute heaven."

"I've got a jet waiting at the airport to pick me up. I've got the helicopter, and I'm thinking, 'Wow, this is absolute madness. One guy and I've all these people working for me. It just can't be right. And you feel guilty. You have to say it's an unfair world.'"

"But the good thing is I'm going to enjoy it because as someone once said to me, 'I've never regretted anything I've done, but I've regretted a lot of things I didn't do.'"

There are prices to be paid, and again Irvine accepts them. "The dangers are obviously a down-side. I might not get the chance to spend all this money. And the travel gets to you. But then humans are never happy."

"I'll never be 100-per-cent happy because I am an ambitious person. At the end of the day I've got to beat Michael Schumacher, and that's difficult. I know he's better than me, but that doesn't mean to say I'm going to let him beat me."

"It's like the defender who goes up against Ronaldo. He knows Ronaldo is better than him, but it doesn't mean he's going to lie down and say, 'Hey, that's the net, go ahead my son'. You might not beat him on talent, but you can beat him another way. I've got to look at how I can beat the guy."

"The Hakkinens, the Coulthards, the Hills, the Villeneuves, I don't give them a second thought. I know I can beat them. But Michael, that's going to be hard."

"For sure I'll not beat him when I'm in the same team. But for sure I won't beat him in a Jordan either, or a Minardi or whatever. You've got



Irvine: Dutiful Ferrari No 2

to be in a different team, but I don't want to be a No 1 in a team and be finishing eighth, just beating my team-mate."

"Coulthard and Hakkinen have beaten Michael because they are in a McLaren. It's a good job for Formula One Michael is there. It's a shame to have to say that, but that's the reality."

Designer rebel? Clown? Liability? Or just a very good racing driver who prefers to go his own way? However you judge him, it just might be good for Formula One that Irvine, too, is there.

### Formula One teams and drivers

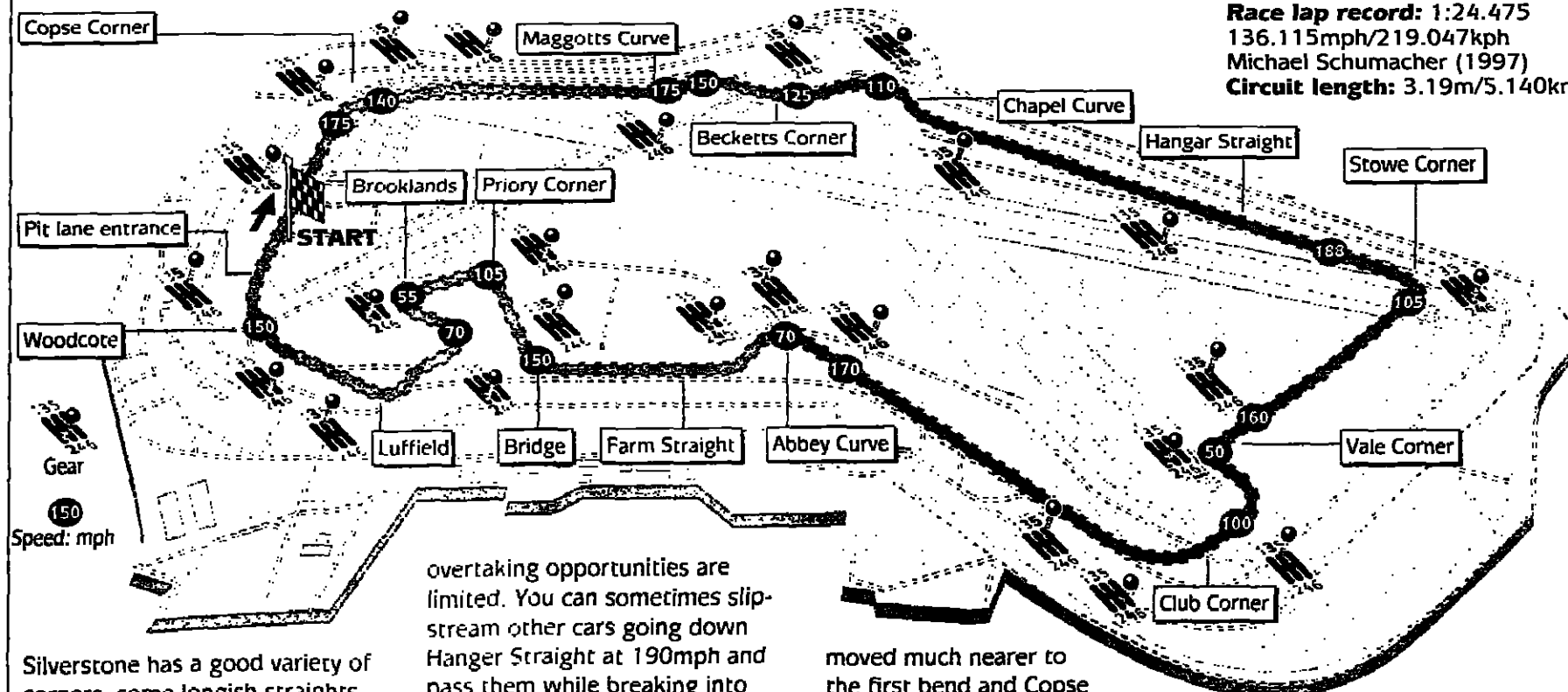
<b>McLaren-Mercedes</b> Mika Hakkinen (Fin, 29) GPs 104, wins 5, championships 0 David Coulthard (GB, 27) GPs 166, wins 4, championships 0	<b>Jarno Trulli</b> (It, 23) GPs 21, wins 0, championships 0
<b>Ferrari</b> Michael Schumacher (Ger, 29) GPs 110, wins 30, championships 2 Eddie Irvine (N Ir, 32) GPs 73, wins 0, championships 0	<b>Sauber-Petronas</b> Jean Alesi (Fr, 34) GPs 143, wins 1, championships 0 Johnny Herbert (GB, 34) GPs 121, wins 2, championships 0
<b>Williams-Mecachrome</b> Jacques Villeneuve (Can, 27) GPs 41, wins 11, championships 1 Heinz-Harald Frentzen (Ger, 31) GPs 73, wins 1, championships 0	<b>Arrows-Yamaha</b> Pedro Diniz (Br, 28) GPs 58, wins 0, championships 0 Mika Salo (Fin, 31) GPs 60, wins 0, championships 0
<b>Benetton-Playlife</b> Giancarlo Fisichella (It, 25) GPs 33, wins 0, championships 0 Alexander Wurz (Aut, 24) GPs 11, wins 0, championships 0	<b>Stewart-Ford</b> Rubens Barrichello (Br, 26) GPs 89, wins 0, championships 0 Jos Verstappen (Neth, 26) GPs 49, wins 0, championships 0
<b>Jordan-Mugen-Honda</b> Damon Hill (GB, 37) GPs 91, wins 21, championships 1 Ralf Schumacher (Ger, 23) GPs 25, wins 0, championships 0	<b>Tyrrell-Ford</b> Ricardo Rosset (Br, 29) GPs 22, wins 0, championships 0 Toranosuke Takagi (Japan, 24) GPs 8, wins 0, championships 0
<b>Prost-Peugeot</b> Olivier Panis (Fr, 31) GPs 67, wins 1, championships 0	<b>Minardi-Ford</b> Shinji Nakano (Japan, 27) GPs 25, wins 0, championships 0 Esteban Turo (Arg, 20) GPs 8, wins 0, championships 0

### CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

1 M Hakkinen (Fin) .....50	M Salo (Fin) .....3
2 M Schumacher (Ger) .....44	12 = J Herbert (GB) .....1
3 D Coulthard (GB) .....30	P Diniz (Br) .....1
4 E Irvine (N Ir) .....25	J Magnussen (Den) .....1
5 A Wurz (Aut) .....14	
6 G Fisichella (It) .....13	
7 J Villeneuve (Can) .....8	
8 H-H Frentzen (Ger) .....4	
9 R Barrichello (Br) .....3	
10 = J Alesi (Fr) .....3	

**Constructors' championship:** 1 McLaren-Mercedes 80pts; 2 Ferrari 69; 3 Benetton-Playlife 27; 4 Williams-Mecachrome 19; 5 Stewart-Ford 5; 6 Sauber-Petronas, Arrows-Yamaha 4.

### DAVID COULTHARD'S GUIDE TO SILVERSTONE



**Race lap record:** 1:24.475  
136.115mph/219.047kph  
Michael Schumacher (1997)  
**Circuit length:** 3.19m/5.140km

Silverstone has a good variety of corners, some longish straights and wide, smooth Tarmac, which make the whole lap very challenging and add to the excitement of racing on 'my home track'. But like the majority of Formula One circuits, the number of

overtaking opportunities are limited. You can sometimes slipstream other cars going down Hanger Straight at 190mph and pass them while breaking into Stowe Corner, but it's not easy to get really close up behind them coming out of the previous bend - Chapel - because you exit there at high speed and lose downforce if you're too close. This year the start line has been

moved much nearer to the first bend and Copse Corner is very quick (140mph plus), so we should all get through cleanly on the opening lap. The best passing chances are going to be Vale at just 50mph, accelerating out of Club and on

the entry into Priory after the amazing plunge and turn through Bridge at over 150mph.

*David Coulthard*

## Hughes moves to Saints for £500,000

SOUTHAMPTON ARE expected to announce the signing of Mark Hughes today after reaching an agreement with the 34-year-old striker over his personal terms.

Chelsea had initially said Hughes could leave Stamford Bridge for nothing, but a fee of £500,000 may now be involved.

Hughes joined Chelsea in a £1.5m move from Old Trafford three years ago, but his chances of first-team football were reduced by the arrival at Stamford Bridge of Pierluigi Casiraghi from Lazio this summer. The Welsh international will help fill the gap left in Saints' forward line by the £7.25m sale of Kevin Davies to Blackburn.

Hughes' former club, Manchester United, had a mixed day yesterday. The return of Roy Keane to full training was welcome and he is expected to play against Birmingham City in a friendly in a fortnight's time. The Republic of Ireland international has kept up to the schedule set for him after his career-threatening cruciate knee ligament operation.

However, United are having an unhappy time with transfer dealings. The long-awaited cheque from Benfica for £2m to cover the cost of Karel Poborsky has bounced, the financially troubled Portuguese club saying the problem arose because of a delay in the transfer of funds into the account on which the cheque was drawn.

Alex Ferguson, United's manager, is having similar problems in spending the money he has at his disposal. Ferguson said: "We are trying to buy but we are coming up against brick walls. We need a bigger pool of players. The injuries we had last season left us thin and we don't want that to happen again."

Ian Rush had talks with Wigan Athletic this week about becoming their player-manager. He heads a short list drawn up by Wigan's owner, Dave Whelan, and hopes to be offered his first track-suit job. The former Liverpool striker is looking for a club after splitting with Newcastle United.

The inaugural season of the 10-team Scottish Premier League will feature a three-week winter break. The league's spokesman, Hearts' chief executive Chris Robinson, said the three-week rest period will come in January. "The weather is not good at that time and people are feeling the effects of Christmas on their pockets," he said. "The lower divisions will carry on so they will have the benefit of Premier fans going to their games instead."

# Blatter calls for video use

BY RUPERT METCALF

SEPP BLATTER, the president of Fifa, football's global governing body, yesterday criticised the World Cup law enforcers for not making use of video evidence to rule on the tournament's rash of red cards.

The French defender Laurent Blanc will miss tomorrow's final against Brazil after his controversial semi-final dismissal for a tangle with Croatia's Slaven Bilic, who clearly over-reacted.

The appeals committee upheld Blanc's two-match ban and, while Blatter did not refer to the incident directly, he clearly had it in mind when he admitted the failure to use video evidence was one of his big regrets of France 98.

"I'm in favour of videos to assess whether players should face sanctions or not," Blatter said. "The disciplinary committee here did not make use of video evidence to maintain and control discipline on the field of play. They did it in 1994 in the United States but they have not done it here, and I regret that."

Blatter has already intimated that the Netherlands' Dennis Bergkamp should have been sent off for a stamping incident on Yugoslavia's Sinisa Mihajlovic in the second round. Diving, shirt pulling and refereeing errors have marred what otherwise has been a wonderful tournament but Blatter said: "There are 1.2 billion people in our sport and not everyone is disciplined or responsible."

Blatter confirmed that he will be pushing for an elite band of professional referees, most of whom he believes should be former players. "There will be a lot of cheating and there is only one person who can intervene and that is the referee, which is why we must improve standards," he said. "I would advocate former professional players, once

they had finished their careers, being offered 10 or 15 years as a professional referee. They would understand and feel when players are cheating. There is more diving now than in the past."

Brazil's most famous World Cup winner, Pele, yesterday joined the chorus of criticism of refereeing standards at France 98.

The legendary centre-forward said that inconsistency among officials had been the curse of the tournament. Their inability to apply Fifa's hard-line directives consistently had seen the competition badly affected.

Pele, who won his first World Cup in Sweden 40 years ago, urged football's governing body to get its house in order by 2002. "The refereeing has been the low point of the World Cup, in my opinion," he said. "Perhaps it is because they tried to change the laws during the tournament, and that got everybody mixed up."

"There were a lot of bad decisions made and it seemed as if the referees did not know how they were supposed to officiate. That was a real negative for me."

Pele added: "Of course it's right that players who go out to hurt the opponents should be punished. But there were quite a few occasions when players who should have got red cards didn't even get booked. In other games players who just touched the opponent were getting sent off. There was confusion because of the refereeing. I'm not criticising them individually, but they did seem to get muddled up."

However, Pele did claim that Wednesday's dismissal of Blanc against Croatia was justified. "I felt that was the right decision," he said. "Maybe a lot of players have got away with that but, if you do that, attack the player like Blanc did, it is a red card offence."

## QUOTES OF THE DAY

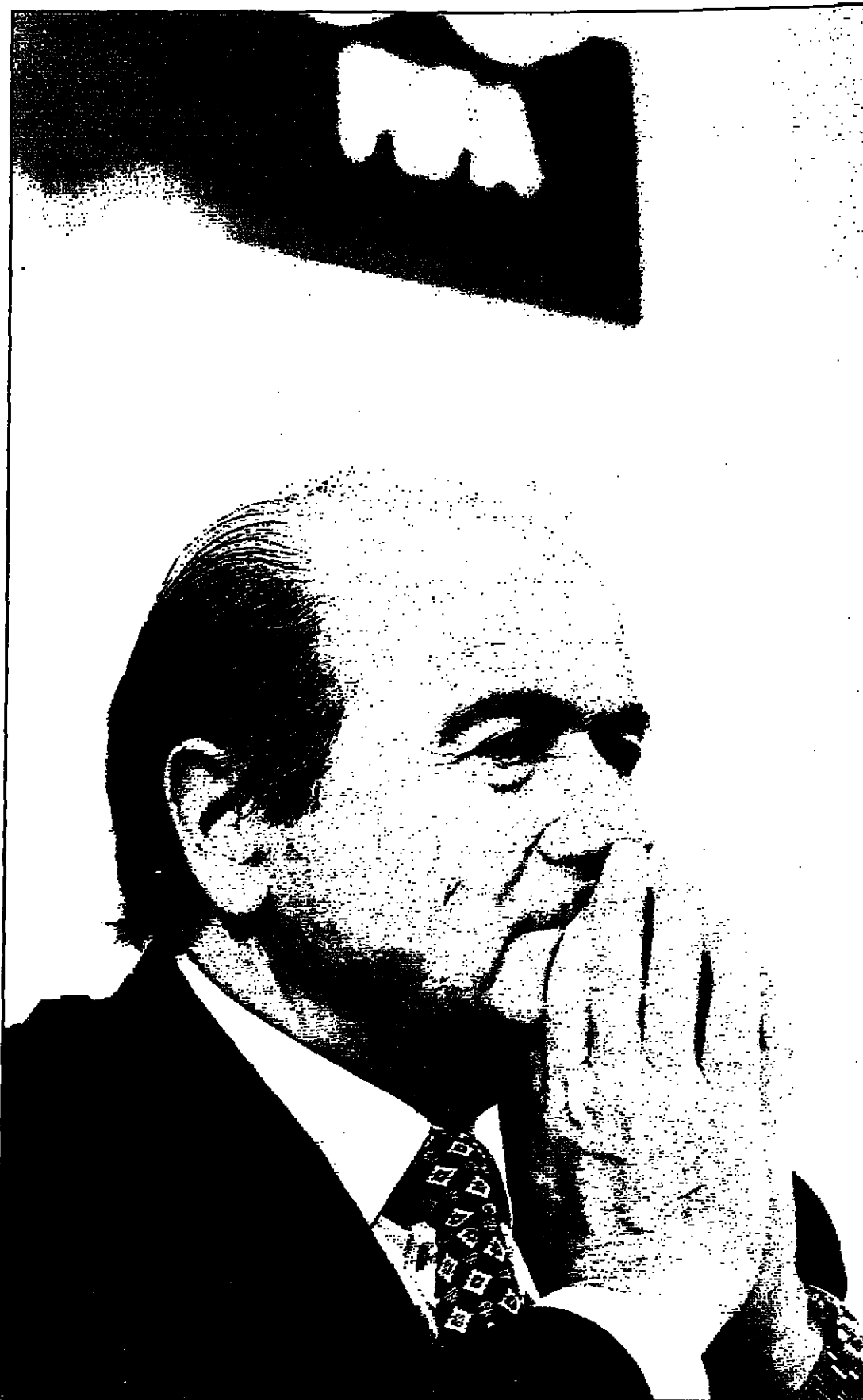
"At this rate I will be defending myself in the Old Bailey soon. I'm not prepared to sit back and let people call me a cheat and treat me like a criminal." Croatia's Slaven Bilic reacts angrily to the flak he has faced since his involvement in Laurent Blanc's semi-final red card.

"Brazil are the best team in the world but it's going to be a wonderful final, a festival of

football." Aimé Jacquet, a confident France coach, looks ahead to tomorrow's final.

"We have our sights set on the final, the title. Anything else will be a failure and nobody will be spared if we fail." Rivaldo, Brazil's playmaker.

"I have one last chance and I don't intend to waste it." Brazil's Roberto Carlos, still waiting to score from a free-kick.



Sepp Blatter in pensive mood at yesterday's press conference

Reuters



## DIARY

THEIR TEAM may have departed (again) at the earliest possible stage, but the Scottish fans left a lasting impression at France 98 both in their behaviour and their support, and they have now been recognised by the International Association for Non-violence in Sport as the best supporters at the tournament. Brazil and Jamaica were named joint second.

Edgar Davids could well learn from the Scots' example - the talented Dutch midfielder (who would win a place in many people's team of the tournament) is guilty of more fouls in this tournament than any other player. Davids has so far committed 21 fouls, one more than the Iranian, Ali Daei.

An average attendance of 43,366 makes France 98 only ninth in the tally of best-attended World Cups. The highest gathering in the finals' history was the 199,854 who witnessed Uruguay's 3-1 victory over Brazil in the 1950 final in the Maracana Stadium, Rio de Janeiro. The lowest gate saw only 300 turn up to see Romania v Peru in Montevideo in 1930.

Fans unable to buy a ticket for the final can still take home a piece of the action. Ten square metres of the Stade de France pitch (total area 9,000 square metres) will be dug up and sold after tomorrow's game. The turf will be cut into five centimetre squares and sold for 120 francs each.

Eileen Drewery was an early departure from the World Cup but the business of manipulating minds and encouraging positive thoughts is in safe hands tomorrow in the shape of Evandro Motta, a "success psychologist" who visited the Brazilian team both before the 1994 final and again this week.

It could be a night to remember for the punter who has staked £240,000 at even money with William Hill on a Brazil victory, the same man who earlier in the tournament won £160,000 when his bet of £200,000 on England to beat Colombia at odds of 4-5 was successful. Hills expect the tournament to become the first betting event to produce an industry turnover in excess of £100m.

Compiled by Trevor Haylett

## THE GLOBAL GAME

GERMANY'S TOP football magazine has suggested that Johan Cruyff should take over from Bert Vogts as the national team coach. Kicker named the former Barcelona coach in a list of possible alternatives to Vogts, who is under fire after Germany's quarter-final defeat by Croatia in the World Cup.

"The Dutchman knows world football, has modern ideas about systems and tactics and has absolute authority," Kicker said on its editorial page. "The fact that Cruyff is a foreigner would only be an advantage at a time

when German football needs new ideas. So why not Cruyff?"

Vogts has declared his intention to stay on despite Germany's World Cup disappointment - but he has come under public and media pressure to quit after eight years in charge of the national side.

Vogts has been spending a few days on holiday with his family on the Côte d'Azur since the team left their training camp in Nice at the start of the week. He plans to return to Germany next week.

## Pele to the fore in a street life snapshot

IT IS 3pm. I am sitting at a table outside the Café de la Mairie, Place Saint-Sulpice, in the sixth arrondissement. The waiter brings me a grand crème.

The writer Georges Perec may once have sat at this same table. Twenty years ago he spent three whole days in a couple of cafés and a tabac in this square, noting down whatever passed in front of his eyes (notably clouds, pigeons, buses - what he called the "infra-ordinary"), as if he were describing a Test match, but without the cricket, and put it all in *Tentative d'épuisement d'un lieu parisien* ("Attempt at an Exhaustive Description of a Parisian Place"). I have less than three hours.

There are about five or six guys playing football on the paved square in front of the Eglise Saint-Sulpice. And one dog (a boxer, the brindle variety). No one ever plays football in Perec.

A couple of young kids are roller-blading around the base of the monument with lions on in the middle of the square. A woman with long, red hair is making a call on her mobile next to me. The sky is grey. A No 70 bus (from the Rue St Martin) pulls up briefly at the stop. It has "welcome to the world" plastered all over it in about 10 different languages. Plus the phrase "no problem".

A bloke in a leather jacket turns up and takes away the red-haired girl. The dog has just run off with the ball in the direction of the church. A boy chases after him.

A couple of gendarmes saunter across the square. They don't chase everyone off. Is this a dereliction of duty, or are they on a secret mission? A No 96. Another 70. The two gendarmes come back. They



ANDY MARTIN

AT LARGE IN FRANCE



pat the dog. Are they feeling all right? They stick a ticket on a BMW convertible with the roof down. Yes, they're fine.

Another Pele bus. "One man's happiness can be the joy of an entire nation."

The bells of Saint-Sulpice ring out, a wedding party comes out, and a lot of pigeons flap off.

The BMW owner appears, screws up the ticket, and drives off.

3.45 Inside the Tabac Saint-Sulpice, with Snickers posters on the windows (another "partenaire officiel de la Coupe du monde").

I order a Perrier, with lemon. The barman is boasting of having a ticket for the final. The customer wants to know how he came by it. The barman taps his nose and winks.

A No 84 with a Footix on the side goes by.

A black guy, in a blue blazer with a silk pocket handkerchief, is selling the barman a waiter's waistcoat. "How much?" says the barman. "I hear you have a ticket for the final," says the waistcoat salesman. "It's not for sale," barks the barman. "Not for 35 of those!" Another BMW convertible - or is it the same one? - pulls up outside.

An old lady with bleached hair and a pink jacket comes in and says, "Allez la France!"

to no one in particular. The two gendarmes come round the corner. The BMW takes off.

Out of 15 customers, eight are smoking. 4.30. Back at the Café de la Mairie. Two kids are skateboarding around the square.

A Footix father and son poster sails by. "The footballer of the future will be great and technical," says the father.

A post-office van. The post-office is now known as "Official Operator of World Cup Mail".

On one side two men are discussing the synopsis of a documentary film (called *Perpetua 664*). On the other side, a young woman is reading Michel Foucault's *Les Mots et les Choses*.

Another 87, with a goalkeeper on the front and Pele on the side. "Sometimes MAGICIANS PLAY FOOTBALL, too." There are patches of blue sky.

Downstairs, outside the *toilettes*, a couple of Mexican women (aged around 20) ask me how much it is to call a mobile. Mexico were eliminated because "they lost faith in themselves". Anna says her friend has a ticket for the final and has been offered \$5,000 (£3,000) for it. She wants her to take the money so she can fly off to India for a month. Anna thinks France have had a lucky run, but "it can't last".



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# Cynicism and rancour kill the party



KEN JONES

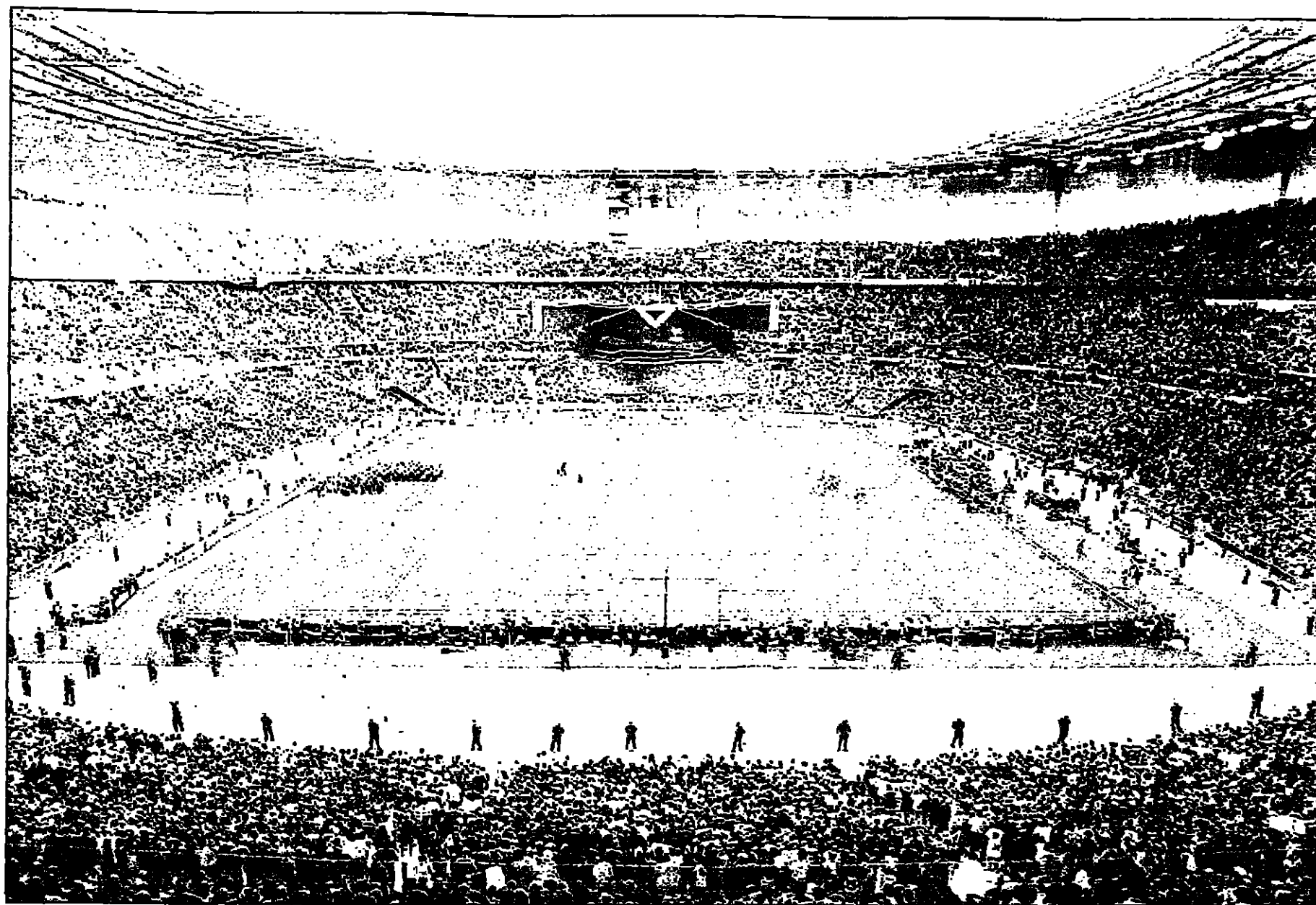
THE OTHER evening I fell into conversation with other veterans of the World Cup, long-time toilers in this trade, including one or two who were present when Brazil and Hungary set about each other in the dressing-rooms after a vicious match in Bern during the 1954 finals.

A great scandal of that time, it was reported in vivid detail by a famed and debonair English sports columnist who never allowed the facts to intrude upon his imagination. Without leaving the press box, he wrote that his expensive suit had been torn to shreds and a diamond watch shattered when attempting to act as peacemaker. The response to this "scoop" was a congratulatory message and a fresh injection of funds to cover replacements.

There are no stories like that now. It is all so damned serious, so heavy with detailed analysis, technical posturing and commercial emphasis that whimsy is at a premium. "When did you last get a laugh out of the World Cup?" somebody asked the other day. Perhaps in 1982, when the Brazilian journalist and former national team manager, João Saldanha, greeted the substitution of an uncharacteristically inept compatriot with the comment: "Now the ball is round again." I couldn't remember...

Humour does not occupy any space on the pages of *L'Equipe*, the sports daily that has long been an institution in French sporting circles and owns the Tour de France cycling race through a sister company.

This week, John Vinocour of the *International Herald Tribune* added the regard for its excellent coverage of these finals with perceptive comment on the sourness that has grown up between *L'Equipe* and the France coach, Aimé Jacquet, who is accused of stifling the instincts of the French team. In turn, Jacquet unquestionably means *L'Equipe* when he refers to a "certain press" made



The scene at the Stade de France prior to Wednesday's France v Croatia semi-final. Tomorrow the stadium in St Denis stages the final

AFP

up of "hoodlums, incompetent, dishonest and irresponsible" people.

In Vinocour's words, "*L'Equipe*'s reflexes are more to dispense doctrine than amuse, and the newspaper's critics say this goes with an attitude about all sports that sometimes runs to the proprietary or arrogant."

The seriousness in all this weighs heavily on those of us who have been around the World Cup longer than it is comfortable to recall. A personal point of view, one shared incidentally by Franz Beckenbauer, is that the World Cup may not survive the inevitable formation of a European league.

If so, FIFA, world football's ruling body, will only have itself to blame. In surrendering an ideal to rampant exploitation of the newly fashionable corporate hospitality will provide 35 per cent of revenue from France 98 - it has abandoned the people.

The quite splendid Stade de France, where the host nation take on Brazil in tomorrow's final, is seen by many as a symbol of that betrayal. Raised at a cost of around £120m in St Denis, its delights can only be imagined by the 3,000 Algerian immigrants who live close to poverty in the district, thrilled by connection with Zinedine Zidane, the

French-Algerian hero of two nations.

Tomorrow will bring the rich and famous to St Denis, their needs catered for in the plush hospitality area that flanks one side of the stadium. Among them the Venezuelan beer magnate who commissioned a 20-seater jet to bring over family and friends for the finals.

A few days ago I came across the aircraft's American crew in a restaurant at Chantilly to the north-east of Paris, learning that he had flown between most of the World Cup locations. "What does something like that cost?" I asked, incredulous at the scale of this enterprise in amuse-

ment. "Who knows?" came the reply. And where do the tickets (the real scandal of these finals) come from? "Beats me," another of them said, "but we are always looked after."

This is in contrast to what a group of Canadians have sometimes experienced after paying around £4,000 for a World Cup package. "The tickets haven't always been there," said Bob Edwards from Vancouver. One game brought the desperation of attempting to deal on the black market. "The scalpers were Americans who wanted 3,000 francs for ordinary seats," Edwards said. "It makes you wonder about the people running this show," he added.

A show almost made ridiculous by FIFA's meddling with the interpretation of foul play and made squalid by cheating on the field. In its apparent determination to turn football into a sport without tackling, FIFA merely encouraged players and coaches to besmirch the spirit of the game.

Worryingly, you may agree, no topic here has caused more debate, raised more controversy, than refereeing. "I'm fed up with reading about them," an observer from the Premiership said this week. "Referees, always more about referees than players."

A total of nine World Cups has not clouded my eyes with cynicism, but

there has not been much in this decade to fill them with wonder. The 1990 World Cup in Italy was awful, by far the worst any of us older guys can remember. An improvement was made in the United States four years ago, but with very little in the way of innovation.

In fact, the game has nowhere left to go in matters of formation and tactics. A three-man defence with five men in midfield, wing-backs, a sweeper system, the squares and diamonds that occupy the thoughts of amateur strategists. Here we are 20 years after Don Revie, as manager of Leeds United, returned from the 1970 World Cup in Mexico with thoughts of using only one striker. Twenty eight years since Alf Ramsey said correctly, if clumsily, that he had not learned from the greatest team in World Cup history, meaning that it was pointless to attempt emulation of Brazil's natural artistry.

Any coach who came to this World Cup seeking new ideas made a wasted journey. Practically every corner kick has been sent high into packed penalty areas in the hope of a touch or a fortunate deflection. Only David Beckham and the Paraguay goalkeeper, Jose Luis Chilavert, managed to master a light ball well enough to get a free-kick property on target. Beckham's effort bringing a goal against Colombia. Only Argentina's free-kick to equalise against England showed any imagination.

A lively World Cup, but again one without an outstanding team or a truly great individual performance. When given his chance at this level, Michael Owen showed enormous potential. Dennis Bergkamp scored the goal of the finals so far, but left a big question mark against his stature with an utterly lethargic performance in the semi-final against Brazil.

Of the finalists, France have a reliable defence but no real fire power. Brazil can be Brazil on the offensive, but are less than impressive in their own trenches.

Through the reflection of time, past World Cups are probably made to be better than they were, but at least they were free from the wrestling for possession, the shirt pulling and acting for fouls, that has been such an irritating feature of these finals. Free, too, from the commercial exploitation that can be seen everywhere.

To paraphrase a television commercial - the 1998 World Cup was for people who live the game enough to be conned by football boot manufacturers.

## GUIDE TO FRANCE 98

### TODAY'S MATCH

### Netherlands v Croatia

THIRD PLACE PLAY-OFF: PARC DES PRINCES, PARIS. KICK-OFF: 20.00 BST

<b>F DE BOER</b>	<b>R DE BOER</b>	<b>STANIC</b>
<b>DAVIDS</b>	<b>SOLDO</b>	<b>BILIC</b>
<b>BERGKAMP</b>	<b>SUKER</b>	<b>LADIC</b>
<b>STAM</b>	<b>MARIC</b>	<b>STIMAC</b>
<b>VAN DER SAR</b>	<b>COCU</b>	<b>JARNI</b>
<b>JONK</b>	<b>VLAOVIC</b>	<b>JURIC</b>
<b>REIZIGER</b>	<b>KLUIVERT</b>	<b>ASANOVIC</b>
<b>ZENDEN</b>	<b>PROBABE</b>	<b>TEAMS</b>

REFEREE: E GONZALEZ CHAVEZ (PARAGUAY)

### NETHERLANDS

- Edwin van der Sar
- Michael Reiziger
- Jap Stam
- Frank de Boer
- Arnar Hannarsson
- Wim Jonk
- Ronald de Boer
- Dennis Bergkamp
- Patrick Kluivert
- Clarence Seedorf
- Philip Cocu
- Boudewijn Zenden
- Andre Ooijer
- Marc Overmars
- Winston Bogarde
- Edgar Davids
- Pierre van Hooijdonk
- De Goey
- Giovanni van Bronckhorst
- Aron Winter
- Jimmy Floyd Hasebe
- Ruud Hesp

Coach: Guus Hiddink

### TEAM NEWS

**NETHERLANDS:** The Dutch are again unlikely to start with the left-winger Marc Overmars, who has not fully recovered from a hamstring injury, while Aron Winter and Michael Reiziger are carrying small knocks.

**CROATIA:** The injured captain and midfielder Zvonimir Boban, who was blamed for giving away the first goal against France, is unlikely to play. The defender Dario Simic is suspended. The tournament's joint top scorer, Davor Suker, has the most to play for as he pursues the title of outright top scorer.

### CROATIA

- Drazen Ladic
- Petar Krpan
- Anthony Seric
- Igor Simac
- Goran Juric
- Slaven Bilic
- Aljosa Asanovic
- Robert Prosinecki
- Davor Suker
- Zvonimir Boban
- Silvio Maric
- Mario Stankic
- Mario Stankic
- Zvonimir Soldo
- Igor Tudor
- Arjan Kopljur
- Robert Jarni
- Zoran Mamic
- Goran Vucelic
- Dario Simic
- Krunoslav Juric
- Vladimir Vasilj

Coach: Miroslav Blazevic

### BETTING

BRAZIL V FRANCE				
Match	C	H	L	S
Brazil	4-9	4-5	2-5	8-15
France	13-8	13-6	11-4	7-4

90 MINUTES RESULT				
Match	C	H	L	S
Brazil	11-10	5-4	5-6	6-5
France	15-8	2-1	15-8	2-1
France	12-5	9-2	15-8	2-1

NETHERLANDS V CROATIA				
Match	C	H	L	S
Netherlands	5-6	6-11	5-6	10-11
Croatia	11-4	10-3	6-2	10-3

GOLDEN BOOT				
Player	Goals	Assists	Minutes	Points
Wendie Renard (Fr)	7-2	6	1041	10
C. Vini (Fr)	6-1	4	1041	10
Roberto (Br)	6-1	1	1041	10

### TEAM OF THE DAY

**FIFA'S CHOSEN FEW**  
The "Mastercard All-Star World Cup Team" chosen yesterday by FIFA's technical committee.

**GOALKEEPERS:** Fabien Barthez (France), Jose Luis Chilavert (Paraguay).

**DEFENDERS:** Marcel Desailly (France), Frank de Boer (Netherlands), Carlos Gamarra (Paraguay), Roberto Carlos (Brazil), Lilian Thuram (France).

**MIDFIELDERS:** Edgar Davids (Netherlands), Dunga (Brazil), Michael Laudrup (Denmark), Rivaldo (Brazil), Zinedine Zidane (France).

**FORWARDS:** Dennis Bergkamp (Netherlands), Brian Laudrup (Denmark), Ronaldo (Brazil), Davor Suker (Croatia).

**RESERVES:** Edwin van der Sar (Netherlands), Austin Okocha (Nigeria), Juan Veron (Argentina), Michael Owen (England), Thierry Henry (France), Christian Vieri (Italy).

### LEADING GOALSCORERS

**FIVE GOALS**  
Davor Suker (Croatia)  
Christian Vieri (Italy)  
Gabriel Batistuta (Argentina)

**FOUR GOALS**  
Marcelo Salas (Chile)  
Luis Hernandez (Mexico)  
Ronaldo (Brazil)

**THREE GOALS**  
Thierry Henry (France)  
Cesar Sampaolo (Brazil)  
Jürgen Klinsmann (Germany)  
Oliver Bierhoff (Germany)  
Bebeto (Brazil)  
Dennis Bergkamp (Netherlands)  
Rivaldo (Brazil)

### TWO GOALS

Lilian Thuram (France)  
Alan Shearer (England)  
Michael Owen (England)  
Roberto Baggio (Italy)  
Abdeljalil Hadja (Morocco)  
Salaheddine Badier (Morocco)  
Shaun Bartlett (South Africa)  
Fernando Hierro (Spain)  
Francisco Morientes (Spain)  
Nikolai (Slovenia)  
Marc Wilmots (Belgium)  
Philip Cocu (Netherlands)  
Ronaldo de Boer (Netherlands)  
Slobodan Komljenovic (Yugoslavia)  
Ricardo Pelaez (Mexico)  
Vladi Miodunovic (Romania)  
Ariel Ortega (Argentina)  
Theodore Walz (Jamaica)  
Pascual Kluivert (Netherlands)

### DISCIPLINE

**SUSPENSIONS**  
**MISSES FINAL:** Laurent Blanc (France) (red card in semi-final)  
**MISSES THIRD-PLACE PLAY OFF:** Dario Simic (Croatia) (two yellow cards)

**STATISTICS**  
12: The number of years since a goal was scored in open play in a World Cup final.  
George Burroughs's winner in Argentina's 3-2 victory over West Germany in 1938.  
4: The number of penalties awarded in finals.  
All involved West Germany. They had penalties awarded for and against them in the 1974 final, against them in the 1982 final, and for them in 1990.

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# The burden of great expectations

**Zidane struggles to cope with the pressure**

BY JOHN LICHFIELD  
in Paris

IN THOSE faraway days before the World Cup began, Michel Platini said: "If France win the cup, it will be with a great Zidane. We cannot win with a little Zidane."

Thus one No 10, the most celebrated No 10 in French history, saluted – and piled the pressure – on another.

France have reached the final but Zinedine Zidane, the most skilful and imaginative player in the squad, and possibly the tournament, has not had a great World Cup, so far. His performances have been the mirror image of those of the French team: solid, competent, hinting at, but never quite achieving greatness.

Zidane's display in the first half against Croatia in the semi-final was typical of his World Cup, full of invigorating, sinuous runs which ended in weak or inaccurate shots.

His finest match of France 98 was against Saudi Arabia and that ended when he was sent off half-way through the second half for petulantly standing on a fallen opponent.

Platini may still be right. If France are to beat Brazil tomorrow they need "Zizou" to recapture his most exhilarating club form for Juventus. The problem is that Zizou is notorious for going missing, or limp, on the big occasions. He has

in three European finals, two for Juventus and one for Bordeaux. His team lost on each occasion, partly because of unimpressive performances by Zidane.

On the day after the victory against Croatia, Zizou made one of his rare appearances in the press tent at the French headquarters in Clairefontaine. Unlike most of his colleagues, Zidane is a shy man, who hates to meet the press. He spoke so faintly into the microphone that a dozen journalists had to go and hold their tape-recorders to the speaker a few yards away to record the great man's words.

The only question which provoked Zidane to raise his voice was the obvious one. Will you do your vanishing act in the World Cup final?

"I don't give a damn about those other finals," he said. "The past is the past. I never think of the titles that I lost, only the ones that I won. This game is completely different from



Zinedine Zidane missed two games due to an unfortunate suspension, and has since failed to satisfy doubts about his temperament

**Ronaldo still has the spirit of the beaches**

BY GLENN MOORE  
in Paris

IT IS not just ability which marks out the great from the good, it is also character. On Tuesday night, in the Stade Velodrome, Marseille, Ronaldo illustrated why he will be regarded as a great player and Dennis Bergkamp merely a good one.

With 90 minutes gone, and the score 1-1, Brazil and the Netherlands each looked to their star to produce something special. Bergkamp continued to drift in anonymity. Ronaldo, his ankles battered, his body tired, answered the call. While outstanding defending thrice denied him a goal, he dragged the impetus back from the Dutch. He then took a clinical first penalty.

The minds of some seasoned observers were cast back to Mexico, 1970, and another World Cup semi-final. Facing a Uruguayan team they believed had a hex on them, Brazil went behind. Shoulders slumped, the goalkeeper Felix lay prostrate with despair, the Uruguayan fans, recalling their 1950 triumph over Brazil in the Maracana, sang "You are still frightened". It was Pele who ran back into his own goal, grabbed the ball and, exhorting first Felix then the rest of his teammates, sprinted back to the centre-circle. Brazil won 3-1.

Pele scored three goals in that tournament; Ronaldo has scored four in this. He has also made three goals with sublime passes, won a penalty, hit the crossbar and both posts. Yet, like John Cleese questioning the Roman contribution to Jewish society in *Life of Brian*, some still say "but apart from all that he's had a poor tournament".

They were at it again yesterday as, in a hotel just off the Champs Elysees, Fifa revealed its team of the tournament. Ronaldo was in it. Pele, asked to pass judgement on the verdict of Fifa's technical committee, agreed. "Ronaldo has played very well in the last two games," he said. "He started with a little physical problem but there is no doubt that his promise has grown; he is the best forward in the tournament."

There were still murmurings of dissent from the Brazilian media, though none dared raise their voice. Such is the weight of expectation on a player who is still only 21 but already a multimillionaire, the most expensive



Despite some hyper-critical media attention, the 21-year-old Ronaldo seems destined to enhance his reputation as the game's greatest player

player in the world, the World Player of the Year and scorer of 30 goals in 41 internationals. Not bad for a child of Rio's favelas, discovered, in true Brazilian style, playing beach football.

Tomorrow, at the Stade de France, Ronaldo leads a Brazilian attack which has been over-reliant on him against the best defence in the competition, albeit one weakened by the suspension of Laurent Blanc, a former Barcelona team-mate.

The pressure, as ever, will be on Ronaldo, but it seems that he can cope with it. Despite the fame and constant scrutiny Ronaldinho (little Ronaldo) as he is still known in Brazil, remains relatively level-headed. Asked about the "Ronaldo phenomenon" earlier this year, he replied: "I'm just a 21-year-old footballer with a lot to learn." Though he has a glamorous girlfriend, Susanna Werner (or "Ronaldinha"), and has already played for PSV Eindhoven, Barcelona and Internazionale,

he still plays beach foot-volleyball when he returns home – and not just for Nike advertisements. He is popular with his team-mates and, though troubled by ankle and knee injuries, appears to be running into form at the right time.

Ronaldo's secret is his speed, of feet and thought, and his balance. Of his goals, many are taken with just one or two touches as he waits, perfectly poised, for the goalkeeper to commit himself before rolling the ball past or under him. If he has a weakness it is that he is not dominant in the air – though this is not a problem the way Brazil play – and he does not turn as instantaneously as Pele did.

This offers defenders a chance. Both Marcel Desailly – who has played against him in Italy and will face him tomorrow night – and Blanc said: "The important thing is not to let him turn with the ball, to leave as small a space as possible between you and him.

Once he gets the chance to run at you he has so much power it is impossible to stop him."

"He is a leader; when he can't play he makes the others play. He has a very altruistic attitude," said Gerard Houllier, a member of the technical committee and the French director of football. "He can also change the face of the game. One of his attributes is that he finishes all of his actions – he either wins a free-kick or he shoots."

He will walk out tomorrow wearing an enamel earring, in the Brazilian colours – a gift received before the World Cup in one of the hundreds of letters he receives every day. He will also be bearing the hopes of more than a dozen proud parents in the southern Albanian town of Berat, who have named their new-born babies "Ronaldo" in the last fortnight.

Such is the aura of Ronaldo Luiz Nazario de Lima, the owner of the world's most famous shaven head.

## The men who make the difference

Ray Wilkins (left), who before the tournament tipped Brazil to win the World Cup, examines the strengths and weaknesses of France while Jack Charlton (right), who nominated the hosts as winners, assesses the Brazilians



### FRANCE



Aimé Jacquet: the French coach

#### GOALKEEPERS

I had my fears about Fabien Barthez before the start – I thought he had been a bit erratic in the Champions' League – but he has been solid and has come for crosses when he needed to. He looks alert and as though he's enjoying his football, and I always like to see that in a player.

#### DEFENCE

The strongest department in the French side and the strongest defence at the World Cup. The problem they have now is that Laurent Blanc is missing through suspension and, while Franck Leboeuf is an ideal chap to come in, there has been an understanding between the defensive components which has served France so well but is now gone. It puts more responsibility on the shoulders of Marcel Desailly, but they are big shoulders and he can cope. What a mouth-watering prospect it is for Chelsea fans to think that Desailly will be slotting in alongside Leboeuf next season. Leboeuf is more of an attacking defender than Blanc, who is a great reader of the game, and will hit more long passes from deep than the man he is replacing. The full-backs, Lilian Thuram and Bixente Lizarazu, are fantastic players in their own right, both defensively and going forward. As far as I am concerned they have proved themselves better full-backs at this tournament than Roberto Carlos, who I don't think has done enough on the ball to justify his world-class reputation.

#### MIDFIELD

Emmanuel Petit has come into this area for France and has done extremely well, in a role not dissimilar to the one he performs for Arsenal. When he first appeared in the side he looked as if he felt he should not have been there, but he has gained in confidence and now looks very comfortable and assured. Didier Deschamps is the French equivalent of Dunga, the link man who keeps things ticking over and drops back to provide a shield in front of the back four. He has a great understanding with Zinedine Zidane and it's with him that I believe all French hopes rest. For France to win, Zidane has got to perform to his maximum. He was quiet in the semi-final against Croatia but in the games before that he showed us what he is capable of, running hard with the ball and setting things in motion with his eye for the astute pass.

#### ATTACK

The big problem for France has been scoring goals, and you struggle to see where they are going to score enough to beat Brazil. They haven't got enough from the midfield area and this has thrown more emphasis on the attackers. Stéphane Guivarc'h is strong and powerful, he looks an ideal partner to play alongside Alan Shearer at Newcastle next season, but he has yet to score in the competition. What a time now for him to break his duck in the tournament! Thierry Henry and David Trézeguet are very similar players, quick and calm under pressure. I've seen a lot of Youri Djorkaeff in the Italian game and "enigma" is the best word to describe him. He's got all the talent in the world but has still to really reveal it to us. Maybe it's the case that he feels overshadowed by Zinedine Zidane, but he certainly is someone with a lot to offer.

#### VERDICT

The biggest question mark over the French before the start was whether they could handle the extra pressures of playing in front of their own people. They have passed that test with flying colours and deserve their place in the final. They do not have the flamboyance of the great French side of the 1980s, the European Championship winners of Platini, Giresse and Tigana, but you would have to say that, if they had the defence of this current French team, they would have won the World Cup in 1982. But I am going for Brazil to win, with fingers crossed that it will be a memorable spectacle.

### BRAZIL



Mario Zagallo: the Brazil coach

Taffarel took a lot of stick earlier in the tournament and I was among those who criticised him. I remember in the first games he did not come for the crosses that he might have done and it caused him problems with his defenders. However, Taffarel came up with the two crucial penalty saves to send Brazil through. They were not the easiest saves to make and he has proved himself worthy of the jersey.

The central defenders will do for me, big and solid, they don't give much away. They are mobile and read the game well. The full-backs operate at the highest level of all. Roberto Carlos would win a place in my team of the World Cup – the modern-day full-back is expected to attack and defend and he can do the lot. Cafu belongs in the same category – Brazil will welcome him back with open arms because they really missed him against the Dutch and were fortunate that Marc Overmars was not playing because he would have really tested the replacement, Ze Carlos. Both Cafu and Roberto Carlos are very comfortable on the ball and give Brazil tremendous attacking options down both flanks.

Denilson is so good that I would have him in my best XI of the tournament, and it's amazing that Brazil don't start with him. At least they always tend to bring him on at some stage of the game, so he always has a big part to play. I love to see players with his ability on the ball, he has pace and he goes past people. His passing ability is not what it might be, but then you can't have everything. Those who have been reading my columns throughout the tournament will know how highly I rate Dunga. Every team should have one. He is always covering, always putting a foot in, helping to start attacks or slotting in to help his defence. Rivaldo has had a good tournament, a midfielder who scores goals. He's one of those players who never does anything absolutely outstandingly – but everything he does he does right.

I've been impressed with the way Ronaldo has laid on goals for his team-mates. Against Denmark he set up both Brazil's first-half efforts. Because of the way defenders go about their work nowadays, the way they stay on their feet and try to shuffle you into areas away from the danger zone, he has come deep and then started something for the players who have taken up the advanced positions Ronaldo has vacated. He's not the greatest turner in the world, he doesn't compare with Pele, Eusebio, Bobby Charlton or Maradona, who seemed to have an in-built radar that would tell them where the defender was and the means to get away from them. But the great thing about Ronaldo is that when he has turned and is coming at you head-on he is virtually impossible to stop. He has so much pace and power in his armory. I have liked his work-rate and also that of Bebeto, who has had a few brickbats hurled in his direction but is always in the right place, always willing to show for the team. Against the Netherlands the effort put in by both Ronaldo and Bebeto put Dennis Bergkamp to shame.

You didn't need to be a genius to predict that Brazil would reach the final of this World Cup, in fact my tip before the start was that they would meet France there as long as they didn't face each other along the way. It's by no means the best Brazilian side we have ever seen but perhaps that is because the rest of the world now knows how to play them – we don't let them settle, we close them down and make life awkward now. It's time the World Cup final produced a feast of attacking football and this game could be that just as long as the referee allows it to. France remain my selection, but I say that without overwhelming confidence.

## SPORT

COULTHARD AIMS FOR HOME WIN P27 • LORD'S TEST FOR MADDY P26

Mirror images  
to meet in the  
perfect finalBY GLENN MOORE  
in Paris

HAVING RENDERED the 28-month, 649-game qualifying programme irrelevant, France and Brazil, the hosts and holders, will tomorrow night contest the last World Cup of the millennium.

For many people it is the perfect final, the country which has dominated football this century against the nation of Jules Rimet, the man behind the creation of the World Cup nearly 70 years ago.

It could also prove the best final for at least a dozen years. Within the constrictions of the modern game, Brazil are recognisably from the sport's most famous lineage: outstanding centre-forward, exciting flank play, worrying at the back. France are almost a mirror image: rock-solid defence, imaginative central midfield, useless attack.

The odds favour Brazil achieving a record fifth title. They have rarely flowed with

true fluency in this competition but always seem capable of raising a gear when it matters and have, in Ronaldo, the best striker in the world. Rivaldo, Dunga, Cafu, Roberto Carlos and the newly confident Claudio Taffarel provide enviable back-up.

Yet France have a chance of a first success. Though weakened by the unfortunate suspension of Laurent Blanc, their impressive defence still includes Marcel Desailly, possibly the player of the tournament. Zinedine Zidane, Lilian Thuram, Bixente Lizarazu, Emmanuel Petit and Fabien Barthez, another re-born goalkeeper, provide strong support.

France are at home but that will not mean much. The players have been critical of the rapid home support and, with so few genuine fans in the stadium, it is unlikely to be any better tonight. Gerard Houllier, the French football federation's director of football, feels this team is good enough to have reached the final wherever the tournament was held. Possibly they would have, but they certainly had an easier draw and

there was little to choose between them and the Dutch.

It is not quite correct to say this is a match between Brazil's attack and France's defence as France could dominate possession with Brazil looking to attack on the counter. Zidane may see plenty of the ball but may be short of options to use it. The key confrontations are likely to be on Brazil's left flank where Thuram will be up against Rivaldo and Roberto Carlos. Both teams launch a lot of their attacks on this flank but that can leave them exposed. Thierry Henry, who came on in the semi-final, is likely to play in front of Thuram as much to ensure Roberto Carlos keeps half-an-eye on defending as for his own goal threat.

Another critical contest is between Ronaldo and Desailly. Though France, said Thuram, would not man-mark Ronaldo, Desailly will probably take him on more than Franck Leboeuf. "We will stick to our system of zonal defending and take turns to mark him," added Thuram. "We are comfortable like that."

Easter said that done, of course, and it is not just Ronaldo the French have to deal

with. Though he is not a back-to-goal player, like Mark Hughes, he does bring others into play. Against Denmark he made goals for Bebeto (three goals from four shots in the tournament) and Rivaldo, drawing defenders and then placing the ball into the space they have left.

Depending on how many times Davor Suker (five goals) scores in today's meaningless 3rd/4th-place play-off match, Ronaldo could become the first Brazilian since Ademir, in 1950, to finish the tournament as top scorer. Ademir, however, did not get a winner's medal and Ronaldo, though he has often spoken of his desire to win the Golden Boot, reiterated this week: "I would rather be world champion than top goalscorer."

France have not produced even one goal from a forward in a competitive knockout match this decade. Thuram's brace on Wednesday and Blanc's golden goal against Paraguay in the second round, being the only goals in nine-and-a-half hours of such matches here and at Euro 96. Yet Aimé Jacquet, the coach at both competitions, appears to be blessed with luck as well as the ability to organise and inspire his players. This, however, may be cancelled out against Mario Zagallo who has been nicknamed "Lucky" since fortuitously becoming a member of Brazil's World Cup-winning squad 40 years ago.

While Brazil's training sessions continue to be a chaotic affair, overrun by press and public, Jacquet and his players seemed extremely relaxed in their wooded retreat at Clairefontaine this week. To the French public they have already achieved, but Petit stressed that the players will not regard the tournament as a success unless they win it.

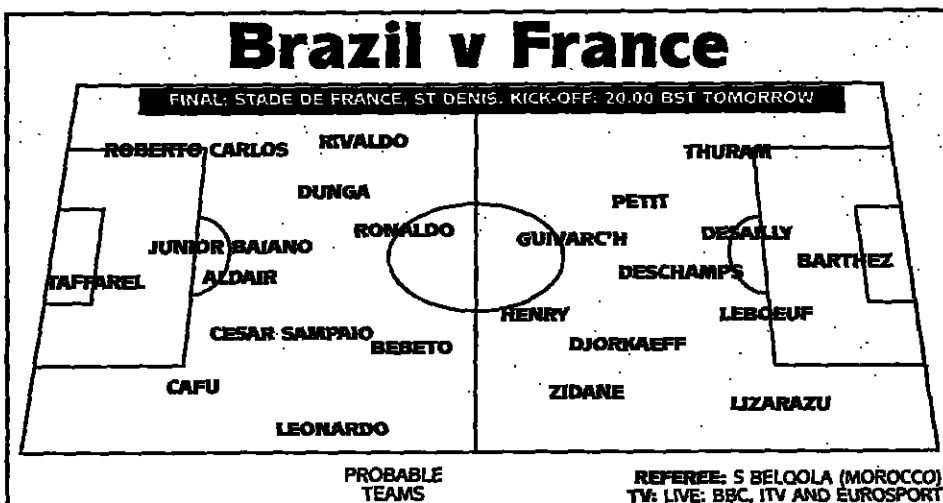
Yet for all their bold talk, and Jacquet's calm, there is an unease. Of the semi-final with Croatia, Jacquet said: "In every other game we have been the masters all the way through but Croatia gave us difficulties at the end of the first half and in most of the second half. The team lost confidence and did not play as it should have. That worries me in the build-up to the final."

Brazil are a far better side than Croatia and, if they score first, French morale may collapse. But Brazil can be casual and the likes of Desailly and Petit are not easily beaten. A word of warning about the referee, Said Belqola of Morocco, last year during Le Tournoi he booked David Beckham for walking off when injured instead of using a stretcher. One hopes his role will be peripheral and, on Monday, the talk will be of Ronaldo or Zidane. Just as long as it does not go to penalties.

World Cup, pages 28-31



To the French public they have already achieved, but the midfielder Emmanuel Petit stressed that the players will not regard the tournament as a success unless they win it  
Ian Walde/Reuters



## BRAZIL

- 1 Taffarel ..... Atletico Mineiro
- 2 Cafu ..... Roma
- 3 Aldair ..... Roma
- 4 Junior Baiano ..... Flamengo
- 5 Cesar Sampaio/Yokohama Fluegels
- 6 Roberto Carlos ..... Real Madrid
- 7 Giovanni ..... Barcelona
- 8 Dunga ..... Jubilo Iwata
- 9 Ronaldo ..... Internazionale
- 10 Rivaldo ..... Barcelona
- 11 Emerson Ferreira ..... B. Leverkusen
- 12 Carlos Germano/Vasco da Gama
- 13 Ze Carlos ..... São Paulo
- 14 Goncalves ..... Botafogo
- 15 Andre Cruz ..... Milan
- 16 Ze Roberto ..... Flamengo
- 17 Doriva ..... Porto
- 18 Leonardo ..... Milan
- 19 Denilson ..... São Paulo
- 20 Bebeto ..... Botafogo
- 21 Edmundo ..... Fiorentina
- 22 Dida ..... Cruzeiro

Coach: Mario Zagallo

## TEAM NEWS

**BRAZIL:** Cafu is certain to return at right-back after his suspension from the semi-final. Ze Carlos steps down. Otherwise, the starting XI is likely to be unchanged from Tuesday.

**FRANCE:** Chelsea's Franck Leboeuf will get his chance in defence due to the suspension of Laurent Blanc. Thierry Henry is likely to return to the starting line-up at the expense of Christian Karembeu.

## FRANCE

- 1 Bernard Lama ..... West Ham
- 2 Vincent Candela ..... Roma
- 3 Bixente Lizarazu ..... Bayern Munich
- 4 Patrick Vieira ..... Arsenal
- 5 Laurent Blanc ..... Marseilles
- 6 Youri Djorkaeff ..... Internazionale
- 7 Didier Deschamps ..... Juventus
- 8 Marcel Desailly ..... Milan
- 9 Stéphane Guivarch ..... Auxerre
- 10 Zinedine Zidane ..... Juventus
- 11 Robert Pirès ..... Metz
- 12 Thierry Henry ..... Monaco
- 13 Bernard Diomède ..... Auxerre
- 14 Alain Boghossian ..... Sampdoria
- 15 Lilian Thuram ..... Parma
- 16 Fabien Barthez ..... Monaco
- 17 Emmanuel Petit ..... Arsenal
- 18 Franck Leboeuf ..... Chelsea
- 19 Christian Karembeu ..... R. Madrid
- 20 David Trézéguet ..... Monaco
- 21 Christophe Dugarry ..... Marseilles
- 22 Lionel Charbonnier ..... Auxerre

Coach: Aimé Jacquet

## WORLD CUP FINAL - THE ESSENTIAL STATISTICS

## BRAZIL

**Previous appearances in World Cup finals:** 15 (of 15).  
**Honours:** Winners 1958, 1962, 1970, 1994. Runners-up: 1950. Hosts: 1950.  
**Record:** P79, W54, D13, L12. (up to and including France 98 semi-final).

## ROUTE TO THE FINAL

**GROUP A: St Denis, 10 June:** Brazil 2 (Cesar Sampaio 4, Boyd 73) Scotland 1 (Collins pen 38).  
**Yellow cards:** Cesar Sampaio, Aldair, Nates, 16 June: Brazil 3 (Ronaldo 9, Rivaldo 45, Bebeto 50) Morocco 0. **Yellow cards:** Cesar Sampaio, Junior Baiano, Marseilles, 23 June: Brazil 1 (Bebeto 78) Norway 2 (T A Flo 83, Rekdal pen 89).

## SECOND ROUND: Paris, 27 June

**France:** Brazil 4 (Cesar Sampaio 11, Cesar Sampaio 27, Ronaldo pen 45, Ronaldo 70) Chile 1 (Salas 69). **Yellow cards:** Leonardo, Cafu.  
**QUARTER-FINAL: Nantes, 3 July:** Brazil 3 (Bebeto 11, Rivaldo 26, Rivaldo 60) Denmark 2 (Jorgensen 2, B Laudrup 50). **Yellow cards:** Roberto Carlos, Aldair, Cafu.

## SEMI-FINAL: Marseille, 7 July

**France:** Brazil 1 (Ronaldo 46) Netherlands 1 (Kluivert 87) (aet. Brazil win 4-2 on penalties). **Yellow cards:** Ze Carlos, Cesar Sampaio.  
**MEMORABLE PAST ENCOUNTER:** 1958 World Cup semi-final: Brazil 5 France 2.

## FRANCE

**Previous appearances in World Cup finals:** 9.  
**Honours:** Semi-finalists 1958 (3rd), 1982 (4th), 1986 (3rd). Hosts: 1938. **Record:** P40, W21, D5, L14. (up to and including France 98 semi-final).

## ROUTE TO THE FINAL

**GROUP C: Marseilles, 12 June:** France 3 (Dugarry 35, Issa og 78, Henry 90) South Africa 0. **Yellow cards:** Petit, Deschamps, Zidane. **St Denis, 18 June:** France 4 (Henry 36, Lizarazu 85) Saudi Arabia 0. **Yellow cards:** Blanc, Lizarazu. **Red card:** Zidane. **Lyon, 24 June:** France 2 (Djorkaeff pen 12, Petit 56) Denmark 1 (M Laudrup 42pen). **Yellow cards:** Diomède, Vieira.

**SECOND ROUND: St Denis, 28 June:** France 1 (Bebeto 114) (golden goal in extra time) Paraguay 0.  
**QUARTER-FINAL: St Denis, 3 July:** Italy 0 France 0 (aet. France win 4-3 on penalties). **Yellow cards:** Guivarch, Deschamps.  
**SEMI-FINAL: St Denis, 7 July:** France 2 (Thuram 47, Thuram 70) Croatia 1 (Suker 46). **Red card:** Blanc.  
**MEMORABLE PAST ENCOUNTER:** 1986 World Cup quarter-final: France 1 Brazil 1 (aet. France win 4-3 on penalties).

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MORSE

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# WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • SHOPPING • TRAVEL



Doug Markel/Page One

## Wanted: Billie the kid

While her friends are breaking up for the summer holidays, Billie Piper is gearing up for chart domination. The 15-year-old Swindon schoolgirl is a quick learner: in a little over a week of prefab-pop stardom, she's already coming on like an old pro. But then she does have a number one single and a publicity schedule that would make a Spice Girl feel her age...

I sort of freaked out. I didn't move for a little while, I just tried to sit there and take it in. But I couldn't, so I got up and started screaming!" This is Billie Piper recalling the moment last Sunday when she received a telephone call at her parents' Swindon home telling her that her debut single, "Because We Want To", had gone straight into the charts at number one. Billie is 15 years old, which means she is the youngest female star to top the charts since Helen Shapiro managed it way back in 1961 with "Walkin' Back To Happiness". "It was a big surprise. I didn't really know what to expect and I couldn't really visualise how many people were going to go out and buy it," says Billie (who uses the word "really" a lot). No doubt the fact that Billie's record company had managed to get her around 30 appearances on television during the week of the single's release might have had something to do with its runaway success - it sold 100,000 in the first week and they expect to top 200,000 in the second week. But it would be churlish to suggest that was the only reason. "Because We Want To" is a good pop song, and its lyrics raise it to the level of a veritable anthem of teen power. "It's about being youthful and rebellious in a positive way," says Billie of the song, which stands up for a young girl's right to play loud music, run around in a gang and dance all night. All strictly innocent pleasures, it goes without saying - the posters promoting the single may have featured a tousled-haired temptress in a skimpy top, but Billie is really

just a cheeky cheerleader for the playground generation. When she sings the line "We can do anything", it is clearly more to do with realising potential than dropping Es or sniffing glue. "A lot of people have sent me e-mails saying, 'You've inspired us to form a band,'" she says. "And I feel quite proud that I've given some people the will power to just do stuff." The video which accompanies the song features Billie dancing her way around the back streets of Greenwich and begins with her being beamed down from a giant spaceship, a bare-midriffed envoy from Planet Youth. In fact Billie comes from somewhere slightly less exotic, namely Swindon, the town which spawned not only Melinda Messenger but, more pertinently, Diana Dors, who knew all about blazing a trail at an early age. By the time she was 13, Dors was already modelling as a pin-up for her local newspaper and at 14 she was doing nude modelling to help fund her career at drama school. At 15 she joined the Rank Charm School and by the time she reached 16 she was making her first film appearances, living in her own rented flat in

Chelsea and stepping out on the arm of Anthony Newley. All of which makes Billie look like a bit of a slow starter. The one thing she shares with Dors is a fierce ambition which was kindled early. By the time she was four, she says, she had already decided she wanted to be famous. Years of holiday talent contests followed until she won a scholarship at the age of 12 to the renowned Sylvia Young Theatre School in north London, which serves as a positive conveyor belt of young stars - its more recent proteges including Emma Bunton from the Spice Girls and Big Breakfast presenter Denise van Outen. For two years Billie stayed with her aunt in Barnes but ended up commuting from Swindon. "I missed home a bit," she says. Nowadays she has a private tutor and will be sitting her GCSEs next summer. Like most stage-school kids, she took professional work wherever she could find it. She appeared as an extra in several films, most notably *Evita*, in

which she had two whole lines. She was also modelling and last summer she went to an audition for what she thought was a one-off advertisement for the pop magazine *Smash Hits*. She got the job and then discovered she would be fronting the magazine's whole summer campaign. In the TV adverts, she was shown blowing a pink bubble of gum and shouting, "pop!" Hugh Goldsmith, head of Virgin Records' Innocent label, saw the advert and liked what he saw. He was looking for someone "with an edge and character" and Billie fitted the bill. Virgin is treating her as a "priority act", although it is cagey about the amount of money it is spending on promoting her. However, Goldsmith commented recently that, "In today's climate, you are looking at a £1m investment to launch a pop act." A Virgin spokesman told me that "whatever we collectively deem necessary will be spent. The actual sums of money aren't something that we'll be advertising." "She's got a long career ahead of her, she seems pretty special," says Alex Needham, associate editor of *Smash Hits*. "She's really charismatic and

an excellent pop star and our readers are really interested in her." The readers of *Smash Hits* are aged between eight and 16, predominantly female, and they form a constituency that record companies are finding increasingly profitable. The official word from Virgin is that it wants Billie to attract "as large a cross-section as possible", but it is significant that as part of her promotional campaign for the single Billie has been making a tour of Britain's primary schools. The strategy for the future is to keep releasing "radio-friendly, commercial pop songs", although a maturing in Billie's sound may take place "as Billie matures herself", as the Virgin spokesman put it. "There aren't that many solo female pop stars with that sort of attitude who our readers can really identify with," Needham continues. "She's kind of rebellious and on their side. She's really filling a gap in the market. I think. The only other solo female star is Louise, but she's quite a bit older and also she's seen as a bit sophisticated." Continued on page two

BY TIM HULSE

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In the final image from our series celebrating 50 years of the NHS staff - and mannequins - prepare for an open day at Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge

Brian Harris

### Road to rebellion

Sir: The Orangemen, perhaps hardly aware of it, are pushing themselves towards a state of revolt against the Union itself. Camped down at Drumcree, they are set to defy the Queen in Parliament, her soldiers and the Royal Ulster Constabulary. There is rebellion in the air. The Ulster Unionists are driving themselves towards independence, in the footsteps of Wolfe Tone, the great Protestant and nationalist rebel against rule from Westminster.

The Orangemen are now testing the resolution of the British government by a massive, illegal occupation of the Garvaghy Road and of Catholic streets across the province. The Orangemen (do they know it?) are clumsily departing from the British political scene. They have no weight at Westminster. They are on their own and beginning to rebel in it. The scene is set for rebellion.

Folly of this order is all very well for carnival. But it is a withdrawal from the real world, a drum-beating of the retreat into an ugly corner of history. The Lambegs will be thundering, but the Orangemen will have nowhere to go, other than down Catholic streets without permission, in unneighbourly arrogance and boorishness.

If the Unionists in Ulster really want independence, in the way, for instance, that the Scottish want independence, then they must make sensible compact with their nationalist fellow-Ulstermen and women, and settle down to a civilised ordering of their common Ulster homeland, within the European community as part of a federal Ireland or Federation of the Isles. The decent Protestant people of Ulster have often proved their valour. The Catholic people of Ulster are just as decent, just as brave. Together, they will do great things. Divided, at war, the future darkens.

DENIS KNOTT  
Brent, Devon

Sir: A parliamentary answer to me recently revealed that in Northern Ireland there are only 3,846 pupils at integrated primary schools - 2.1 per cent of total enrolments - and only 4,308 pupils at integrated secondary schools - 2.8 per cent of total enrolments.

There are 1,530 enrolments on initial teacher training courses in Northern Ireland. Of these, 25.4

per cent are at universities where the religious composition is mixed. The remaining 74.6 per cent are at St Mary's College, where the religious composition is predominantly Roman Catholic, and Stranmillis College, where it is predominantly Protestant.

I cannot help but conclude that this level of segregation has a major impact in maintaining Northern Ireland's divisions across the generations, and while it would take a long time to increase integrated teaching (starting, perhaps, with teacher training), there are fewer more important priorities.

HARRY BARNES MP  
(Derbyshire North East, Lab)  
House of Commons  
London SW1

Sir: The litany of complaints about the Catholics made by the Orangemen (and women) at Drumcree (Feature, 8 July) is the familiar one of racists that can be heard from Bosnia to South Africa. The only complaint about their Catholic neighbours that appeared to be missing was that "their cooking smells funny".

Their claim that they are merely walking where they want on the Queen's highway is utterly bogus. The purpose of the marchers dressed in quasi-military garb and with attendant bands is the age-old one of reminding those without power where the real power resides.

PAULETTE JAMES  
Bristol

### Young refugees

Sir: Mike O'Brien, the Home Office minister, states (letter, 9 July) that the minors referred to in your article "Child refugees 'illegally held' in the UK" (6 July) were released once evidence of their age was available.

That was certainly not the case for the minors in the Campfield Nine trial. As long ago as October,

the solicitor representing one of them presented a copy of his birth certificate to the magistrates' court. The magistrate accepted it, and made an order that, as a minor, his name should not be disclosed by the press. However, he continued to be detained until 24 June - not in a detention centre, but in a young offenders' institution and then in a prison. He spent a total of over two years in detention.

As he was 15 when first detained, and even now looks young for his age, his experience is difficult to square with Mr O'Brien's assertion that the Immigration Service always gives the benefit of the doubt "whenever we can" (whatever that means). The Immigration Service, as in other matters, puts the burden of proof clearly on the detainee. They will not use physical appearance as a guide, except in extreme cases. Small wonder that of the 49 minors found to have been held in detention in 1997, 33 were under 16.

DR T LATTIMER  
Oxford

### Choosing children

Sir: I can understand women not feeling broody or maternal ("No kids please, we're modern", 8 July). Neither did I when I looked at other people's children, but I went on to have five of my own.

What I cannot understand is why they think that having children means one long chore of sleepless nights, nappy changing and feeding. Yes, they are a lifetime commitment, but they grow up - more quickly than you expect.

With respect, it is also naive to think that you can keep control of your life from cradle to grave. With or without children that is impossible; ill-health is no respecter of persons, for instance. Of more concern is how these executives will cope with retirement - that too comes quicker than you expect. They may,

like us, then find that all their older relatives have died, and very probably quite a few contemporaries and close friends as well. That can be very depressing, but my husband and I have a future in our children and grandchildren. We do not expect them to look after us in our very old age - that is one thing where we have spent money on ourselves - but when we finally have to part, it is in the secure knowledge that the remaining partner has a loving family to support them, and they will not be left entirely alone.

GILLIAN COOK  
Bath

Sir: Have Jane Grove and Liz Davies considered that if two ladies had decided to think like them 30 to 40 years ago they would not be here to be interviewed by *The Independent* about their decision not to have children?

RUTH KING  
Southampton

### Legless in Gambia

Sir: Simon Calder (Travel, 4 July) reckons to have spent "a couple of hundred quid... on local beer" whilst holidaying in The Gambia. At 50p for a bottle of Jullbrew in local bars that is over 57 bottles a day! No wonder he is confused about VSO's WorldWise tourism campaign.

The campaign is a fun, upbeat way of getting more out of your holiday while also getting a fairer deal for local people. Our campaign sets out to demonstrate the strength of consumer demand for ethical tourism.

As Simon Calder points out, there are no easy answers. Jullbrew is part-owned by a German company, so not so much of his holiday money actually stayed in the Gambian economy after all.

DAN REES  
Voluntary Service Overseas  
London SW15

### Poor pensions

Sir: So our recent *Which?* report on the poor deal consumers receive from the City was "repackaged news" presented as the fruit of our own research? Strong opinions from Nic Cicutti (Your Money, 4 July). Shame he did not find out the facts first. The report was based on our own entirely new research. As far as we know it is the first time anyone has comprehensively compared the returns on employer's pension schemes with those on personal pensions.

Cicutti seems to think that performance on employer's pensions is higher because charges are lower. We stripped out the effect of higher charges on personal pensions and found that, even then, their performance was much worse and, vitally, far more variable than the performance of employer's schemes.

Not only does our research confirm that many investment products offer appalling value for money, but we have also shown that there is a way to establish "benchmark" funds which other products could be judged against. This has important implications for the Government's plans for extending pension provision.

HELEN PARKER  
Editor, "Which?"  
Consumers' Association  
London NW1

### Under the stars

Sir: It seems that the essential reasons homeless people do not like going into hostels is that they do not feel safe there, get looked down upon by the staff and have the sense that they are losing some of the freedom that comes with sleeping outside ("Homeless may be swept off the streets", 8 July).

Would it not be better if we simply set up areas where people who liked to live outside could go and sleep? There is a great deal of parkland in London where a small space could be set aside. Could not we provide each person with a

backpack, a little tent, and a sleeping bag that would keep out the cold and the rain, and then allow them access to simple mobile facilities like showers, toilets and cooking areas.

It would still give our London star-gazers the sense of self-respect and independence that they clearly crave, and everyone would be happy, including the taxpayer, who would not have to foot as large a bill.

Perhaps we are all secretly frightened that they might actually find they would like that better than being "in the system".

MARK CUNNINGHAM  
London SE23

Sir: I would like to respond to the article by Bidisha (Comment, 9 July). First, *The Big Issue* is not promoting the idea of readers becoming "buddies" to vendors. We are working on a scheme to get our readers involved by helping vendors get training and employment. I am certain that people who buy *The Big Issue* would be insulted at being termed condescending towards vendors. Second, to suggest that 1.1 million people read *The Big Issue* every week out of guilt and fear is ridiculous.

SALLY STAINTON  
Press Officer  
The Big Issue  
London EC1

### Dyslexia genes

Sir: Diane McGuinness (Sociological Notes, 2 July) demonstrates impeccable consistency of argument. Writing is a code for spoken language. Codes are human inventions rather than properties of the brain. Therefore, dyslexia - which is all about codes - cannot be inherited.

However, because Dr McGuinness reduces dyslexia to problems with acquiring literacy, she cannot acknowledge that dyslexic children also have difficulties with sequencing, short-term memory and auditory/visual

perception. Modern techniques which measure blood flow as a marker of brain activity have identified areas of the brain concerned with visual word form, phonology articulation and various aspects of semantics. Work undertaken at the Yale Centre for Learning and Attention has distinguished starting differences in the way that dyslexics and non-dyslexics handle reading tasks.

Meanwhile, at the Oxford University Laboratory of Physiology, Professor John Stein has mapped the approximate site of genes for dyslexia and research from a variety of disciplines demonstrates that dyslexia runs in families.

However, Dr McGuinness also promotes a teaching method. She claims miracle success rates and a unique approach. Her methods are similar to the Orton-Gillingham-Silliman method widely used for training specialist teachers at the Dyslexia Institute, Hornsby Centre, Helen Arkell Dyslexia Centre, University of Wales, Bangor and elsewhere. Teaching dyslexic people, based on an understanding of their particular learning differences, is the right way forward. However, unless their underlying cognitive differences are understood and addressed, most will continue to underachieve.

JOANNE RULE  
Chief Executive  
British Dyslexia Association  
Reading, Berkshire

### IN BRIEF

Sir: Andrew Faulds (letter, 8 July) suggests a Nato bombardment Serbia because of the Kosovo problems. I suggest that Nato first bombs England for the English actions in Ulster.

MIRJANA PETROVIC  
Wilmington, Maine, USA

Sir: Since Derek Draper is so well connected would he be able to get me two tickets for the World Cup Final?

HARRY HOBSON  
Blackpool

Sir: I am an expert adviser. You are a lobbyist. He is peddling his access to government.

JOHN O'BRYNE  
Dublin

## Wanted: Billie the kid

Continued from page one

"Streetwise" is the word Billie chooses to describe her image, although it has to be said that the kind of street she's wise to is undoubtedly tree-lined and thoroughly respectable.

Nevertheless, this didn't stop the *Daily Mail* from seeing young Billie as the personification of everything that is wrong with our young people today. On Wednesday the paper ran a full-page article headlined "Top of the poppets" which compared Billie's life and career with that of Helen Shapiro. But there was a point to be made.

"A glance at the differing backgrounds and behaviour of these two teenage starlets tells you a lot about how Britain has changed - little of it, many people will think, for the better," huffed the writer of

the piece, who was clearly unaware of the early career of Diana Dors. And what was the evidence for this terrible decline in British moral standards? "Billie has already been photographed out on the town in a revealing slip dress and clutching a glass of champagne."

"I was a bit upset about that," Billie says of the article. "I was actually wearing a dress. There's a bit of a difference between a slip and a dress. And it wasn't revealing at all, it was just a normal dress and in fact it came down below my knees. I had about two glasses of champagne because I was celebrating my number-one record."

But there was more from the *Mail*, in the form of a sly innuendo. "It would never have occurred to Helen, or her classmates, to make love under age," it said.

"Girls had boyfriends but teenage relationships were flirtatious - not physical." The article then went on to note that Billie "has had a steady boyfriend for eight months".

"That was really weird," says Billie. "I don't really think it's relevant whether I've been going out with him for a long time or not, because I think so many girls do go out with boys for a long time now. And personally I think it's better than sleeping with loads of different boys. Not that I'm saying I sleep with him or anything," she adds quickly. In fact, she's now split up with her boyfriend and is unattached.

Girls of Billie's age, although typically self-referential, seem to regard her being solo as a virtue. "She's different because she's on her own. I love the way she dances. I would like to get the chance to

be a pop star," said Angela, a 15-year-old fan. "I like her because she's not like the Spice Girls. She's her own person with her own views."

If Billie has learnt one thing during her very brief career, it is that she cannot afford to give the press any excuses to jump on her.

"It's a bit scary," she says. "I just have to be careful what I'm doing. I don't really think I'm an immature 15-year-old. I sort of know what I want out of life and I know what's stupid and what's sensible. I know the pitfalls."

She also knows that newspaper journalists are often not to be trusted. "Sometimes I find they can be a bit patronising and manipulative, basically because I'm 15 and they think it's all right to do that," she explains.

"It can be quite hard sometimes. Some journalists just pressure me. They seem to want really personal things and I do get a bit scared sometimes. They want to know things about my private life that have nothing to do with my pop career - about boys and stuff."

"I just think it's so irrelevant to what I want to talk about, so it can get a bit scary."

At the moment, everyone wants a bit of Billie. After the success of US teenage band Hanson, pop stars seem to be getting younger by the day.

Earlier this year, 14-year-old Rosemary Behan's first single went into the charts and teenage sister trio Cleopatra from Manchester hit number three this year with "Cleopatra's Theme".

Cautionary tales from other teen stars

never seem to deter budding young musicians. Michael Jackson, Donny Osmond and Brian Wilson, all stars before they were into their teens, have suffered from the effects of early fame.

But Billie is learning quickly how to cope with her sudden stardom.

She has mastered the art of signing autographs ("I just write 'love and kisses, Billie', but sometimes it's nice to write their names so you get this sort of personal thing going on.") and she can tell an inquiring journalist her favourite colour without hesitating even for a split second (violet, if you're interested).

On the whole, she is having a ball. And as for the future, who knows? Billie's ambition is simply "to carry on being really ambitious". Which means she can't really fail, really. Smart girl.



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## Learn to live with a political Civil Service

SIR RICHARD Wilson should get himself a freephone number in the Yellow Pages as the political equivalent of the emergency drain-clearer. The Government hits a patch of turbulence over influence-peddling. Send for Sir Richard. A while back, the Prime Minister got bad press for appointing a businessman with lots of BP shares to his Government. The call went out for the Cabinet Secretary and Head of the Home Civil Service. But what is he doing digging Tony Blair out of holes? If the Affair of Derek Draper's Big Mouth has one beneficial effect it should be to prompt the Government to think clearly about the civil service and the notion of its political neutrality.

There are two elements to this. Mr Blair's request to Sir Richard to "tighten up" the rules governing relations with lobbyists is, nowadays, a reflex kick into the long grass from a tight political corner. Margaret Thatcher started it, despatching Robert Armstrong to Australia to economise on the truth on her behalf in the Spycatcher affair. John Major developed it, getting Robin Butler to ask Jonathan Aitken a few questions and "clear" him on the basis of his (highly economical) answers. Mr Blair should end it.

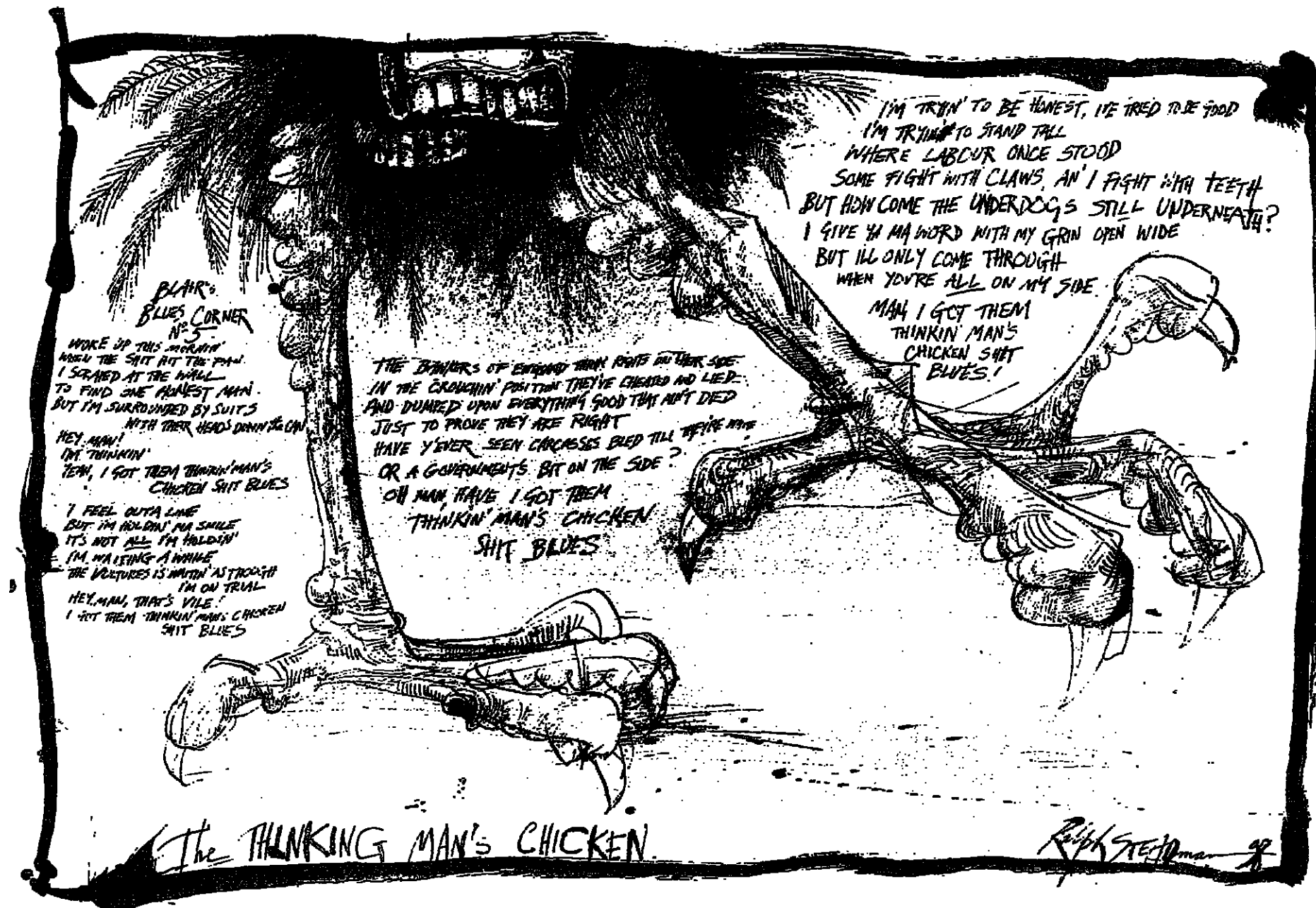
The second element is the light shed on "the circle" by Mr Draper's boasting: the network of personal and political connections that links activists and lobbyists with supposedly politically-neutral civil servants. Sir Richard is not the right person to sort out this mess. What is needed is a much broader look at the rules governing ministers, political advisers and civil servants, their relations with each other and with interest groups.

The civil service has changed and ought to change further. Mr Blair has already created a new category of "political" civil servant, making it up as he goes along, by deleting the clause on political neutrality from his press spokesman's contract. He was also, as Sir Robert might have put it, spendthrift with the truth in parliament when defending Alastair Campbell, saying the opposition were only having a go at him because he did such "an effective job of attacking the Conservative Party".

We should not affect outrage, but accept that some so-called civil servants have a party-political role. The principle of "special advisers" is well-established - political creatures who are on the public payroll. But Mr Blair's government has more of them than ever before. We should recognise that they can help the government function effectively, and that ministers should be supported by committed people of their own choosing. But spades need to be called spades, regulated strictly by an independent body, and the boundary between them and the permanent civil service needs to be redrawn with Roger Liddle firmly on the political side of the line.

The "political service" should include most of Downing Street's staff and many of the Government's press officers. Mr Campbell's dual role as head of the Stalinist-sounding Government Information Service points up the absurdity of combining two functions - getting the Labour Party re-elected and providing factual information.

The American political model is not one that should be copied wholesale, but it would be more honest than the present British hypocrisy of having a layer of political functionaries who come in with a new administration and lose their jobs when it goes out.



## The World Cup scores its golden goal

IT'S NEARLY all over. For a month, many people have thought and talked of little else. Forget the United Nations; the World Cup has proved that sport is still the most powerful motor of global unity. It is, genuinely, a world event - unlike that fake product of American pretension, the World Series. Another merit is that it promotes international understanding beyond the privileged ranks of exchange scholars and rich tourists. Despite being the continuation of war by other means, football has had a conciliatory effect on nations otherwise hostile to each other. The US will not trade with Iran, for example, but it will play football with it. And if a country such as Iran can go football crazy it helps put Western prejudices about fundamentalist Islam in perspective.

And Britain and Argentina, at war 16 years ago, managed to kick a ball around a patch of neutral turf without our famously xenophobic tabloid newspapers going over the top. Maradona's famous hand-ball turned out to be a much more serious grievance than the theft of a post-colonial archipelago.

No one much liked the triumphalism of Croatia, with its murky Balkan past. Its ultra-nationalist leadership

described success in the World Cup as more important than independence. But if the Croats' dazzling display of both footballing and thespian skills helps promote a mature sense of nationhood, perhaps this will lessen the need for Croatian self-assertion.

Just as important, the World Cup has promoted mutual understanding between groups within nations, proving that nationalism and racism are not necessarily related. As the host nation's team takes to the pitch tomorrow, it will deliver "a wonderful blow to the big, fat nose of Jean-Marie Le Pen", as one French commentator put it. The hero of the semi-final against Croatia, Lilian Thuram, was a double-goal-scoring punch line to a cartoon in one of the French newspapers. In it, a pollster asks a caricatured beret-wearer: "So you don't really detest foreigners then?" The interviewee replies: "Not as long as they go on scoring goals."

Tomorrow's home team presents a picture of multi-racial France, with black north Africans, a New Caledonian and a Cossack playing, and by making it to the final the team has united the country and ended its recent phase of introspective pessimism. All around the world, many smaller communities have been similarly united in their enthusiasm for the beautiful game.

If only the Orangemen camped around Drumcree church could put up a team to kick a ball around with the Garvaghy Road XI...

## Quayle alert

A BIG welcome back to Dan Quayle, the man who launched a thousand jokes, among the first to declare in the race for the Republican nomination for the US presidential election in 2000. The news will be greeted with whoops of joy - if not derision - in the office of the current Vice President. Al Gore, the man most likely to succeed Bill Clinton, has come up against J Danforth Q before, and emerged the winner. In the 1992 election campaign, Messrs Gore and Quayle met in the vice-presidential debate. But the real debate took place before the televised version, as the rival camps argued over the terms of engagement.

Mr Quayle wanted to be allowed to bring a prop to the rostrum - a copy of Mr Gore's book on the environment, so that he could quote the supposedly embarrassing bits. Fine, said the Gore team, as long as our man can bring a potato. Mr Quayle, who in 100 years will be famous for misspelling the humble root vegetable and nothing else, decided that props were not a good idea. He lost the debate - and the election - anyway.

Like Gary Hart, the Democratic bright hope of 10 years ago, Mr Quayle has done everything you have to do to be a candidate. Everything, that is, except demonstrate the ability to avoid public ridicule.

## Fear, bigotry and hope - the shadows that lurk on the Garvaghy Road

WHAT IS left to say when compromise seems impossible, when the trench lines are so deep, and when hope slips away with every passing hour?

As I write, the local television news reports that an 11-year-old boy has been dragged from a car along with the driver, who is an off-duty policeman. The child had his arm dislocated. Think about that as you sit over breakfast in London or Manchester or Edinburgh, or anywhere else where people are comfortable and safe.

I know what it is like to sit in a car being attacked by an angry mob. The fear is impossible to describe. You are the focus of a collective hatred so intense that reason evaporates. Consider, then, what a child feels as he is hauled out on to the road by masked men; what goes through his mind as they beat him and maim him. And then remind yourself that this is not Africa, or Indonesia, or Palestine. This is the United Kingdom - your country, right or wrong.

A week ago I believed that an accommodation between the Orangemen and the Garvaghy Road residents was possible, if unlikely. Now I recognise that optimism may have been misplaced. If this morning's proximity talks at Downing Street fail, then we are heading for the most dangerous days Ulster has seen in nearly two decades.

Not since the republican hunger strikes of 1981 has the level of tension and fear across the province been so palpably high. I have heard enough unfulfilled prophecies about Ulster down the years to be circumspect, and to avoid panic. My instincts now tell me that we are rolling towards chaos. What looms now is more than a couple of weeks of violence and destruction. That in itself is grim enough to contemplate. The bigger stake, however, is the Good Friday agreement itself. Drumcree may have begun as a bitter local row, but it has escalated into a much larger sectarian battle.

With attitudes hardening on both sides, we now face the potential destruction of the fragile centre ground on which a new kind of politics could be built. If you doubt this, then consider the reaction of a pro-agreement Unionist politician with whom I travelled to Drumcree earlier this week.

As we walked up to the Army and police barricade, he shook his head and pointed at the soldiers standing guard across the trench line. "Do you know that my grandfather fought at the Somme with the Ulster Division?" he said. "We answered the Empire's call when she needed help, and now look at us; look at what happens."

The man was a political moderate, one of those upon whom David Trimble depends for his political survival. But he was as angry as any of the more extreme Orangemen who were milling around the barricade. Was it difficult to remain a moderate in these circumstances? His reply was brief and ominous: "Yes, extremely so." The Orange family may be deeply divided, but the standoff at Drumcree, with echoes of past battles against Irish nationalism, has a powerful resonance for all shades of Unionist opinion. The hour of the moderate is running out.

The people at Drumcree cannot all be demonised as bigots or dinosaurs. After 30 years of Ulster's Troubles, they deserve a more intelligent and compassionate evaluation. Certainly there is bitterness and



**FERGAL KEANE**  
An 11-year-old boy is dragged from a car and has his arm dislocated. Think about that

bigotry. As a southern Catholic I am constantly aware of the need to keep my voice down and my name unheard as I walk through the field at Garvaghy Road. I have no desire to get a kicking because of my religion or my accent.

Nevertheless I also recognise that there are many decent people in that unhappy field: Families with small children; farmers who have left cattle and crops to join the protest; business people; and professionals of all kinds.

Drumcree is about a great deal more than a sectarian right-of-way dispute. It is fundamentally about Protestant fear: the fear that the killers of beloved sons and fathers are about to walk free from jail, and that republican gunmen are about to enter government; the fundamental fear that Irish nationalism is in the ascendant.

In their own perverse way, the Troubles provided a kind of certainty for such people. You lived within the siege; compromise was not expected

or given. Yet these are new and frightening times. As the reality of the Good Friday agreement sinks in, the manipulators of fear in Unionist ranks are gathering strength. For them Drumcree is a godsend.

Now, as Trimble watches the ground slide out from beneath him, it is Tony Blair who faces the most difficult days to confront any British prime minister in Northern Ireland since Margaret Thatcher was challenged by the Maze hunger strikers. Back then, Mrs Thatcher held firm and the hunger strike eventually collapsed.

Ironically, the deaths of those 10 men led to an upsurge in political support for Sinn Féin. Subsequent electoral victories were instrumental in persuading the leaders to see the benefits of a political strategy. Sinn Féin's sign-up to the Good Friday agreement was the logical conclusion of the politicisation.

However, there was another result from the hunger strike. For Irish republicans Mrs Thatcher became a hate figure, and she still is. Mr Blair can expect no less loathing from loyalists if things go badly wrong.

On the face of it, his choice is simple: if agonising, to hold firm and risk the collapse of Trimble, or to reverse the Parades Commission decision and risk losing the support of nationalists for the peace process.

Had the protagonists in Portadown shown any willingness to compromise, it is a choice he would never have had to make. But now it really is down to Tony Blair.

The truth is that the Prime Minister simply does not have a choice. He, better than anyone, realises that the fundamental requirement of democratic government is to ensure that cit-

izens live free from fear and threat. That is why he will hold the line at Drumcree.

In his handling of Ulster so far, Blair has shown courage, energy and vision. He has been rightly praised for his hands-on approach during the final anxious hours of the Stormont negotiations.

For years I was among those who clung to a melancholic view of Ulster: I could not believe that political progress was possible, and I argued vociferously with more optimistic colleagues. Under Blair and Mo Mowlam I have been forced to see things differently. But Blair will know that in Ulster the days of praise rarely last for long.

If images of violence fill our screens, and the lines to Downing Street bring an endless tide of bad news, it would be wise to recall the words of the Good Friday agreement. Then the overwhelming majority bound themselves together in "opposition to force or any threat of force".

These were the precise words and 73 per cent of the electorate voted for them. Drumcree is not a rerun of the referendum campaign.

As I prepare to head back to Drumcree, I recall Yeats's oft-quoted lines from the poem "The Second Coming", in which he wrote: *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold.*

Perhaps the centre will be trampled underfoot in the next few days. I really cannot predict. However, I do not doubt that in due course the politics of moderation will re-emerge. Until then we depend on Blair. This is his moment of trial, and those who want peace in Ireland are counting on his steady nerve.

Cometh the hour, cometh the man.

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## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Lobbyists • Nigeria • Drumcree • Camilla Parker Bowles • Aboriginal Rights • Tina Brown • Whistle Down The Wind

## NIGERIA AFTER ABIOLA

Reactions to the sudden death of Moshood Abiola, Nigeria's most prominent political prisoner

THE SOWETAN  
South Africa

Moshood Abiola's death comes at a most unfortunate moment for Nigeria. Given his immense popularity, his death will of necessity impact profoundly on the process of democratisation. Much, however, remains contingent on how leaders of the democratic movement respond to the inevitable outpouring of anger prompted by Abiola's death. What must remain uppermost in the minds of opposition leaders is that any popular uprising will provide the military with a tempting opportunity to further suppress democratic opposition.

THE WASHINGTON POST  
United States

The consequences of Mr Abiola's death are unpredictable. But the proper response from General Abubakar is clear. He should free all remaining political prisoners without condition, unshackle Nigeria's press and political parties, and allow an early and fair election. The United States should make clear that it will assist in any such transition – but that it will no longer prop up Nigeria's generals, including through the purchase of Nigeria's plentiful oil, if they attempt a return to business as usual.

FREE NIGERIA MOVEMENT NEWSLETTER  
Online

The FNM believes Abiola was murdered in order to consolidate the hold on power of the brutal, illegitimate and totally morally repugnant Nigerian military dictatorship led by Abubakar. The FNM also believes that the publicity blitz mounted in the past few weeks about the imminent release of President Abiola, and the subsequent announcement that he had renounced his electoral mandate, were nothing but propaganda ploys to sensitize public opinion in preparation for the eventual announcement that would be made after the successful carrying out of the murder.

THE ECONOMIST  
UK

Despite everything, Nigerians speak of their country with pride. Yet there are demands for autonomy and non-northerners feel left out. The unrest that has followed Chief Abiola's death may tempt the army to hang on to power. But that would be folly. The best that Abubakar can do for his country is to hold the fort temporarily while others start rebuilding it.

THE JAMAICAN GLEANER  
Jamaica

In one sense the government must bear some responsibility for Mr Abiola's untimely death. Mr Abiola's health probably deteriorated as a result of his incarceration. So even if Mr Abiola was not murdered, the government must make amends to the Nigerian people. The best way, perhaps the only way it can do this, is to keep moving forward with the reform process. If, in death, Moshood Abiola can hasten the restoration of democracy, he will have served his country well.

## AUSTRALIAN LAND REFORM

Australian verdicts on the new legislation restricting Aboriginal rights

## CANNBERRA TIMES

There was angry talk of betrayal and shame at the end of the tortuous, bitter process that ended this week with the passage of John Howard's Native Title Amendment Bill in the Senate. The pain was understandable, at least on the part of Aboriginal Australians, who felt they were being forced to pay an unjust price so that John Howard could escape from a double-dissolution trap of his own devising, and this without the courtesy of their being consulted.

## ABORIGINAL INDEPENDENT

The Federal Government can no longer ignore its legislative responsibility in dealing with the problems left over from colonial rule which, in a historic sense, has only just ended. The Federal Government must come up with a legislative cure instead of legislative challenges

## GREEN LEFT WEEKLY

Governments during the 1950s and 1960s maintained Aborigines as "natives" by institutionalising them on segregated reserves. In recent times, many Australian state and territory governments have adopted "law and order" policies – such as mandatory jail sentences for minor offences – that have led to a dramatic increase in the number of indigenous people in custody. It was the late 1970s and early 1980s before Aboriginal people in many parts of remote Australia got anything like the same access to social security entitlements as other Australians. The real policy question is justice in the present, rather than guilt in relation to past activities.

## Lobbyists lose Labour the love of the press



## THE OBSERVER

Lobbying is not going to disappear. Indeed in a democratic society, heavily influenced by the example from the US, it is going to become an ever more important feature of British political life. Unless there are proper rules of engagement, Mr Blair's promise of fairness and not favours will look increasingly hollow. Those with cash will obtain access and personal contact; those not so rich will not be so privileged. It is a practice that disfigures our democracy.

## THE NEW STATESMAN

It cannot last. Remedial action should be swift. First boot out the spin doctors: limit ministers to one adviser each, of proven specialist expertise in such areas as health, economics or transport. Second require lobbyists to put their cases only through the proper parliamentary or Civil Service channels. Third, press ahead

## LABOUR AND LOBBYISTS

Lessons of the cash-for-access affair

With the Freedom of Information Bill so that the lobbyists have fewer secrets in which to trade. Fourth, and most important, disperse power so that nobody can ever again plausibly claim that only 17 people in the country matter.

## DAILY MAIL

Sleaze: the word was ever on the lips of the latter-day saints of Labour's New Moral Army as with puritanical zeal they flayed the Tories for succumbing after long years in office to the corruptions of power. How soon have the mighty fallen.

## THE GUARDIAN

The rash of lobbyists, special advisers and power-brokers surrounding this government are only outward symptoms of the real disease. Curious

## THE MIRROR

Tony Blair said nothing to convince the public that his government's role in this messy affair was whiter than white. There can be no place in Whitehall for anyone who does a favour for a former colleague now working as a lobbyist. But the Mirror is filled with a sense of gloom that Mr Blair is not able to guarantee that he can nip this rot in the bud.

## THE EXPRESS

It is all very well Tony Blair insisting he had conducted his own investigation into the allegations of 'cash for access' surrounding his Government. But unless he is prepared to give details of those investigations and their conclusions – including details of who exactly had access to Downing Street advisers, how often, and why – why should we trust his conclusions? This government has so far adopted American-style defence tactics – challenge, attack, deflect.

## THE TELEGRAPH

Problems are occurring because Labour is too obsessed by influence and personalities. Labour is right to be worried. The last time this happened, Britain looked to Margaret Thatcher. We voted for the Iron Lady in three consecutive elections – despite disliking her – because she was determined enough to tackle problems that had defeated all those nice politicians. One day we will once again need to call on those sad Tories who congregate secretly to talk policy.

## THE DRUMCREE STAND-OFF

Reaction to the confrontation over the thwarted Orange Order march in Portadown

DIE WELT  
Germany

Once again barricades are burning in Northern Ireland – only dreamers could have expected anything different. The reports from Portadown show hatred, distrust, and the bitter will of one side to humiliate the other. This has been a ritual for a long time, but it is no litmus test. Those among the Protestants and Catholics who are confronting each other in the streets of Portadown and elsewhere are radicals, and they have been opposed to peace right from the outset. They do not want to acknowledge change.

THE IRISH TIMES  
Ireland

Whatever the intensity of local feelings in Portadown, the threat to the wider political process in Northern Ireland is deeply worrying. There is a danger, if the situation continues to escalate over the crucial weeks of the marching season, that both communities could retreat into the mutual hostility and mistrust that prevailed after Drumcree in 1996. That is why it is important that political leaders, unionist and nationalist, should be seen to act as partners in the search for a solution.

EL PAIS  
Spain

The new government of David Trimble has sufficient legitimacy to face up to those who, unable to crush the peace process in the ballot box, want to do so by attacks and appeals to the worst instincts of a sectarianism that has brought only grief and shame to both communities.

## CAMILLA PARKER BOWLES

Opinion about her meeting with Prince William

## THE SUN

Charles clearly loves Camilla. Camilla clearly loves Charles. The Prince of Wales has no intention of marrying Camilla, but circumstances might be changing. And now Camilla has met William. Other meetings are planned. But whatever happens next, Prince Charles knows it is up to the people to decide. Times change. So do feelings. If William can live with a Charles-Camilla relationship – maybe the people can too.

his long-time companion, in the run-up to his 50th birthday in November. They have yet to appear in public together – and remarriage has not been ruled out.

## THE MIRROR

Since her death the two boys have become more and more aware that divorcee Camilla is incredibly important in their father's life. They are adult enough to understand this and accept it. They don't appear to have a personal problem with this lady being around. It's not going to be easy for any of them, but to deny this lady's presence and importance in Charles' life would be ridiculous. (James Whitaker)

## THE GUARDIAN

The meeting between William and Camilla will fuel speculation that the Prince of Wales plans a greater public role for

## MISCELLANEOUS

Stories from around the world

COLUMBIA TRIBUNE  
United States

A Frenchman who came to Gettysburg for a re-enactment of the Civil War battle has been charged with assault after another faux soldier was shot in the neck. Christian Eyo, 52, of Muret, France, didn't mean to shoot Clinton Wakefield Epps on Friday during a re-enactment of the 1863 Battle of Gettysburg, state police Sgt. Patrick Gebhart said Tuesday. "There was no intent involved, but a recklessness and negligence involved," Gebhart said.

border, whose customers travel over the border for cheaper gas. But the gas station attendant will win indirectly because "over there" prosperity will increase through... a loosening of trade regulations, allowing those eastern neighbors to sell something other than gasoline.

NANFANG DAILY  
China

Twenty-three children who were abducted for sale have been rescued and the thirteen kidnappers arrested, it was reported yesterday. The youngsters, many of whom were three or four when kidnapped and had been missing for up to a decade, were found in Guangdong and Fujian after a joint police probe covering five provinces. Police are trying to find more gang members and reunite more boys with their families. The report did not say how many were sold.

DER STANDARD  
Austria

The European Commission must be aware the majority of Austrians fear eastward expansion of the EU. It is hard to drive home the need for eastward expansion to the gas station attendant at the eastern

MUSICAL OF THE WEEK  
WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND

## EVENING STANDARD

How dated, how *déjà vu* Lloyd Webber now sounds. His latest musical is so ludicrous in outline, so unmemorable in song that his admirers may tune out... His music, for all its frantic energy in trying to simulate Fifties rock'n'roll. It evokes a mild day in Pinner, circa 1972. (Nicholas de Jongh)



first-ever hit, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. (Charles Spencer)

## DAILY TELEGRAPH

This revised version is one of the most heartfelt and touching shows Lloyd Webber has written. It is blessed with an outstanding, instantly memorable score that ranges from full-on rock'n'roll to wistful ballads and emotive gospel. At times indeed both music and subject matter seem to hark back to his

## DAILY MAIL

By jove they did it. They came home and delivered the goods. With Steinman, lyrical genius, Lord Lloyd Webber has tapped into a new narrative opportunity of epic anguish. Is it a hit? Who cares, it's good. Maybe too good to run. I hope it does. (Michael Coveney)

## TIME OUT

How can a musical have so much drama in its story and remain so desperately dull? It's a poor strike for Lord Musical. The man who dominated the Eighties and didn't do badly in the Nineties has finally lost his touch. (Jane Edwards)

## SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

With a story that fails to engage, you fall back on the songs and the staging. The songs above all; and as so often with Lloyd Webber, most of them left me neither hot nor cold. They are well crafted (as far as I can judge) and they draw skilfully on a wide range of effects, from hymns to rock-and-roll. But for the most part, that's it. (John Gross)

## QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"Anyone who's ever had the experience of Henry Moore rubbing their hips would not forget it. It was quite an experience." Actress Jill Craigie, wife of Michael Foot, on her affair with the sculptor

"I'm terribly sorry, but would you mind if my wife and I butted in? The thing is, I've got to go and see the Queen at six o'clock." Tony Blair, at a London Oratory parents' evening

"The English are basically Philistines. They think they ought to go to the theatre because they have nothing to talk about. They are the most pretentious, hypocritical, cynical theatre-goers on the entire planet." Actor Steven Berkoff

"The NHS is based on a socialist ethic, it is superior in principle, it works in practice and it's the most popular institution in the country. No wonder the Tories don't like it. No wonder they left it in such a state, underfunded, overworked and overstretched." Health Secretary Frank Dobson

## TINA BROWN

Responses to the resignation of the editor of the New Yorker

NEW YORK TIMES  
United States

Overall, *The New Yorker* shed its otherworldly nature and steadfast elegance in favor of a tarty breathlessness. It had more scoops and more glitter, but little time for the timeless pieces favoured by Ms Brown's predecessors. They left a magazine that had a defined personality and that seemed comfortable at high altitude. Ms Brown leaves a magazine regarded by old-board intellectuals as having multiple personality disorder and a slowly declining glide path."

NEW YORK POST  
United States

The great Tina Brown replacement guessing game en-



the red-ink-stained *New Yorker*, although neither was formally offered the position. Peter Kaplan, editor of the weekly *New York Observer*, who couldn't be reached for comment, is considered one of the early front-runners for the job, with the expectation that he would bring a witty edge.

THE GUARDIAN  
UK

When I reached the office I found several editors in tears. It was not, they felt, time for Tina to leave. All the editors in the office that morning had come to *The New Yorker*, persuaded by Tina, to help her fashion the magazine into the best publication in the English Language. The job was not done. There was so much more to do. (Bill Buford)



# Bring me the head of Luis Martinez, or his namesake

WE ALL have our heroes, even if we change them every hour. While the nation dithers between the wonder-toddler Owen and that poor-spice-blinded pubescent Beckham, I have been sighing over referees. An age thing, I reckon. An authority thing, at least. I envy them their unquestioned right to take down the names of malfasants. No matter how extravagantly loved and paid you are, if the ref wants your name and number you have to give it. That's power.

I speak as a frustrated name-taker myself. How often, red with rage, have I pulled out my little Papperchase ricepaper notebook, unscrewed my Waterman's, and demanded a person's name. And how often have I wondered what I am supposed to do when the person refuses to give it.

My name-taking began when I was a school prefect. It seemed to me I wasn't getting the respect owing to my position. Just an unease at first, the vaguest consciousness of incivility in the way the lower school called me 'Obson': the dimmest apprehension of satire in their manner of greeting me like an emperor, by bowing low to the ground and saying "Your every wish is to be obeyed. O Mighty One," as though there were something comically exorbitant in that.

But it was the stone-centred snowball which got me as I was waiting for my train home - to the undisciplined pleasure of shoppers and nursing mothers, never mind schoolkids - that convinced me I was neither revered nor loved. I didn't see who actually threw

the snowball. Strictly speaking it didn't really matter who actually threw the snowball, for the essential crime was impiousness and everybody present was guilty of that. Fortunately, I had a good memory for faces, and by the time I was back at school the following morning I had upwards of 35 names in my book. Which left me about a dozen short. In order to complete my list I placed the 35 I had identified in a sort of perpetual detention. Grass and you can go home, that was the deal. Grass and you'll see your families again. Otherwise you're here forever.

The headmaster intervened before I got all the names I wanted. Parents were beginning to complain. Some could no longer remember what their offspring looked like. "You won't make School



HOWARD JACOBSON

Captain this way," the headmaster warned me. Nor did I. I was considered too enthusiastic. Even in those days respect for discipline was never more than lukewarm. Since then I have learned that when it comes to name-taking you

are on your own. No one backs you up. Not the police, not the government, not the ombudsman, nobody. If you are to strike fear into the hearts of those whose names you write down - the taxi drivers who won't take you south of the Thames on a Saturday night; the girls at the ticket desks who won't get off the phone and sell you a ticket although the performance is just starting - you have to look as though you mean to go through with your threats. Today your notebook, tomorrow their bosses.

But there's the catch. Tomorrow you have forgotten.

How many notebooks do I have, each one filled with the names of those who once committed outrages on my dignity but against whom I never acted? Years later as I'm cleaning out a cupboard or a

drawer I come upon a list of names to which I can no longer attach a crime, but which for all that can still bring to mind the sensation of ancient shame and grievance. Take Luis Martinez, whose name I found scribbled on the inside cover of an old chequebook only the other day. Would I ever remember what Luis Martinez had done to me?

Yes. Easily. Luis Martinez was the rent-a-truck man who met us at Albuquerque airport when we were filming a television series about laughter. So why weren't we laughing? Because Luis Martinez wouldn't remove the back seats from the van in order to make room for our equipment. The deal was, we reminded him, a van with removable seats. Si señor, the van had removable seats; we just couldn't remove them from the vehicle.

But in that case we wouldn't have room for our equipment, which was the reason we'd specified removable seats in the first place. A big New Mexican shrug from Luis Martinez. But señor, the seats were removable.

Normally FAs look after this kind of problem. But anything of Kafkaesque proportions I considered mine. Out came my little book. "OK, name?"

It was my intention to stop him ever working anywhere in New Mexico again. But to whom do you report Luis Martinez in a state where everybody's called Luis Martinez?

Oh to have been a referee. Oh to have been able to show Martinez and those 48 third-formers a red card and send them off the pitch and into discredit forever.

## The two universes of the Lord presenter

### SATURDAY PROFILE

MELVYN BRAGG

YOU WOULD not expect the news of a job change for a Monday-morning radio presenter to cause much of a stir. But then, Melvyn Bragg has always been different. His removal from Radio 4's *Start the Week* - where he has been at the smooth-talking Monday-morning helm for the past decade - has been seen as a media bombshell. In itself, that is a remarkable tribute to the role that Mr Bragg plays in British broadcasting today.

The ennoblement of Melvyn Bragg as a Labour peer is the reason given for his removal. *Start the Week*, says James Boyle, controller of Radio 4, deals occasionally with matters of public policy. "And together we have come to the conclusion that the best way forward is to move on."

Some within the BBC believe that the idea of moving Bragg from *Start the Week* long pre-dated his elevation to the peerage. Friends say that Bragg himself had become increasingly nervous that he might be tucked away from his favourite slot.

Bragg's Labour sympathies are hardly new. But he has drawn a clear line between his politics and his day job. He has long been seen as king of the Labour Luvvies, and has repeatedly been tipped for a putative arts job in a Labour government. But he himself repeatedly described such suggestions as "fantasy", with the more-or-less convincing retort: "As if I'd give up all this."

The announcement that Bragg was leaving *Start the Week* was quickly followed by the news that he will no longer be writing a column for *The Times* - "a mutual and amicable decision".

Meanwhile, the more politically sensitive programme that Bragg presents - Channel 4's *The Sundays*, where he and his guests cast an eye over early editions of the next day's newspapers - may yet survive. Tonight's programme will no doubt feature an abundance of damaging Sunday headlines about Labour

spin doctors and allegations of underhand behaviour. How does a Labour loyalist deal with that? The answer is: with few problems. Bragg can hardly be sacked for speaking openly. Should anybody - including the party whips on either side - care? Channel 4 has left its options open for commissioning a new series, saying that no decision has been taken, but insisting that it is "confident" that Bragg would maintain his impartial chairmanship if the series were to be re-commissioned.

Melvyn Bragg has a famously acid tongue for those who bore or irritate him. But, as he once pleaded, when particularly bruised by an attack: "What had I done? I'm not a mass murderer, or a serial killer, or a politician who has broken his promises. I'm a marginal figure who does an arts show and a little radio programme and writes books."

The last bit is just a touch disingenuous. Still, it is odd that Bragg is no longer judged simply by the quality of the products that he is most closely associated with. *The South Bank Show*, which has his thumbprint even when he is not presenting the programme, straddles high and popular culture, while preserving a voice of its own. Downmarket? Try looking at the equivalent programmes in other countries, and it is difficult to describe it as such.

Some of his enemies over the years have been obviously political. *The Daily Mail* has long loathed him. He is, after all, the ultimate Hampstead champagne socialist. *The Mail* has attacked everything about Bragg from his novels to his arts programmes to his looks. It once published an entire page devoted to criticising Melvyn Bragg's hair. Another article was headed

"Pompous, dreary, arrogant and nasty, too."

Politics aside, there is an intriguing pattern to what has been written about Bragg. Those who go to interview him have regularly declared him to be full of vanity, rudeness and emptiness. Most famously, Lynn Barber in the *Independent on Sunday* in 1990 accused him of vanity on a grand scale: "Is Melvyn Bragg vain? Is the Pope Catholic?" Bragg was later perceived as having wreaked his revenge on Barber by including a harridan of a journalist-interviewer in his next novel. (Bragg denied it hotly, though not very convincingly.) Other interviewers have similarly come away singularly uncharmed.

But it is also noticeable that those who have worked with and known Bragg over the years are sympathetic - and not just on the record. Indeed, Barber herself was incessantly badgered by people asking her the rhetorical question: "You've got to like him, haven't you?"

Many would simply shrug off the bad publicity. But Bragg has what one friend calls "a desperate desire to be liked". It manifests itself with a prickliness which is unusual in someone quite so prominent in the media - which is, after all, a place where kicks are par for the course.

Bragg's background gives both explanations and enigmas. Born a month after the outbreak of the Second World War, he was brought up in Wigton in Cumbria. The Lake District has remained crucial to his self-image, even though he now seems to be the quintessential metropolitan Londoner. He was due to leave school at 15, to work with his father in the pub that he owned. But Bragg's history teacher suggested that he should try for a scholarship to Oxford. His three years there

were not an entirely happy experience. When he visited the Oxford Union, "they all wore dinner jackets, and they spoke as though they were 108. I ran away, really, and never came back."

But he did not entirely run away. And in some respects he did come back. Bragg now inhabits two universes - he is a leading member of the metropolitan Great and Good in London, while still declaring fierce loyalty to his Cumbrian roots. His writing contrasts the innocence of the Lake District with the darkness of London. In his own words: "I had the sense to change my nature when I came to London."

His early adult life was darkened by tragedy, with the suicide in 1970 of his first wife, Lisa, who suffered from sometimes violent mental illness. He is understandably unwilling to talk much publicly about this episode, but makes it clear that the pain is still strongly felt. He has been happily married to his second wife, Cate Haste, for 25 years.

Meanwhile, Bragg himself remains a driven man, as though eternally still seeking to prove something to somebody - perhaps even to himself. He is an acknowledged millionaire - partly because of his share options as a director of London Weekend Television, partly because he is one of the most powerful media figures in Britain - as writer, editor and presenter. He shows no signs of wishing to slow down. Since the announcement that he will no longer be presenting *Start the Week*, Bragg has put a brave face on it, saying: "At least I'll get my weekends back." But friends believe he deeply regrets the loss of that platform, where intellectual compromise was never needed. The programme was a Bragg vehicle. Although it did not shy away from intellectual subjects, it remained enormously popular.

Bragg may be vain. He is undoubtedly sensitive. It's that a problem - and if so, why? Above all, however, he is a powerful broad-



Melvyn Bragg will be moving on from his position as Radio 4's *Start the Week* presenter

caster in the way that he draws us in to what might otherwise be dauntingly difficult subjects - which, in a way, is all that matters. It is a reiteration for the 21st century. His infectious enthusiasm for scientific subjects deliberately chips away at the classic British arts-science divide. As an interviewer he is sometimes without compare. His final encounter with Dennis Potter was both bold and moving. There was humanity - but no taboos and no

false concern. Potter was explicitly grateful to his old friend. And the viewer could be doubly grateful, for the insights which Potter provided, and for the way that Bragg teased them out. In the hands of a lesser interviewer, that conversation would have descended into lawdriess and morbid embarrassment.

Despite the departure from the Monday-morning slot, it seems unlikely that Bragg is beginning to slip off the media stage, as he does the

ermine of the Lords. Put differently: if his new Lordliness were to come in the way of his presenting work, he would feel pangs, at the very least. If he has to choose between the titles "Lord Bragg of Wigton - former presenter", and "Mr Bragg, everywhere on the airwaves", there seems little doubt where the noble lord's own sympathies would lie.

STEVE CRAWSHAW

## Tourism is destructive, in anybody's language

### SATURDAY ESSAY by JAN MORRIS

THE TOURISTS are coming! Bar the gates, lock up your daughters! Here at my home in Wales just now, like many another honest citizen across half Europe, I am standing to my arms as the annual migratory horde spills once again out of the mountains to the sea. With its vast convoys of family cars, its terrible encampments of caravans, its generic concomitants of mess, whine and ugliness, it really does suggest to me, every summer, the arrival of a scavenging medieval army out of some ghastly hinterland.

As you perhaps detect, I hate mass tourism and almost everything to do with it. It is a sterile industry. It creates nothing. It degrades all it touches. It encourages pretence and phoney traditionalism. It brings out the worst in its practitioners and it reduces mighty works of art and architecture, fateful processes of history, the noblest expressions of faith, the most magnificent scenes of nature, to the level of commercial gimmicks.

During the tourist season I stock up with victuals, make sure I have plenty of wine, and seldom emerge from my own little fortress of the back-country except to clear up the crisp packets or junk-food cartons deposited by passing rambblers along our sweet and dusty lane.

One of the miseries of tourism is that, almost by definition, it attacks everywhere most beautiful. The Côte d'Azur, Yellowstone, the Italian lakes, the Barrier Reef, the Greek islands, Venice and Sausalito, Prague and Cordoba - during the time of the mass migrations all such prodigies are as overwhelmed by the onslaught of the barbarians as is our own lovely corner of Cardigan Bay.

Of course they are not all barbarians, not all "monsters of the sea", as a Venetian monk characterised the crowds thronging the Piazza San Marco in the Middle Ages. Of course they aren't. Some of my best friends are tourists.

But such is the scale of the modern holiday industry, so violent are its assaults and so relentlessly distributed across the face of the whole planet - even into Antarctica or dread Sahara - that for me (and perhaps for you?) the very word "tourist" has become a kind of shorthand for all things unlovely.

Whether it is a frail company of elderly dons and their wives embarking on a lecture cruise through the wine-dark seas, or a mob of lager louts off to Ibiza, or a clutch of paedophile creeps in search of Bangkok pleasures, a tourist is

a tourist is a tourist. "Tourist" means trashy, so the Oxford Dictionary says, and a tourist trap is a place of shoddy exploitation.

It was not always so, pace that medieval monk. To take as exemplar my own part of the world, there are little towns along the Welsh coast which have been holiday resorts for at least a century, but have only become touristy in our own time. Until the Second World War they prospered modestly by the profits of bed-and-breakfast, provided by local ladies whose husbands were postmen or greengrocers.

The style and pace of their hospitality was gentle, their cuisine was unambitious, their first language was generally Welsh, and the same visitors came back year after year for their week or two between the sands and the Brown Windsor soup.

You could call it dull; you could call it unimaginative; but nobody thought of it as touristy. It had a style of its own, being thoroughly indigenous and authentic. A holiday up here, in my mother's childhood, was emphatically a holiday in Wales.

Today the tourist industry



Unlovely tourists crowd the beaches

The People

has invented its own national identity. In Portofino as in Mousehole, it creates an ambience which is, so to speak, extra-territorial.

"Come to Greece of the Heroes", its brochures cry, or "Where the Past Overlaps the Present" - but in fact it pays no more than lip service to the local *genet loci*. Corporations remote indeed from mountain or

seashore, greedy landowners and brain-washed shopkeepers, have turned their fields into Touristia.

Many tourists nowadays don't particularly care what country they are in anyway - if indeed they know. Many more have long been acclimated to the tourist version of travel. "If today is Thursday," as an American movie title

had it long ago, "we must be in Belgium".

I must not, however, be entirely negative. I hate to see what tourism has done to so many ancient cultures, and what havoc it wreaks among the sensibilities of its beneficiaries (or victims). I hate to walk along the promenade of our local seaside town and see that an overwhelming proportion of its bed-and-breakfast places are now owned by people from far away, cashing in on its innocent charms.

I hate to remember that glorious Ionian seacoast, before the Turks surrendered it to the mob. I am never going to St Tropez again. But I do manage to tell myself, between curses, that there are good things to tourism as well as bad, and that the economy of many a small country like Wales has somehow to adapt to it.

That tourism is all to the benefit of the indigenous is, of course, pure baloney. You have only to walk along our promenade to realise that, or investigate the applications for planning permissions sought by theme park companies, caravan park operators, amusement arcade proprietors and miscellaneous obsessive op-

portunists. This particularly selfish industry homes in on anywhere it can pursue its grubby trade, and it is a saintly developer indeed who cares a damn about the good of the country.

In many places saturation has been achieved, but still tourist boards beckon the armies in; they would do better to stress quality rather than quantity - God knows Genghis Khan is coming anyway.

But there are useful and even wholesome spin-offs from tourism. There are opportunities for local employment, though not half as many as planning applications pretend. Shopkeepers or hoteliers who dislike tourism about as much as I do nevertheless get custom from the horde.

The people of Ruengirola would never have tasted proper fish-and-chips were it not for tourism, and here at home I admit that satisfying the needs of tourists has sometimes provided happy advantages for local people - concerts, plays, amusements of one sort and another which otherwise would never have happened in a month of what used to be called Welsh Sundays.

It can be said for tourism, too, that at least it draws the nations together, and tells them the truth about one another.

Most inhibitions are shed, when a citizen becomes a tourist, and I can imagine that if mass holidays had been happening on the present scale in 1939, there might not have been a Second World War. Surely the peoples of Europe would have been too familiar with each others' pot-bellies to take very seriously the idea of a war against a neighbour?

And perhaps (dare I joke about it?) if the Welsh did not know the English quite so intimately through the medium of the tourist trade, we might never have got our Yes vote in the devolution referendum...

Who am I to talk, anyway? Like practically everyone else in western Europe, I have often been a tourist out of people's lanes. Fastidious citizens of Illyria and the Bohemian coast have bolted their doors when they have heard me coming down the road with the rest of the television crew, and in any summer since 1945 you might have seen me vulgarly licking an ice-cream beneath the Campanile San Marco, or popping into Harry's Bar for a gin-fizz in that original and ultimate tourist destination, Venice.

There's no denying it. I too have been a monster of the sea myself. Or to put it another way, *Et in Arcadia ego...*



6/OBITUARIES

# Henrik Stangerup

THE DANISH writer Henrik Stangerup was of Swedish descent. His grandfather Hjalmar Söderberg was a famous Swedish writer, one of the rare Swedish intellectuals to voice vehement opposition to the anti-Semitic wave of feeling in early-20th-century Sweden. His unwavering stance forced him, just before the First World War, to seek asylum in Denmark. Söderberg's best-known story, *Gertrud*, was a tale of his own passionate love for a woman who admired his writing but who betrayed him by starting a liaison with another writer. Carl Dreyer turned it into a magnificent film in 1964.

Stangerup's father, a Swede, was for a while an ardent follower of the Führer, before seeing the error of his ways and joining the Resistance. But Söderberg, convinced by his son-in-law that Hitler would win the war, tried to commit suicide with a cut-throat razor in 1941. Saved from death by his daughter Betty, Stangerup's mother, he died of despair not long after, harried by a neurotic wife and plagued by money problems.

Betty Söderberg had aspired to be a film star, but was eclipsed by the Danish diva Asta Nielsen and later by Anna Karina, the *égérie* of Jean-Luc Godard. After marriage to Hakon Stangerup, Betty became embittered, frustrated in her cinematic ambitions, and possessive, criticising the girlfriends and unsuitable women her son took up with, trying to control his spendthrift ways and his drinking.

These were some of the baleful influences that gradually overwhelmed Henrik Stangerup, but helped to make him a writer. In reaction to his mother's stranglehold on his life, this gloomy Dane became a Bohemian drifter, one forever haunted by a crippling sense of shame and guilt.

Stangerup had at first wanted to be an artist. (He wrote a monograph on Joachim Patenier, said to have been a pupil of that sinister master of the fantastic, Hieronymus Bosch. It was published in French translation in 1992.) But then, nagged by his social-climber mother, he began studying theology with a view to becoming a priest.

As he laboured over that barren science, he fell under the spell of the philosopher Søren Kierkegaard.

Stangerup's doctoral thesis was about Kierkegaard's influence on satire, Camus and Gabriel Marcel. But he never became a priest, echoing Kierkegaard by stating that a minister of religion supported by the state could never be a true holy man, and that the established church was no better than a corrupt government ministry.

This sudden change of attitude deeply shocked the pious Protestant Dannes, and disappointed Betty, who had wanted him to marry a rich countess and become a country gentleman, benevolently dispensing redemption from the sinews of a state-financed pulpit.

Stangerup now looked upon his native land with utter horror and contempt, deriding its bourgeois

Gabriel Marcel had the goodness to encourage the stranger. He wrote a novel about his experiences, *Sløgen i brystet* (1970, translated as *A Snake in the Heart*, 1996). Its existential hero, Møllerup, is a portrait of the author, a raging dissident.

One of the things that saved Stangerup's sanity was the French cinema. He met the young film director and critic Alexandre Astruc, as well as Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut. Astruc's great idea was to use the camera as a balpam, a *caméra-stylo* that would bring greater freedom into the flow of images. Stangerup had already used a kind of montage technique in his early short stories, so he decided to "write" a film with his own

patient, a woman who has murdered her husband. It was not an entire success, but it gave him an idea for a novel, *Manden der ville være skyldig* (1975, translated as *The Man Who Wanted to be Guilty* in 1983). In 1991, it became a film, directed by Ole Roos and starring Anna Karina. The English translation was prefaced by Anthony Burgess, who praised its excoriating assault on Scandinavian values.

The hero, a rebellious writer, has a conformist wife whose passive stupidity provokes him to murder her. The authorities transform this crime into an unfortunate accident, so as not to blemish the spotless image of a new society. But the man insists on being judged, and condemned as guilty, so he is hurried off to a convenient psychiatric hospital called Happy Garden. The book and the film infuriated the whole of Scandinavia. In the end, the writer begins writing again, as Stangerup did, with a semi-autobiographical novel, *Fjenden i forlystet* ("The Enemy Forestalled", 1978).

Kierkegaard inspired a final trilogy of novels, beginning in 1981 with *Vejen til Logos Santa* (translated as *The Road to Logos Santa*, 1984), about the life of the naturalist Peter Willem Lund among the Indians of Brazil, who prefers to stay there with them in the wild and hostile natural surroundings rather than return to the bourgeois comforts of academic life.

It was followed in 1985 by what is perhaps his finest work, *Forjættelsen eller det er svært at dø i Dieppe* or *The Seducer: it is hard to die in Dieppe* (1988), about Kierkegaard's alter ego, "The Seducer", one EL Møller, a critic who exiles himself in France to enjoy wine, women and song to the full, but who dies syphilitic and raving mad in Dieppe in 1865 – a career that somewhat resembles Stangerup's.

The third novel is *Broder Jacob* (1991: *Brother Jacob*, 1993). It is set in the 16th century and tells the story of the son of King Hans of Denmark, who gives up all hope of the throne by entering the Franciscan order. He travels throughout Europe, meeting Rabelais, the disciples of Erasmus and writers and artists of Italy and Spain, where he confronts anti-humanism, anti-Jewish and anti-Arab champions of the Inquisition.



He escapes to Mexico, where he learns the language of the Michoacan Indians, and lives among them until his death. The Indians hide his corpse, and his burial place becomes for them a holy place, kept forever secret from all outsiders. This novel is a dazzling *tour de force* of the imagination, and of a now highly developed literary technique. Stangerup had spent two years in South America, and Brazil had been in 1979 the setting of his last film, a

curious fantasy based on Erasmus Montanus, a Danish classic by their equivalent of Molière, Ludvig Holberg. Stangerup made it in Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, from offices in a brothel. The result was something like a mixture of *Monty Python* and the Brazilian extravaganzas of Glauber Rocha, and it was well received in France under the title *La Terre est Plate*, but in Denmark it was a catastrophe. The old native hatred of all that was free-thinking and

anti-conformist pursued Henrik Stangerup to the end. But out of the depression such animosity caused him, he found the strength to start his great final trilogy, that was translated into 20 languages and brought him fame throughout the world.

James Kirkup

Henrik Stangerup, novelist and film-maker: born Copenhagen 1 September 1937; married (one son); died Copenhagen 3 July 1998.



Snyder collaborated with Gene Deitch on 13 short films about an impish alien called Nudnik, which won them an Oscar nomination

## William L. Snyder

PRODUCERS OF animated cartoons seldom had any kind of artistic ability of themselves. Fred Quimby, who had his name on all the MGM cartoons, never drew a cat or a mouse in his life. Leon Schlesinger, who signed his name to all the Warner Brothers' Bugs Bunnies and Daffy Ducks, was originally that company's producer of B westerns.

William L. Snyder was not very different. However, the cartoon films produced under the banner of his company, Rembrandt Pictures, were as different from the run of cinema-screen knockabouts as they could be, given the commercial climate of post-war America. For a start they were made in Czechoslovakia, and for seconds they had at their helm a talented animator named Gene Deitch.

Snyder was born in Baltimore in 1920. He obtained his BA degree at Johns Hopkins University in 1940, and entered the US Navy in 1941, serving as Lieutenant-Commander until his release in 1945. By 1948 he had established Rembrandt Films as an importer and distributor of foreign films produced particularly in Eastern Europe. This led to him co-producing his first feature film, *White Mane* (1953), which United Artists took on for distribution.

Cartoon films came into Snyder's ken around this time, as the animation studio in Prague began to export its very different short productions. These were quite unlike the character-based series so popular in the US, featuring different heroes and different drawing styles to the type of cartoon art audiences were used to. Snyder found a ready market for the cartoons in the art-house cinemas which were then opening up across America.

The only American company producing cartoons with an adult appeal at this time was UPA, the United Productions of America. And even they found that to survive they needed a regular slapstick hero. In 1946 UPA had given birth to the short-sighted Mr Magoo who, with the chucking voice of James Backus, soon became a national favourite. Working as an "in-between" (drawing the stages between the poses penned by the animators) was a young beginner named Gene Deitch.

In 1951 Deitch rose to the post of Creative Director at UPA, and four years later moved on to supervise the old traditional firm of Terrytoons upon their takeover by CBS Television. For CBS, Deitch created such characters as *Tom Terrific*, *Fleebus*, and many more, all drawn in a sim-

plified style that helped cut the costs of animation without spoiling the look of the image.

Meanwhile, Snyder was also getting into animation production, and with his Prague connection, made *The Emperor's Nightingale* with television in mind. This 25-minute story, adapted from Hans Christian Andersen, was a huge success in America thanks to the excellent idea of having the old monster-maker Boris Karloff do the narration, in the kindly, avuncular tones he had been using to tell tales on children's radio.

Deitch had a similar one-off success with *The Juggler of Our Lady* (1957). This was designed by the popular magazine cartoonist R.O. Blechman, whose unusually loose style was then very popular with adults. Thus it was perhaps inevitable that the two men, Snyder and Deitch, should come together, one to produce and supervise, the other to animate and direct.

In 1959, Rembrandt Pictures became a production company and Deitch, inspired, left the US virtually for good to take up the top post at the Prague studio. Snyder had his eye on television and his ambition was to produce cartoon films of the many picture books for children

which were currently best-sellers in the States. Ludwig Bemelmans's highly popular Madeline books, about one individual little girl standing out from her playmates at a Paris school, were beautifully animated in the creator's style, as were James Thurber's picture book *Many Moons*, and Eve Tins's *Anatole*, a tale of mice.

Needing dollars, Snyder and Deitch accepted a contract with MGM, who had recently sacked their staff cartoonists William Hanna and Joe Barbera but needed to make more Tom and Jerry cartoons for showing on television. Six of the original Hanna-Barbera cartoons were sent out to Prague for the Czech animators to study, and in 12 months they made 13 six-minute films.

Unfortunately they were all bad, the Czech cartoonists seemingly unable to adapt to the more commercial MGM style. Deitch was depressed, but Snyder promptly made a similar deal with King Features, a syndicate who had entered the booming television market with plans to animate their comic-strip heroes. Reluctantly Deitch directed a string of Popeye and Krazy Kat cartoons, which were even less attractive than the Tom and Jerrys.

True success finally came to Snyder and Deitch with their animated

adaptation of Jule Feiffer's children's book *Munro* (1961). It won the Academy Award for the Best Animated Short Subject and told the tale of a four-year-old boy who is mysteriously drafted into the army. Further Oscar nominations followed for their films *Self Defense* – for Cowards (1963), *The Game* (1963), *How to Avoid Friendship* (1964) and their series of 13 shorts about an impish little alien called Nudnik. Titles included *Home Sweet Nudnik* and *I Remember Nudnik*.

After Deitch moved on, Snyder formed a new company called Childhood Productions, and made a feature-length cartoon called *Alice in Paris* (1966). Later, as Chevron Pictures, he made *I, a Woman* (1968) and *The Daughter* (1970).

It seems sad that out of these many fine adaptations of once popular children's picture books, all we see today are Snyder's off-the-cuff versions of Popeye the Sailor and Tom and Jerry on the Cartoon Network.

Denis Gifford

William L. Snyder, film producer: born Baltimore 14 February 1920; married (one son, two daughters); died Livingston, New York 3 June 1998.

## Sir Ralph Perring Bt

RALPH PERRING was born into the furniture business. His grandfather Henry Perring had opened his first furniture shop in central London towards the end of the 1880s. Henry's two sons, John and William, then opened one each of their own – John Perring (Ralph's father) in Richmond, Surrey, and William in the Harrow Road, in west London.

Ralph Perring began helping in his father's shop as a Saturday job while he was at school at University College School, Hampstead. He joined the firm full-time after leaving school and, in the years leading up to the outbreak of the Second World War, oversaw an expansion of the business. During the war a number of the shops were converted for the production of radio components.

In 1968 the two businesses of John and William Perring were brought together as Perring Furnishings,

forming a national chain of around 30 shops. Although he remained chairman until 1981, Ralph Perring had by this time handed over the day-to-day running of the business to his sons, while he largely concentrated on public work. Perring Furnishings was sold 10 years ago – a century after Henry Perring had opened his first premises to the north of Tottenham Court Road.

A London magistrate since 1943, Ralph Perring was elected to the City's Court of Common Council for Cripplegate in 1948, becoming an Alderman for Langborn Ward three years later, by which time his eldest son had entered the family business, allowing Perring to devote more time to his public work. He served as Sheriff 1958-59 and in 1962 was elected Lord Mayor. He chose "Export and Prosper" as the theme of the Lord Mayor's Show and of many of the 750 speeches he subsequently made at home and abroad, and

was keen to use his term of office to support Britain's export drive.

Perring loved City traditions and was at one time Master of the Worshipful Companies of Tin Plate Workers, Painter-Stainers, and Furniture Makers. A founder member of the Furniture Makers' Guild, he was able, in 1963, during his year as Lord Mayor, to present the then Master of the Guild with the Grant of Livery. Thus the Worshipful Company of Furniture Makers was born and became the 83rd Livery Company of the City of London and only the sixth to be formed since the reign of Queen Anne.

Jan Wright

Even if the Furniture Makers' Company had come into being without Ralph Perring's help, and I suspect that it may well not have done so, the company would not have the success it now does, writes Roger Richardson. In other

words, his guidance, help and enthusiasm created what many believe to be the most successful of the modern companies – a living memorial.

My earliest personal memory of Sir Ralph was in a speech he made at a company function fairly soon after the guild became a livery when, ever concerned by our lack of seniority, he pointed out that all senior companies had traditions and therefore we must also have them. Then, impishly, and with his characteristic slightly lopsided grin, he asked "Can anyone suggest any suitable traditions?"

No traditions were forthcoming then, but the real tradition and the one that matters is that the company's membership is limited to those engaged in the furniture industry, and that the company has been of enormous benefit to the industry in helping to make it one in which it is enjoyable to work. In the past, retailers, designers and man-

ufacturers rarely met socially and friendships between them were all too few. The Furniture Makers' Company has in part been responsible for changing attitudes and all those in the industry, whether liverymen or not, owe Ralph Perring an enormous debt of gratitude.

Ralph Edgar Perring, furniture maker: born Richmond, Surrey 23 March 1905; Master, Worshipful Company of Tin Plate Workers 1944-45; chairman, Perring Furnishings 1948-81; founder member, Worshipful Company of Furniture Makers 1949-98; Alderman of the City of London (Langbourn Ward) 1951-75, HM Lieutenant and Sheriff 1958-59, Lord Mayor 1962-63; KT 1960; Bt 1963; Master, Worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers 1977-78; married 1928 Mary Johnson (died 1991); two sons, and one son deceased; died London 23 June 1998.



Perring was Lord Mayor of London in 1962-63



## Professor Bernhard Häring

BERNHARD HÄRING, the German Redemptorist priest and moral theologian, spent his life pondering the moral dilemmas inherent in pursuit of the Christian way of life and, at the same time, saving the Church he loved by bringing its rules in line with modern life. His efforts were not always welcome.

Häring was born in 1912, in the small town of Böttingen in Württemberg. His was a traditional Catholic farming family in which he was the 11th of 12 children. He attended the Gymnasium in Günzburg in Bavaria, after which he joined the Redemptorist Order. His ambition was to be a missionary but the outbreak of the Second World War prevented this.

Although ordained a priest he was called up for military service. Clergy of all denominations were a normal part of Hitler's Wehrmacht. He served in the West and also on the Eastern front where, like many others, he was deeply influenced by what he saw. He could have ended up being shot for celebrating mass for Polish co-religionists and other similar breaches of discipline. He was lucky with his commanding officer. He was also lucky that he was back in southern Germany preaching among refugees soon after the end of hostilities. He returned to the Theologische Hochschule in Gars am Inn where he had taught briefly in 1940. He was appointed professor, serving there until 1957.

From 1957 until 1987 Häring held a chair in moral theology at the Pontifical Lateran University in Rome. His move to Rome coincided with a period of great change in the Catholic Church. In 1968 Pope Pius XII died and John XXIII was elected in his place. Although the new Pope was 76 there was a feeling that a new era had begun in the Church after the extreme conservatism of Pius XII. John died in June 1963 and Paul VI was inaugurated.

During this period there was much discussion about the Pope's role in the 1939-45 war. A thaw was taking place under Khrushchev in the Soviet Union, which affected the Catholic Church. Popes were travelling. In January 1964 Paul made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In December he was welcomed in Bombay. Meanwhile the Second Vatican Council was in session, 1962-65. The Church wanted to take stock, maintaining its doctrine and traditions but attempting to adapt them to the rapidly changing world. It had to take on board the emergence of the Third World, the Holocaust, the secularisation of European society, the ideal of democracy and, not least, the massive advances of science. In over 70 books and some



After serving in the war, Häring found difficulties as a priest with 'only obeying orders'

1,000 articles Häring addressed these developments.

As a German, Häring found difficulties with the obedience required by the Catholic Church. After the war many of his fellow countrymen had been condemned for "only obeying orders" when they carried out Nazi crimes. In addition he witnessed the problems of women who had been raped by foreign troops, of women forced to go out to work and afraid of another pregnancy.

Later the churches in West Germany saw a steep decline in the numbers paying the church tax, 1966-75. There was also a growing shortage of those training to be Catholic priests. Häring tried to get to grips with some of these issues

in his three-volume *Law of Christ*, published in 1954 and translated into more than 15 languages. He helped to draft the deliberations of the Second Vatican Council in *The Church in the Modern World*. He was attacked indirectly by the deeply conservative Cardinal Heenan, the Archbishop of Westminster.

In 1965 Häring was a member of the Vatican commission which recommended the lifting of the ban on artificial contraception. Pope Paul VI, however, refused to accept this recommendation. Häring took the view that Catholics still had to decide according to their own consciences. Although disappointed, Häring remained deeply attached to his church. Perhaps he was helped by the invitations

he had to lecture in the US and elsewhere, and by the public recognition he received outside the Catholic Church.

In 1988 he attempted to draw up a balance sheet in his *Meine Erfahrung mit der Kirche* ("My Experience with the Church").

David Childs

**Bernhard Häring, theologian: born** Böttingen, Germany 10 November 1912; **ordained priest** 1939; **Professor, Theologische Hochschule, Gars am Inn** 1940, 1947-57; **Professor of Moral Theology, Accademia Alfonsiana/Pontifical Lateran University, Rome** 1957-87 (*Emeritus*); **died** Gars am Inn, Germany 3 July 1998.

### HISTORICAL NOTES

HUGH DAVID

## Unspeakables of the Oscar Wilde sort

THE 12 jurors empanelled at the Old Bailey for the final trial of Oscar Wilde in 1895 were the lucky ones, or so the Solicitor-General assured them. "I insist that no false delicacy will be allowed to prevent the whole of the details of what actually took place from being laid before you," he told them, and he was as good as his word.

The general newspaper-reading public did not fare so well. To start with, all the London *Evening Standard* would reveal was that the case had begun when the Marquess of Queensberry left a card at his club addressed to "Oscar Wilde posing as

as —". In the late 19th century homosexuality wasn't only a Love which Dared not Speak its Name; with the exception of the Solicitor-General, it was something which no one quite wanted to name or even think about. "Gotta use words when I talk to you," T. S. Eliot was later to write, and part of the problem was that in 1895 neither the Name nor any convenient word was there for the using. "Gay" still meant, well, gay; and it was to be more than a decade before even the neologistic "homosexual" was coined — in a medical journal.

No surprise then, that when E. M. Forster was drafting his novel *Maurice* in 1914 (it was not published until 1971) his eponymous hero could only describe himself as "an unspeakable of the Oscar Wilde sort". His self-loathing was unusual, though. For all the publicity it attracted, until well into the present century the trial of Oscar Wilde defined a man rather than a "crime". "Oscar" remained a term of schoolboy abuse until after the Second World War. Such oral testimony as exists suggests that Edwardian farm-hands would occasionally "play with each other" but fiercely refute the suggestion that they were "queer" — if anyone had thought to make it.

The First and Second World Wars brought their own imperatives — "every man during the war thought every night could be his last and was determined to go out with a bang; very often I was that bang" — but in the first half of this century the notion of homosexuality *per se* was weak, and, for possibly a majority of those whom we would now call latently homosexual men, self-identifying as homosexuals was rare.



Wilde: 'Oscar' remained a term of abuse until after the Second World War

Such men who are old enough to remember it minimise the impact which the 1967 decriminalisation of homosexuality had on their lives saying such things as "The Wolfenden debate didn't affect my life very much," says one. "I wonder if things have changed as much as people make out," asks another.

We are now a generation on from that landmark on the road to sexual liberation and the permissive society. Parliament has now even debated a reduction in the age of consent. Aids has put paid to the hopes of the agitprop gay radicals of the Sixties and Seventies and a young man to whom I have spoken, born nearly a decade after decriminalisation, described a "gay" life style which would have been familiar to many of those Hardy-esque farm-boys — or indeed the manservants whom the Solicitor-General brought to the Old Bailey for the benefit of the jury. He knew what he was doing, but no way was he a "gayboy"; no sex, just kissing and stroking.

Most of the "young men" who appeared at the Old Bailey in 1895 used almost the same words. Wilde the playwright would have appreciated the irony.

Hugh David is the author of *On Queer Street* (HarperCollins, £8.99)

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### DEATHS

**SCHROEDER:** Ruth Hurdall (nee Muirhead), peacefully at home in Stirling, on 9 July 1998, aged 97 years.

#### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

Princess Alexandra, Deputy President, British Red Cross Society, today visits the Norwich British Red Cross Shop; and opens the Julian Hospital, Norwich. The Duke of Kent, President of the Football Association, tomorrow attends the World Cup Final in Paris.

#### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

**TODAY:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. **TOMORROW:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am. No 7 Company Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, funerals, forthcoming marriages, marriages), which must be submitted in writing, are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. Always include a daytime telephone number.

#### BIRTHDAYS

**TODAY:** Air Chief Marshal Sir Michael Alcock, 61; Mr Giorgio Armani, fashion designer, 64; Sir John Blofield, High Court judge, 66; The Right Rev Richard Chartres, Bishop of London, 51; Mr Robert Compton, former chairman, Time-Life International, 76; Mr Bill Crozier, radio producer, 74; Mr Peter de Savary, entrepreneur and yachtsman, 54; Lord Jamner of Braunstone, former MP, 70; Mr Theodore Maiman, physicist and inventor of the laser, 71; Miss Julia Trevelyan Oman, television, film and theatre designer, 68; Mr Hermann Prey, baritone, 69; Mr Giles Slaughter, former Headmaster, University College School, 61; Dr Derek Stevenson, former secretary, BMA, 87; Mr John Stride, actor, 62; Mr John Swift, Rail Regulator, 58; Mr Richard Thomas, former High Commissioner to Barbados, Grenada and St Vincent, 59; Mr Gough Whitlam QC, former Australian prime minister, 82.

**TOMORROW:** Mr Alan Bamford, former Principal of Homerton College, Cambridge, 68; Mr Milton Berle, comedian, 90; Miss Chilli Boucher, actress, 89; Mr John Bullock, former joint senior partner, Coopers & Lybrand, 65; Sir Alastair Burnet, broadcaster, 70; Mr Van Cliburn, pianist, 64; Mr Bill Cosby, comedian and actor, 61; Miss Annabel Croft, tennis player, 32; Lord Cuckney of Millbank, 73; Mr Gareth Edwards, rugby player, 51; Sir Arthur Hetherington, former chairman, British Gas, 87; Dom Philip Holdsworth, former Master of St Benet's Hall, Oxford, 77; Mr Richard Jackson, ambassador to Costa Rica, 58; Mr Thomas Iltyd James, retired surgeon, 98; Mr Michael Kenward, science writer, 58; Mr Michael Gough Matthews, former Director, Royal College of Music, 67; Lord Quirk,

former President, British Academy, 78; Miss Jennifer Saunders, comedienne and actress, 40; Mr Ranniklal Solanki, Editor, *Asian Trader* and *Garvati Gujarati*, 67; Lord Walker of Doncaster, former MP, 71; Mr Frank Windsor, actor, 71.

#### ANNIVERSARIES

**TODAY:** Births: Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, 1274; Frederick I, King of Prussia, 1657; Charles-Antoine Coppel, painter, 1694; Thomas Bowdler, editor and self-appointed censor of Shakespeare, 1754; John Quincy Adams, sixth US President, 1767; Thomas Wakley, founder of the *Lancet*, 1756; Paul Lacombe, composer, 1837; Anna Mehlig (Falk), pianist, 1846; Arthur William Tedder, first Baron Tedder, Marshal of the RAF, 1890; Elwyn Brooks White, writer, 1899; Deaths: Girolamo Genga, painter and architect, 1551; Charles Macklin, actor and playwright, 1797; Simon Newcomb, astronomer, 1909; Eugenia Maria de Montijo de Guzman, Comtesse de Teba, Empress of France, 1920; Alfred Dreyfus, soldier, 1935; George Gershwin (Jacob Gershwint), composer, 1937; Sir Arthur John Evans, archaeologist, 1941; Lucien Pissarro, landscape painter and book designer, 1944; Paul Nash, painter, printmaker and photographer, 1946; George Gard (Buddy) DeSylva, lyricist and film director, 1950; The Aga Khan III, 1957. On this day: the Duke of Marlborough was victorious over the French at the Battle of Oudenarde, 1708; Captain James Cook sailed from Plymouth on his last voyage, 1776; Waterloo Station, London, was officially opened, 1848; the Treaty of Villafranca was signed between Napoleon III and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, 1859; the Bombardment of Alexandria by the British

Fleet began, 1882; following a plebiscite, Allenstein and Marienwerder in Poland voted for union with Germany, 1920; the first television transmissions via Telstar began from Maine, US, to France, 1962; the Britannia Road Bridge over the Menai Strait was opened by the Prince of Wales, 1980. Today is the Feast Day of St Benedict, St Drostan, St Hildulf, St John of Bergamo and St Olga.

**TOMORROW:** Births: Gaius Julius Caesar, Roman soldier, 100 BC; Josiah Wedgwood, potter, 1730; Thomas Guthrie, founder of "Ragged Schools", 1803; Henry David Thoreau, author and naturalist, 1817; Eugene-Louis Boudin, painter, 1825; Edwin Longden Long, painter, 1829; Sir William Osler, physician, 1849; George Eastman, photographic pioneer, 1854; Anton Stepanovich Arensky, composer, 1861; Charles Cotter, landscape painter, 1863; Frederick Edwin Smith, first Earl of Birkenhead, statesman, 1872; Amedeo Modigliani, painter and sculptor, 1884; George Butterworth, composer, 1885; Oscar Hammerstein II, lyricist and writer, 1895; Yul Brynner (Yul Bryner), actor, 1915. Deaths: Jack (John) Cade, English rebel leader, 1450; Desiderius Erasmus, scholar, 1536; Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, writer, 1848; Robert Stevenson, lighthouse engineer, 1850; The Hon Charles Stewart Rolls, aviator and automobile manufacturer, killed 1910; Gertrude Margaret Lowthian Bell, traveller and archaeologist, 1926; Ferguson Wright Hume (Fergus Hume), novelist, 1932; Charles Frederick Goldie, artist, 1947; Douglas Hyde, poet, historian and first president of the Irish Republic, 1949; Mazo de la Roche, novelist, 1961; Kenneth More, actor, 1982. On this day: William I (The Lion) of Scotland was defeated at Alnwick, Northumber-

land, 1174; Henry VIII married Catherine Parr at Hampton Court Palace, 1543; the Armada set sail from Spain, 1588; the Battle of Aughrim was fought in Ireland by William of Orange, 1691; Britain took possession of Cyprus, 1878; Alfred Dreyfus was pardoned, his sentence quashed and he was restored to his regiment, 1906; 500 lives were lost when the Japanese battleship *Kawachi* blew up in Tokuyama Bay, 1918; the Anglo-Soviet agreement was signed in Moscow, 1941; Thor Heyerdahl and a crew of seven crossed the Atlantic from Morocco to Barbados in 57 days, using a papyrus boat, 1970; Sao Tome and Principe became independent, 1975; Reed International agreed to sell the Mirror Group newspapers to Robert Maxwell's Pergamon Press, 1984. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Felix, Saints Hermagoras and Fortunatus, St Jason, St John Gualbert, St John Jones, St John the Iberian, St Veronica.

#### LECTURES

**TODAY** National Gallery: Stella Gambling, "Snakes (ii): Rubens, *The Brazen Serpent*", 12pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: Nicholas Humphrey, "Art and Religion in Tudor and Stuart England", 2.30pm. Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Pollock's Practised Spontaneity", 1pm. British Museum: Barbara Brend, "The Juki Shahnama: a 15th-century Islamic manuscript", 11.30am; Barbara Brend, "Mughal Jade and Rock Crystal", 1.30pm.

**TOMORROW** Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Neo-Romantic States of Mind", 2.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: Colin Ford, "Lewis Carroll", 3pm.

## Peace will not founder at Drumcree tomorrow

IT IS three months since the Northern Ireland Agreement was signed on Good Friday. Will it survive this weekend? I reckon so, and I want to call in evidence William Ewart Gladstone and my old granddad.

"The mark o' the beast is on his broo," my grandfather John Kennedy once memorably remarked. This was in the little Ayrshire coastal town of Irvine, some time in the Thirties. The reference was to the Beast in Revelation, and indicated that the brow was that of a Catholic. My father, James Kennedy, kept very quiet, for he was courting a Catholic girl, Margaret Brady. In the end, they fled to Clydebank and married secretly.

But the streets there rang with sectarianism; the very first song I ever recall began:

King Billy slew the Papist crew  
At the Battle of Ballinwater.

That was in the late Forties, but the culture still rules in the streets and the politics of south-west Scotland. I still, naively, cannot understand why the schools did not teach that Pope Innocent XI had a Te Deum sung in St Peter's to mark William's victory at the Boyne. For that pope, most outstanding of the century, put the peace of Europe before any superficial idea of Catholic supremacy, and to see Louis XIV's client James II put to flight served that peaceful purpose.

Nor is this just a Scottish cultural hang-up. A Swedish woman recently recalled that she had met her husband in Africa. His mother, a good Lancashire Methodist, said, "I don't mind if she's black, just tell me she's not a Catholic." These sentiments are not created by the fear of the gunman; they are an assertion against the despised Other in this case Catholic. So visiting Northern Ireland is always a bit like going home.

These savage attitudes are now relatively marginal to English and Scottish life, but they were once central to British politics. In 1850, the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales established territorial dioceses. The Liberal government approved of toleration, but balked at what it saw as reli-

gious presumption. It introduced a Bill to outlaw this "Papal Aggression"; the debate in Parliament took a week. Gladstone, though deeply anti-Roman, spoke vehemently against this denial of religious liberty. The Bill none the less passed by a shamefully huge majority. But English anti-Catholic politics broke at precisely that point: the Act was never implemented, and no such sectarian legislation was ever again proposed. The Catholic bid for parity of esteem, rather than simple toleration, came off.

Which brings us to tomorrow, when the Protestants of Northern Ireland celebrate

**FAITH & REASON**

JOHN KENNEDY

*A new faith has arisen in our times — the faith of negotiation — and it is spreading now to Northern Ireland*

King Billy's great victory. Many marchers will want to keep the Sabbath, and so will march on Monday — and then threaten to converge on Drumcree. And that brings us to David Trimble. Drumcree is in his own constituency, and two years ago he won a famous victory over the British government when he forced the police to allow the Orange marchers along the Garvaghy Road. Now he is essentially part of the British government, as First Minister of the Northern Ireland Assembly. His future depends on the success of the Northern Ireland Agreement, which will change the border from a battle line to an administrative one. Time, and a bit of luck, will diminish Protestant rage somewhat; more importantly, time should also greatly reduce its political potency. Mr Trimble

has stepped out of Dr Paisley's boots and into Mr Gladstone's. He has accepted that peace in Northern Ireland has to be negotiated, between people who find one another's beliefs outlandish and their politics appalling. He has acknowledged that this commitment to a shared life is not a shabby compromise, but in itself a noble principle. It is one that governed Gladstone's political life, and, on occasion, overruled his deeply held religious convictions. For Gladstone was not a modern secularist, disdainful of religion; he was deeply versed in contemporary theology, a combative high Anglican, who saw a wide and impassable gulf between himself and the Church of Rome.

The amazingly good news is that more than half of Ulster Protestants have moved with Mr Trimble: they have risked setting the principle of negotiation over their traditional convictions. They did so in the way they voted in the Referendum, and for the Assembly. So great a movement should outweigh whatever terrible things may happen this weekend. Protestants may continue to demonstrate Catholics in the way that my grandfather did my mother; but there is some reason to hope that the political consequences of that abuse will diminish.

Of course, the power of a recalcitrant minority to subvert the common good is great in Ireland, as elsewhere, but the combination of institutional structure and popular will is likely to prevail. Fewer people now feel their faith is non-negotiable; more people are discovering a new faith in negotiation.

Gladstone's hope of Home Rule was, of course, frustrated in Ireland. This weekend will show whether the Ulster Protestants have at last agreed to Home Rule in Northern Ireland, recognising that the only sustainable kind of rule is a shared, negotiated one. In which case, my grandfather's text from Revelation might be replaced by one from Isaiah: Come let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

Two years after Caroline Dickinson was brutally murdered, her father is still desperately seeking justice. By Jason Bennetto

# 'I will find the man who killed my daughter'

In the next few weeks John Dickinson will put himself through unimaginable grief. He will relive what for most parents must be the ultimate nightmare.

Almost exactly two years ago, he said good-bye to his 13-year-old daughter, Caroline as she left for France on her first trip abroad without her parents.

"She was very excited about it. It was a great adventure," Mr Dickinson recalled. "My last memories are of seeing her waving goodbye with a big grin on her face. I told her to have a nice time." Four days later he was called into his boss' office to be told by two police officers that his daughter had died at a youth hostel under "suspicious circumstances".

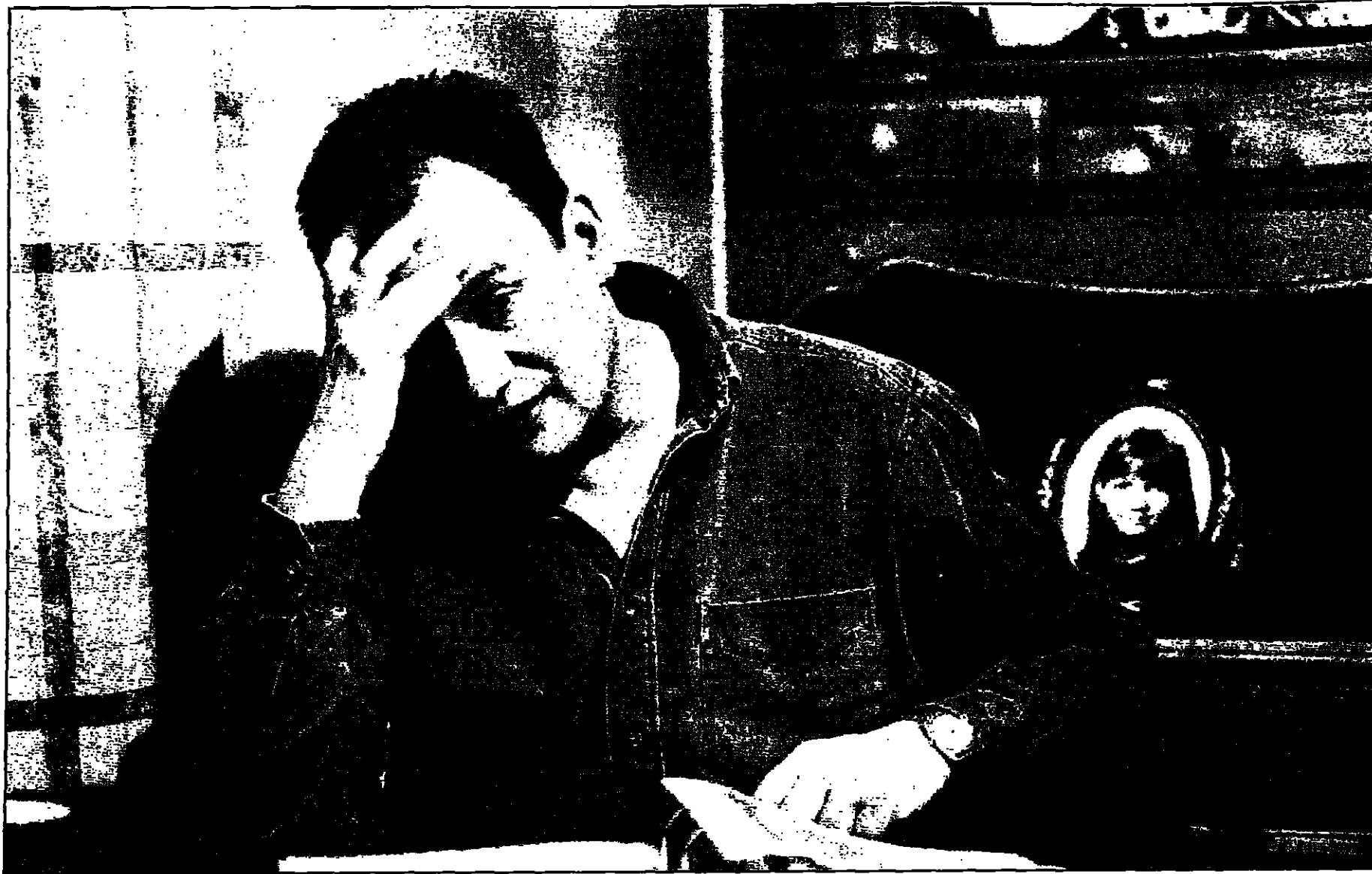
His former wife, Sue, was contacted by police as she enjoyed a day out at the beach with a friend.

Mr and Mrs Dickinson learnt from a French police officer days later that a man had crept into a small dormitory room where his daughter and four other school girls were sleeping and had raped and suffocated Caroline. Shortly after the murder John, 42, and Sue, 40, received postcards that Caroline had sent from her stay at the hostel in Plaine Fougères, near Rennes, Brittany. On the card to her father she had written: "Having fun, wish you were here."

"That was a lovely thing to receive from her even though she was dead," he said. Set in arable farmland scattered with woods and small villages, the area around the hostel is similar to the lush surroundings of Cornwall where the family settled because they thought it would be safer for their daughters.

After several delays, the Dickinsons were eventually allowed to visit the hostel. "When we went inside I was filled with complete disbelief that this was the crime scene. The room was so small. I can't explain the emotions I felt seeing that room," Mr Dickinson said.

The inquiry seemed to have achieved a major breakthrough when, about a week after the murder, the French investigators confidently informed Mr Dickinson they had caught the killer. A 39-year-old drifter had apparently "confessed" to the murder, but DNA later proved him innocent and last month he was awarded damages for false imprisonment. Relations with the French police team rapidly deteriorated following the false lead, and the investigating magistrate even refused to speak to Mr Dickinson, saying he was "too busy". "It concerned me greatly that he couldn't spend five minutes of his time to meet the fa-



John Dickinson: 'My last memories of Caroline are her waving goodbye with a big grin on her face'

Paul Armiger

ther of a murdered schoolgirl. It filled me with anger and suspicion that everything was not going well," said Mr Dickinson. He had every reason to be suspicious. Over the next few months the murder hunt was dogged by a succession of blunders.

DNA tests were ignored until too late because they were considered "too expensive", potentially vital witness statements were missed because they had not been translated into French, door-to-door inquiries were barred for fear of "disturbing the local community", and there was a reluctance to publicise photographs of the killer in case it "scared him off". The end result is that nearly two years after the murder the killer is still on the loose and there seems scant chance of his imminent capture.

Meanwhile John Dickinson, a food safety officer for North Cornwall

District Council, fights on. A private man who does not enjoy the media spotlight, he has channelled his determination and natural stubbornness to keep the investigation in the public eye. Meeting him at his modest house in Bodmin, Cornwall, it is difficult to understand what keeps him going. "The sadness can well up and overcome you when you least expect it. It can be triggered by seeing a girl who looks like Caroline or envisaging what she might look like now, or hearing a piece of music," he explains. He believes his attempts to cope privately with the trauma rather than in the public gaze have fairly lead him to be described as aloof or cold. "I find it very upsetting. I have very deep emotions but I have to hide them sometimes to allow me to go on."

He added: "I have got to move forward. My main priority is that the

murderer is found and to ensure safety in hostels is improved.

"I'm not the same person. Half of my purpose for living has gone."

The other half is his second daughter, Jenny, now aged 13. Jenny lives with his former wife in Launceston, 22 miles from his home. He sees her most weekends and telephones every night. His front room is filled with photographs of both his smiling daughters. "She was very close to Caroline and misses her terribly. Although it has hit her badly we all speak openly about Caroline, and Jenny often talks about her."

While John has worked with the media, his former wife, who is suing her local education authority for negligence and breach of duty, has kept her distance and concentrated on shielding her daughter who is studying at her sister's old school.

Born in Kuwait, where his father

worked for an oil company, John spent his first 10 years enjoying all the privileges of a thriving expatriate community. His mother died of cancer when he was 16 and like many men of his generation his father, who died eight years ago, found it difficult to express his feelings.

Mr Dickinson said: "Going to the funerals of both my parents was hard enough, but the funeral of your own daughter is inconceivable as you never expect to outlive your child."

John went to a boarding school in Yorkshire and then moved to South Africa as a student where he met his future wife and later returned to Britain with her. In 1981 they moved to Cornwall and started a family.

About 10 years ago, with the children then aged three and five, the parents separated. "A lot of fathers when they get divorced lose contact with their kids - I could not have con-

templated doing that. I used to think the girls need me, but the fact of the matter is I need them."

Every Friday evening John would pick up his daughters and spend the weekend in Bodmin. "They used to like going to Woolworth's to spend their pocket money. We would go swimming and walking and enjoy the countryside and each other's company," John still takes Jenny shopping, but has all but given up his previous interests of bike riding and tennis. "I have other more pressing things to do."

For more than a year after the murder the Dickinsons joined forces to protest against the incompetent handling of the murder inquiry by Gerard Zaig, the investigating magistrate. Mr Zaig was replaced in August last year by Judge Renaud Van Rymbeek, who has a reputation for always getting his man, however

long it takes. Suddenly, the inquiry gained new impetus. At the Dickinsons' behest, cottonwool found beside Caroline's body was subjected to scientific testing and found to have been used to suffocate her.

It also provided a direct link with an attack two hours before the murder in which a man tried to smother a schoolgirl from Salford, Greater Manchester, staying at a hostel 25 miles away, but was scared off by other girls. A photofit picture of a suspect has been compiled from descriptions which Mr Zaig had not considered important.

Its distribution throughout France has prompted more than 1,300 calls from the public.

One of the most hurtful aspects of the murder for Mr Dickinson was the reaction of several relatives who, unable to cope with the tragedy, cut themselves off from him. This was exacerbated by the absence of any back-up from professional agencies. "I was off work for three months and nobody visited me. I had phone calls from Victim Support, but no one from the social services came knocking. I feel that I was left floundering." He did not receive a Home Office's help pack for homicide victims for six months.

In an attempt to help other people, Mr Dickinson has produced a video called *Beyond a Nightmare*, along with Ruth Harrison a researcher at Exeter University, for professionals who deal with the families of homicide victims.

"The devastation that one feels when a loved one dies is compounded even more when it is your child. You feel incredibly weak and vulnerable and in need of guidance," he says. But the murder hunt is not without hope. A possible lead emerged in May with the disclosure that the police have obtained a photograph of a Frenchman who they want to question about the case. The man was photographed at a hostel in the Republic of Ireland in January by a Swiss couple on holiday. They became suspicious after noticing the similarity between the stranger and a photofit shown on television of a suspect seen near the dormitory in Brittany.

Mr Dickinson is determined to continue his fight and plans to convert Caroline's old room, which has remained almost untouched for two years, at his house into a campaign office. Next week he will make the painful journey to the scene of his daughter's murder on the second anniversary of her death and appeal for help in catching her killer.

Mr Dickinson can be contacted via PO Box 50, Bodmin, PL31 1XD

## Making it means flaking it

There's no such thing as a prior engagement any more. Americans have turned last-minute cancellations into an art form. By Richard Kelly Heft

FLAKES ARE people - bad people. Very bad. We are not talking baby-killers, but as far as I am concerned, they have no place in civilised society. The other thing - in the United States, they are everywhere. A quick definition of the term: a flake is someone who is unreliable; someone who will find last-minute excuses to weasel out of almost any arrangement - especially when something better comes along. They have the approximate value of an Italian lira or a presidential denial.

To flake (verb) is to cancel at the last minute; not to show up, or otherwise not to follow through with plans.

"It's part of our charm, isn't it?" says Todd Phillips, vice-president of corporate communications at MTV.

"I hate to characterise my people as flakes, but..."

As Mr Phillips sees it, Hollywood is the very centre of flakedom, "the land of empty promises". "You become accustomed to it," he says. "You learn to take what people say with a grain of salt, and don't lose any sleep over it."

For non-Americans, the experience can be most disconcerting. Not having the benefit of flake-detection, we often feel like babes in the woods - country bumpkins tumbled from some turnip truck, pathetically clinging to the antiquated belief that a commitment really means something.

"At first I took it personally," says Carolyn Harrison, a Canadian medical technician who has lived in California for the last nine years. "Then I start-



'If you find yourself stood up, don't worry be happy'

Edward Webb

ed to realise that Americans do it to each other as well - I just didn't know the rules."

The rules have changed a lot in recent years. No one knows this better than Judith Martin, a syndicated columnist also known as "Miss Manners". Martin says she receives "carloads" of complaints about the problem and sees no end in sight. She blames the Sixties-era pop psychology credo which held that your most important duty was to yourself. If

that means breaking previous engagements and inventing excuses because something better comes along, so be it.

"The people who do this call it being spontaneous," she says. "Those who have it done to them call it being rude. People simply do not honour their social obligations - this is one of the reasons why people don't give dinner parties any more." Those who do, find themselves making schoolmarmish phone calls to their friends,

prodding and cajoling for firm commitments. No less an authority than the *Wall Street Journal* wrote last month about how little sway RSVP holds in society these days.

Cited in the article was the bleak plea included in the invitations sent out by one Arizona socialite recently: "Please call me if you can make it," she wrote. "Do not use the excuse that you are too busy for a two-minute phone call."

Not that there isn't a certain

etiquette to flaking. There is the "pre-emptive flake": "when I didn't hear from you I figured..." and the "counterflake": if one friend cancels on plans earlier in the day, say for cycling at midday, and arrangements are made to try again at 4pm or 5pm, a retaliatory flake is expected. No afternoon meeting will ever take place.

You must also learn that certain expressions, such as: "I'll call you soon" and "let's get in touch next week", or the old

Hollywood chestnut, "let's do lunch" are in fact devoid of any real meaning. A rough translation might be "have a nice day", or "later, dude".

Given that self-preservation is the key, the back-up plan is essential in the US. Unfortunately, from that point it seems only a matter of time before you begin to slide the slippery slope into flakedom.

Carolyn Harrison says she found herself "starting to act like them" after a few years of life in Los Angeles.

"One year I was asked to three Thanksgiving dinners and I accepted all three invitations, then I just chose the best one," she says. "I was disgusted with myself."

These days she says she always expects a last-minute change of plan, and does not worry about it so much.

But the disappointments can still sting. She recalls being invited to the 30th birthday party of a Canadian friend living in LA. Harrison was the only woman to show up and her friend rushed over with a big hug and an almost tearful thank you. "It was pretty sad."

Part of the game, it turns out, is to act as if it is no big deal; if you are cool, you'll be laid back about it. Things happen, people have to be free to do their own thing. If you are on the losing end, well, "don't worry - be happy". Makes you pine for simpler times, really.

"Whatever happened to the good old days when someone's word was their bond?", asks Noreen Dresser, author of *Multicultural Manners*, whose most recent luncheon included eight last-minute cancellations.

### THE INDEPENDENT

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New Labour men may be young, flash and brash. And their Old Labour critics are not impressed. By Anne McElvoy

# Draper syndrome: overpaid, underage, in power

After a week of lobby scandal, two things seem certain. The first is that for all the glee at his "downfall", Derek Draper will still be drinking champagne, tending his flourishing bank account and telling tall stories in the Groucho Club in a year's time. Like Woody Allen's Zelig, he will always turn up somewhere in the flow of events, doing just fine. So will the other smart lads who traded on their old Labour alliances to make money and who have so wisely kept their trendy heads down to allow Draper and Number 10's adviser Roger Liddle to take the flak.

The second is that Liddle - who allegedly promised to "make the call" to anyone in Draper's list of influential people in order to bring in business for a lobbying company - looks like damaged goods and it is doubtful whether he can be sustained in Number 10 without causing more damage to his boss than is worth the bother.

But the fate of these two individuals is no longer the main issue. The "cash for access" allegations have exposed the fault line which runs through the middle of the Labour Party and which has, until now, been carefully papered over by the image-makers. They have revealed how dangerously fragile the acceptance of Mr Blair's politics and style of government is inside his own party.

Mr Draper and Mr Liddle are not random catalysts of this misfortune. Each is representative of an aspect of the Blairised Labour Party which remains anathema to a lot of members, backbenchers, trade unionists and - however strenuously they deny it - not a few ministers.

Draper produces rashes of antipathy in the Labour Party, Left and Right. His fast living and conspicuous consumption offend the strongly puritan ethos which remains at the heart of the party. Ken Livingstone's complaints about "these overpaid young men" evokes the accusations levelled by the dour, left-wing Bevanites against Hugh Gaitskell, whose fondness for Hampshire soirées and dancing was regarded as a frivolous distraction. Mr Blair has solicited made New Labour acceptable to business and to those with wealth and aspirations to self-advancement. But seek out a random provincial constituency and you will still find the members suspicious of high living and rapid advancement. At a time when the party is already worried about a post-election membership slump, the revelations of the inner circle's fondness for champagne and boasting is particularly inopportune.

The unease at the emergence of a young, privileged clique, living

high on the hog, with access to ministers denied to most MPs, ripples. Rob Marshall-Andrews, a backbencher who is a rare combination of ideological moderation and outspokenness, says: "We have played this very badly. I am extremely concerned about the long-term effects. We can't walk away from the young men who are bringing the party into disrepute. They are our boys. We spawned them, by some bizarre process." He believes that the leadership should have reigned in the "sub-parliamentary dress" long ago.

Another backbencher, usually supportive of Blair, agrees with the verdict. "When Tony's away, the Number 10 team knocks off at 6.30, meets up with their lobbying friends and head for the bash with the best Champagne in town. They are an elite, self-serving party within the party and they have to be stopped."

This is as instructive a cultural tale as a political one - a microcosm of muddled New Britain. The received wisdom, from the Tory Right across moderate Old Right Labour to the malcontent shores of the Labour Left, is that rash, trash New Labour is to blame for disturbing the natural course of things in Britain - which is that the young should wait their turn, that tall poppies should be cut down to size.

When I hear Left and Right unite to denounce young New Labour for its excesses, I catch the faint, sour echo of moaning bitter Old Labour. Mr Marshall-Andrews has a point about the unaccountable circles of influence which have coalesced around Mr Blair. But without the energy and determination of a new generation to escape the repetitive cycles of Labour failure and the politics of envy, the centre-left would probably not have renewed itself as quickly and effectively as it has.

Ken Livingstone complained in this newspaper of "overpaid young men" whose approach to politics is "part of the problem". But it was, in no small part, Mr Livingstone's approach to politics - modestly remunerated, I'm sure - which kept the Labour Party out of power for so long. His resentment of Blairite machine politics surely stems from the fact that it has out-performed the kind of machine he once operated in Brent East and the GLC to the benefit of the Left.

One of the most stinging rebukes delivered to Draper did not come from the Left, but from the respected Labour biographer and former *New Statesman* editor, Anthony Howard. He appeared on *Newsnight*, wearing black tie, to impose the full weight of his Gaitskellite moral authority on the delinquent whom he called "a pipsqueak" and an "unwise young man".

But most political scandals -



**NEW LABOUR MAN**

**APPEARANCE**  
Hair: Cut by Tony Blair's hairdresser. Heavy-duty gel  
Tie: Richard James, replacing earlier M&S versions worn when on Labour Party salary  
Suits: Paul Smith, single-breasted  
Shirts: Hilditch and Key  
Pager: In constant activity, often activated by self to increase appearance of busy business dealings  
Mobile phone: Essential for "making that call"  
New Labour pledge card: Brandished at accusers with the words "we keep our promises"  
Briefcase: Bulging with policy papers and bank account statements  
Key expression: "Don't you know who I am?"

**POLITICS**  
Loves: EMU. Unsure of about convergence criteria but likes holidays in Italy. Low spending. Late convert to monetarism  
Hates: Trade unions - "the dinosaurs"; poor people

**SOCIAL LIFE**  
Restaurants: Quo Vadis, the Pharmacy, anything with Damien Hirst art in it  
Bars: the Soho House, Groucho Club  
Ideal night out: Guest speaker at Demos meeting on the "future of the future", followed by dinner with Mandy and late nights session listening to Eighties records and telling Neil Kinnock jokes  
Aspires to: News International invitations, Carla, Lady Powell's dinner table  
Drinks: Champagne, Sea Breeze cocktails, vodka and cranberry juice

**LOVE LIFE**  
Going out with former colleague now in No 10 who used to go out with his best friend who is in No 11 who is now going out with best friend of NL man from Oxford Labour Club days

**LIFESTYLE**  
Lives: Loft conversion with white walls  
Reads: *Primary Colors*, biographies of Lady Thatcher  
Pretends to read: Will Hutton, Demos pamphlets

from Lord Kagan's dealings with Wilson and Profumo, to the hapless, greedy "cash for questions" MPs - were instigated by men who were no spring chickens. Mr Howard's attack bore the unmistakable edge of resentment towards a generation that it feels is rising too fast and sampling rewards too early.

"What I object to most," he told me afterwards, "is the presumption of some young New Labour people in claiming that the 1997 victory was down to their brilliance. It was not. These things are part of a progression. John Smith would certainly have won in that election."

This is one of the great speculations which continues to divide Labour. The natural assumption of the younger Blairites is that it was the party's shift to the Right, its embrace of Tory tax levels and, most significantly, the ditching of Clause 4 which won it the 1997 landslide. Older stalwarts see Mr Blair's victory as the fruit of early reforms.

Howard is representative of the substantial body of Labour opinion

which believes that the Blairites overestimate their importance in bringing Labour back to power. They question the pre-eminence of Peter Mandelson and resent both his belief that Tony Blair and Mr Mandelson's strategic skills saved the Labour Party from another defeat.

"What I object to most, is the presumption of some young New Labour people in claiming that the 1997 victory was down to their brilliance. It was not"

As a former aide and enforcer to Mandelson, Draper is the next best scalp to that of the "Sinister Minister" himself. Thursday's meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party heard calls from left-winger Gordon Prentice to strip Draper of his membership. The proposal was applauded by a number of those present. "This was the nearest they dared come to demanding that Mandelson be hanged, drawn and quartered," said one Blairite who

was at the meeting. "But everyone in the room understood the symbolism."

Attacks from the Left are easily dealt with by the Blairites. But the revelations have shown the extent of unhappiness with the cliquishness of young New Labour among the party's Old Right. "Draper and

Co think that they invented the modern Labour Party," said one backbencher. "But a lot of us were on the long march to modernisation when they were still shagging their way through the student union."

Long-standing right-wingers, like John Spellar who has run the anti-Left Labour First group at Westminster, feel that their efforts in the dark days of the 1980s, when the party lurched under Michael Foot into the electoral doldrums,

have not been recognised by Mr Blair.

Then there is Mr Liddle. He disinters another rich layer of buried resentments. New Labour has quietly made its peace with those who defected to the SDP in 1981. Lord Jenkins of Hillhead, one of the Gang of Four who founded the breakaway party in frustration at the grip of the Left under Michael Foot's leadership, is a trusted confidant of Mr Blair and chairs the commission on electoral reform at the Prime Minister's behest. Privately, Mr Blair agrees with the judgment of the other senior renegade, David Owen, that the SDP was a model for New Labour and the renegades were justified in deserting the party.

That view rankles with those who stuck it out in Labour's Siberia throughout the 1980s. They regard Mr Liddle - a gregarious man, who used his pro-EMU politics to launch a successful lobbying company - as an opportunist.

Mr Liddle's link with Peter Man-

delson (with whom he wrote *The Blair Revolution*) goes back to the days of fighting the Left in Lambeth, Liddle for the SDP, Mandelson for Labour. The advanced version of the conspiracy theory is that Mandelson quite seriously considered joining the SDP. This would seriously undermine his credibility as a Labour loyalist through thick and thin.

At the root of all these sundry feuds, suspicions and envies lurks a long-suppressed argument about New Labour's identity and what relation it bears - if any - to the traditions of the Labour movement.

New Labour has, so far, upheld the illusion that it is part of a natural continuum in the party's history. The truth is rather different. Mr Blair and his supporters, wise and unwise, sober and otherwise, have created a distinct new centrist political force, but one only tenuously connected with the beliefs and attitudes of many existing MPs and party members. This week, the strain finally showed.

## Can't swim? Throw them in at the deep end

"LOOK AT me, look at me, look at me, I can swim a width." And he disappears under the surface in a flurry of ineffective submarine dog-paddle, neck arching up every few yards so he can grab a lungful of air, then down again for another slow sprint.

"I don't call that swimming," mutters my wife, gearing up for her favourite sporting boast - indeed, her only sporting boast, and one that has for understandable reasons to be trundled out frequently in a household dominated by males. "I swam a mile at the age of eight, and I've got a photograph to prove it."

Darcy, at seven, can indeed just about manage a width, as long as it is a small pool and he sticks to the shallow end, so we congratulate him accordingly. Then his big brother Tom tries to entice him into the deep end, citing the spurious hypothesis of "upthrust", whereby the greater



BRUCE MILLAR

the volume of water beneath you, the more buoyant your body. "It's been proved that it's easiest to swim in the middle of the sea," insists our 10-year-old would-be boffin, twisting gobbets of half-knowledge to back up his argument. Wisely smelling a rat, Darcy rejects the claim as dangerous hokum.

This watery charade, this playing-at-swimming, has been

going on for three or four years now. Shouldn't a healthy and active seven-year-old be swimming with confidence, in this age of heated pools in every suburb? Perhaps I was lucky to have learnt to swim in a river, before it was banned after a scare over rats' urine (although rats, like small boys, must have peed in the river since the beginning of time). It was a mix of willpower and fear that held us at the surface of the cold and murky water before we had mastered any strokes - I can still feel the sheer terror of coming into contact with the mud, weeds, and who knew what else that lurked below.

Should I have shelled out for private swimming lessons for Darcy, instead of assuming that it would come to him as naturally as kicking a ball? Or should I blame his school for postponing weekly swimming classes until year three, when he

would be eight? I cannot believe that schools elsewhere in Europe would leave it so late. I read in *The Independent* recently that education ministers had "saved" swimming in schools, so presumably their department had considered dropping it completely in order to shave a few more million pounds from the national education budget.

At any rate, it had all started so promisingly for Darcy. He was born inside the caul, emerging into the world looking like Ronnie Biggs, with a stocking over his head. The midwife assured us this was very lucky: it meant he would never drown.

More prosaically, the obstetrician told us this happened once in every 400 deliveries, and it apparently made the process of birth more comfortable for the baby, as if he were wearing a padded crash helmet. Once he had been cut

out of his disguise, Darcy certainly looked less battered and bruised than his older brother had at birth.

Anyway, I rejected the midwife's superstition on the equally superstitious grounds that I did not want to tempt fate. But Darcy had other ideas, and was hell-bent on testing the theory from the beginning. On his first summer holiday, at seven months, I noticed him laboriously crawling around the perimeter of the pool, pushing a toy car in front of him, as I dangled my toes in the water at the opposite end. Suddenly I heard a splash from his direction: I did not have time to look up, but dove in and swam a length in the sort of time that at the Olympics would have had me tested for steroid abuse. I opened my eyes as I arrived in the general area of the splash to find Darcy bobbing along the top in his disposable nappy, paddling

cheerfully back towards the edge.

Perhaps the midwife was right. Perhaps we should all do what the Australians are supposed to do (although I've never met one who really did) and throw our toddlers in the deep end to watch them swim by instinct. Darcy could certainly swim better than he could do most things at seven months - and better than he could swim at seven years.

A couple of summer holidays later he tested his undrownable status again, and discovered to his terror that he could no longer swim. He had found the giant butterfly net used for cleaning pools and decided to have a go, ending up in the water. His brother screamed, and I was down two flights of stairs in a trice to pull him out.

He has spent his holidays since then in rubber rings and arm bands or floating on Li-Los,

occasionally showing off his underwater swimming. Last year, we were out in a rowing boat when along came a family of seals, circling us and doing stunts. "Wouldn't it be fun to join them?" I suggested. Darcy agreed, and leapt overboard in his life-jacket before changing his mind and dog-paddling back to the boat, squealing, "Help, I'm a scaredy cat."

The last time I took the boys to our local indoor pool, I realised what had gone wrong. We paddled and splashed on an enormous indoor tropical beach, with tiles instead of sand, a water-slide in the figure of an elephant and artificial waves twice an hour. It felt just like bath time, except that the water was slightly hotter. It was quite impossible to swim. This summer, I'll take Darcy to a nice river, and tell him tales of the horrible mud, and the giant, toe-nibbling pike that live in it.



A bitter feud is raging over the estate – and the image – of the Beat Generation icon. By Edward Helmore

# Carving up the cult of Kerouac

WHEN JACK Kerouac died at the age of 47, a broken, penniless alcoholic, in St Petersburg, Florida, his estate – an Underwood typewriter, pocket notebooks, royalties to such Beat classics as *On the Road* – was valued at \$53,000 (£33,000).

That was in 1969. Over the last 30 years Kerouac, or rather the myth of Kerouac, has become a darling of pop culture; his image has been used to sell cars and jeans, and the value of his estate has soared to between \$10m and \$20m.

It is a truism that death brings out the worst in people, but the fight over his estate that began as an internecine battle and is now between a scholar who never met him, and the youngest brother of Kerouac's third wife, might, on a good day, have entertained the defiantly anti-materialist writer.

The battle began in 1994, when Jan Kerouac, the writer's daughter, whom he never recognised as such, sued for control of her father's archives.

She had never really known him – Kerouac abandoned her mother, Joan, when she was pregnant with Jan in 1952, after a single year of marriage. Though Jan met him only once – she was 15; he sat in a rocking chair, slugged whiskey and watched *The Beverly Hillbillies* – Jan Kerouac was almost more Jack Kerouac than her father, and proved so in 1996 by dying, aged 44, of kidney failure after a life of hard drinking, drug addiction and streetwalking.

In his one-and-a-half-page will, Kerouac had left his worldly possessions to his mother, Gabrielle, who died in 1973. She left everything to Stella Sampas, Kerouac's third wife, who died in 1990 and left everything to her brothers and sisters; they appointed John Sampas, the youngest, as executor.

Jan Kerouac was by all accounts obsessed with her father and believed, with some reason, that his estate should come to her. Despite having struck a deal with Stella Sampas for 50 per cent of her father's royalties, amounting to \$125,000 (£78,000) a year, Jan sued the family, charging that her grandmother's

will had been forged and that she should be awarded the estate.

With Jan Kerouac's death the matter might have been concluded, but the battle has now erupted again. What was at first a struggle between close family members has now been extended into a feud between more distant interests.

On one side is John Sampas, Kerouac's brother-in-law, a 65-year-old retired army researcher, who keeps an iron grip on the estate, which he runs from his cluttered Victorian cottage in Lowell, Massachusetts, Kerouac's home town. It is Sampas who has approved the use of Kerouac's image in ads, stands to benefit from Gus Van Sant's forthcoming movie of *On the Road* and saw to it that his 32-year-old nephew produced a tribute CD that includes an unpublished Kerouac poem read by Aerosmith's Steven Tyler.

On the other is Gerald Nicosia, 48, the author of *Memory Babe*, a well-regarded Kerouac biography, and the literary executor of Jan Kerouac's estate. Nicosia claims that Sampas has sold off items from the estate – including a raincoat to Johnny Depp, for \$10,000 – which he believes should have been kept intact for future generations of scholars to refer to, as Jack Kerouac seems to have wished.

"I was given a mission by Jan Kerouac, a sacred trust," he says. "What she wanted was based on what her father wanted." Kerouac was, says Nicosia, "meticulous about filing his papers as a goldmine of information for scholars. Mr. Sampas's bank balance," he adds, "is a minor consideration compared to the archive of one of the greatest American writers of the 20th century."

Nicosia is currently awaiting a judgment from an appeals court in New Mexico that would determine whether Jan's suit against the Sampas family can proceed. A victory would give Nicosia one-third control over Kerouac's estate and benefit Jan's cousin who, Nicosia says, was a tramp on the streets of Sacramento when last heard of. To complicate matters further Jan's ex-husband, John Lash, a New Age writer living in Belgium, who is general executor



One for the road: Jack Kerouac gives a reading to his Beat friends during the heyday of the movement

Burt Glism

of her estate, opposes the action and has already agreed to give his share of her estate to the Sampas family. He and Nicosia are no longer on speaking terms.

As it becomes further removed from the author himself, the long-winded saga also is becoming more personal. Nicosia calls Sampas a liar and a huckster, while Sampas trots out his lawyer to deny allegations that he is selling off truckloads of Kerouac's papers and belongings. In their last conversation, Nicosia recalls, Sampas screamed at him, "You piece of shit, you killed Jan Kerouac!"

Sampas accuses Nicosia of forcing Jan into filing the suit against the estate and has declared that "Gerald Nicosia's poisoned hand will never touch the Kerouac archive. His touch is the touch of death." He has also alleged that Jan had tried to get out from under Nicosia's thumb, but died before she could sign a letter dismissing him as literary executor. He got his lawyer to call into a radio show to ask Nicosia why he and Jan had sold the arrest warrant charging her father with failure to provide child support.

Most surviving Beats have elected not to take sides, though both Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs (who died last year) indicated that they were tired of the bickering. In 1995, Jan Kerouac and Nicosia travelled to a New York University conference on her father. The Beat

heavy-hitters were there – Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure. Jan unfurled a banner reading, "Save Jack's papers!" and university police kicked both her and Nicosia out.

But to Nicosia, the fight is the good fight even if the legal manoeuvres have prevented publication of a book written by Burroughs and Kerouac titled *And the Hippos*

*What was at first a battle between close family members has been extended into a feud between more distant interests*

*Were Boiled in Their Tanks.* In fact, he never met Kerouac and, to most people associated with the Beats, he is an odious character, and possibly mad.

"Nicosia's crazy and paranoid," said one friend of Kerouac's. "He identifies himself completely with Kerouac. He sees himself as carrier of the sacred vessel."

In April, Nicosia sent a pleading 10-page letter to about 100 Beat scholars and writers, saying that he was the target of a hate campaign

and had received a death threat. Indeed, Nicosia has made himself unpopular with Kerouac's other biographers. Though he claims to have no further interest in writing about Kerouac, he is incensed that Sampas has given only one biographer, Douglas Brinkley, access to the archive. He even got around to heckling Ann Charters, editor of *The Portable Jack Kerouac and Jack Kerouac: Selected Letters, 1940-1955*, on a book tour to promote them.

"Both Sampas and Nicosia have an agenda," Mitchell Smith, editor of *The Kerouac Connection*, told the *LA Times*. "Sampas is trying to make Kerouac a clean-cut character. Nicosia is doing a Freudian reading with all sorts of sexual innuendoes that make people uncomfortable."

The main area of contention is over Kerouac's homosexuality. "It's public knowledge, though it has never really been acknowledged, that Jack was probably more strongly homosexual than heterosexual," says Herbert Gold, a San Francisco writer and a friend of Allen Ginsberg. "Where Allen was frank about his homosexuality, Jack, with his French-Canadian Catholic background, was incredibly conflicted and self-hating about it."

Nicosia's tome detailed several homosexual encounters Kerouac is known to have had. To Sampas, Nicosia was painting his brother-in-law as a "flaming homosexual when

he wasn't". Charters' anthologies make no mention of Kerouac's love affairs – a fact that seems to have convinced Nicosia that she was selected to do a whitewash. Charters denies editing anything to do with the affair, including those with Ginsberg and Gore Vidal, because there was nothing to include. To Nicosia, such omission smacks of a conspiracy to clean up Kerouac's image, as in the case of another icon, the homosexual James Dean.

But if the fight over Kerouac's estate, and his image, distract from his brilliance as a writer, some of his manuscripts are now finding their way into institutional care. On deposit at the New York Public Library is the frail roll of Teletype paper on which he wrote *On the Road*. Sampas has turned down offers of \$1m (£625,000) for the draft but has indicated that he might accept if the right offer came along. The estate as a whole, however, is not for sale.

What Kerouac would have made of the battle over his legacy can only be guessed at. Says Gold: "The early Kerouac, the one you see on sweatshirts, would have said all he wanted was to write these great words, tell his great story, be the Walt Whitman of our time. The later Kerouac would have said, 'I don't give a fuck.' He was a miserable, destroyed person, an anti-Semite with paranoid fantasies, but even so I don't think he would have valued this."

## Roots show through

### MELTDOWN

CULTURE, RANKING JOE.  
JOSEPH COTTON  
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL  
LONDON

DURING THE interval, the well-heeled but suitless thirty-something man in the seat next to me leaned over and muttered: "I wonder if you might have any dope you'd be able to sell me?" Politeness failed to blunt the tiny serration of excitement in his voice. "I'm gasping for a split," he said. In the row behind me, a woman with a soft bob of ash-blond hair flicked through volume two of the *River Café Coolbook*.

This is the "roots-rock-reggae" generation. And thoroughly nice people they are too – a generation of folk who reached adolescence in the long shadow of the energy crisis, who benefited from affordable higher education, uncomplicated social division, and John Peel's nightly sanctification of *Misty In Roots*. Don Carlos and Burning Spear. They bought into the punk ethos, they read proper books, they fought racism and they saw in the "roots" reggae of the mid-to-late Seventies an aesthetic and cultural purity that made neo-American life in Britain a little bit easier to bear. By and large, it was not about class but political attitude, unless of course you were black.

90 per cent of the people at the Festival Hall last week weren't black – no surprise, because a large chunk of the sales of *Culture's Two Sevens Clash* was accounted for by white punks on dope. *Two Sevens Clash* was the album for radical youth to be seen with in Jubilee year. Bow-legged Joseph Hill was the trio's main-spring, sounding like a muezzin with ants in his pants.

There were no pants to be seen in the RFI, however; only Hill's capacious brown kaftan and a solitary co-vocalist in a Chi-lites-style white suit, on hand to flesh Hill's voice out towards its former harmonised glory. The Dub Mystic Band (sadly hornless) skanked feverishly in support and during those periods when the keyboard player was not smearing everything with dollops of shrill synthetic gloop, they passed themselves off pretty well as the sort of jiggly thing 500 stoned Thirtysomethings might fancy on a Thursday night.

There was no getting away from it, though, this was heritage roots – the kind of music you'd never undervalue and would defend to the death but also that feels slightly pickled in its own sap. In truth, *Culture* were a bit of a pantomime in comparison to Ranking Joe and Joseph Cotton, two saucy MCs of the medium-to-old school, who piled their sharp-tongued trade over King Tubby rhythms spun by the Blood & Fire Posse (plus a towering Mick Hucknall) and overlaid with "live" dub samples.

Cotton was spindly and wore a beige lounge suit, tie and small velvet hat; Ranking Joe was round and wore a beige safari suit, medallion and huge velvet hat. They took the assembly on a tour of "roots and culture from the foundation", from Satta Masagana to the fullest bloom of the Eighties dancehall style. They were funny, poised and insouciant, which was handy because they had to cover for the semi-legendary U Brown. Still, it was a beautiful thing to hear Tubby's rhythms at the kind of volume you can never get away with at home for fear of waking up the baby.

NICK COLEMAN

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## CLASSIC CARTOONS

MARTIN PLIMMER ON JACK ZIEGLER

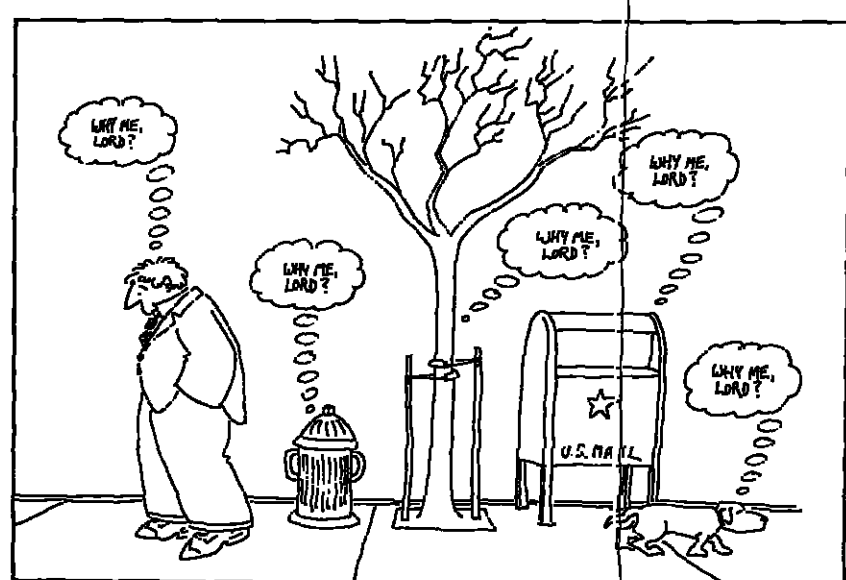
JACK ZIEGLER, married, three kids, 56 years, one and a bit abandoned novels, has seen enough of life to know about despair, panic, incomprehension, obsession, fear and madness, all of which feature in his New Yorker and Playboy cartoons, rendered funny by his surreal vision.

When he gave up writing and took up cartooning at 30, he practised till he hit on a technique that would do, then stuck to it. For Ziegler, his drawings are merely containers for ideas. He will

never beautify chimney breasts, though they grant insights into the absurdities of civilised man.

*Falling Over* is a contemporary look at the oldest comic situation in the world. Ziegler's trick is to contrast his subject's prosaic self-congratulation with a glimpse of his animal fear. The subject is so locked into his modern suit that, apart from a few protozoic twitches, he has lost the use of his arms altogether.

MARTIN PLIMMER



## He sure plays a mean sitar

BREAKING THE mould was always sitarist Ravi Shankar's claim to fame. It doesn't look like a big deal to set up alongside a woman sitarist and a percussionist from South India. But in the austere, slowly changing world of the Indian classics it could never have happened until somebody started daring the unthinkable.

At the Barbican Centre the woman was Shankar's 17-year-old daughter Anoushka. She has been appearing with him for three years, and she has taken on a quiet confidence as she develops her skills. In the guild-like traditions of this music, dynasties have always been at the core. If you were not already in the family, you went to live with your guru for years anyway and slowly absorbed his whole way of life, philosophy as

### WORLD

#### MUSIC

RAVI SHANKAR  
BARBICAN CENTRE  
LONDON

much as practice. What was on show here amounted to the typical teacher-student relationship. Anoushka shadowed her father, fingering silently or doubling up to and once setting out on a close sequence of imitation. That's the way everybody learns and she was doing it proficiently.

But Ravi had also given her a composition of her own, midway through the second raga performance. This quick-fire burst of cross-rhythms and cascading turns, expertly tailored

to her current level of achievement, came over with verve and practised accuracy. As for her own personality, the playing does not yet give much away beyond a tidy manner and nimble fingers, but it's early days yet.

Too early? The Indian great names are currently bringing on their own in a rush. Amjad Ali Khan, the sarod maestro, has toured and recorded with his two teenage sons, and there is always some frustration for the listener who hears hints and promises rather than mature achievement. A lot of fine players could deliver a higher thrill quota and would leap at the chance of the exposure if only they had the contacts.

Unfair maybe, but it was ever thus, and Ravi Shankar still delivers the goods himself with his old brilliance. His spe-

cial magic is to play like a great storyteller, spinning out a pacy tale packed with colour and incident. Don't ask too much in the way of languid slow preludes. Thursday night's beginning was a little perfunctory in feeling. But set him going with tabla, here Bikram Ghosh, and the pace takes him over in a flow of surprises, dramatic leaps and rhythmic pile-ups, even if just for an all-to-brief few minutes. Both Ghosh and the South Indian mridangam player, Bala Chandra, had a background role in the first half. All that changed after the interval as north and south struck up more in duel than duet. Very unprima-donna like of Shankar to be so generous with his time, but that's the old radical all over.

ROBERT MAVCOCK



Ravi Shankar with his daughter Anoushka

AP



# From Del Boy to dole boys

The godfather of  
Britcom explores  
the dark side  
in his new  
drama series.  
**James Rampton**  
meets him

SCHIZOPHRENIA, DIPLOMACY, care in the community, refugee crises, repossession, homelessness, marriage breakdown... subjects, perhaps, for the latest Sir David Hare state-of-the-nation play, or a radical new polemic by Howard Brenton? Actually, no. These are just some of the topics covered in the first episode of *Heartburn Hotel*, the latest sitcom from the undisputed heavyweight champion of the genre, John Sullivan. With a CV featuring *Citizen Smith*, *Dear John*, *Just Good Friends*, *Roger, Roger* and, of course, *Only Fools and Horses*, he floors all-comers. Commissioning editors talk in hushed tones of "doing a John Sullivan".

But with *Heartburn Hotel*, written with an old friend, Steve Glover, Sullivan is straying into darker territory. Harry (Tim Healy), an embittered Falklands veteran, poured his Army pay-off into a sink hotel in Smethwick in the belief that Birmingham would host the 1992 Olympics. Now the Olympic Hotel - still boasting an Eddie the Eagle Suite, and a huge photo of Fatima Whitbread - is more depressed than Eeyore. It is home to the fotsam and jetsam of society washed up there by a wave of DSS regulations.

Sullivan, the son of a plumber and a charlady, sits in a rather posher establishment - the Langham Hilton in central London - for our interview. A craggy, greying, down-to-earth man from Balham dressed in black zip-up jacket and blue shirt, he ponders the darkness visible in his latest work. "I describe it not so much as dark as gun-metal grey."

It is true that much of his work has skillfully intermingled pleasure and pain. Untimely death and Alzheimer's disease featured in *Roger, Roger*, and *Over Here* focused on the horror of war. Even the mega-popular *Only Fools* has covered areas which are not overtly comic, such as miscarriage, violence and marital strife.

According to Sullivan, "even in the



John Sullivan's new series (top) stars Tim Healy in a sink hotel, while in *Only Fools and Horses*, David Jason and Nicholas Lyndhurst (above) lived in a council flat. John Laurence (left)

most terrible tragedy, something totally stupid will be said... I'd find it difficult to write pure drama without any light relief because I don't see life like that. Even at my father's funeral, I found something comic."

With echoes of *Fawlty Towers*, *Heartburn Hotel* centres on a snobbish hotelier, Harry, in a smart regimental blazer and tie which clash with the filthy T-shirts of his guests, a man with more prejudices than the Ku Klux Klan. "I don't see these people as the dregs of society. They're my hotel guests, and I treat them as such," he protests as he strikes a match on the head of a Buddhist meditating in the middle of the Torville and Dean Lounge.

As he always does, Sullivan drew inspiration from his own life. "The idea for Harry came from an old man I knew when I worked in an advertising agency after leaving school. All he did was wrap up parcels, but in that tiny room he had a position of power. He should have been aiming for efficiency, but he just wanted to show his superiority all the time."

"It's the same with Harry. In his efforts to make himself look superior, he looks a fool. He looks down on people who don't have any money,

and when someone arrives who potentially has money, he is licking them all over. People like that always make me laugh - stupid people who don't know they're stupid."

Geoffrey Perkins, the BBC's head of comedy, says: "A lot of flawed characters - Alf Garnett, Basil Fawlty, Hyacinth Bucket - are on the cusp

of being extremely dislikeable, but the writers have given them a vulnerability they're not aware of. So they'll go serenely on being idiots while we take a comic view of them. There's a residual charm about Harry, and he always gets his come-uppance - which gives us satisfaction."

*'I would find it difficult to write pure drama without any light relief because I don't see life like that'*

Sullivan, now 51, has been doing out quite a lot of satisfaction in the two decades since *Citizen Smith*. But for 10 years before that, Sullivan had looked anything but a writer destined to pen the most-watched

British programme of all time (the *Only Fools and Horses* Christmas special in 1996, which gained an audience of 24.34 million). Labouring by night on scripts which were constantly rejected, he worked by day as a window-cleaner, second-hand car dealer, builder and lorry-driver.

"An MP once invited me for dinner at the House of Commons and asked, 'Have you ever been here before?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I used to clean the carpets.'"

He doesn't look back in anger, though. "It sounds perverse, but knowing hardship is important as a writer. You know the despair of being stuck with no sign of an escape route. If when I was 21, the BBC had said, 'This is really good,' I'd have been finished within a few years."

His big break came when he landed a job as a scene-shifter at the

BBC. In a scene that might have come out of a Hollywood rags-to-riches movie, he approached Ronnie Barker, lying on his bunk on the set of *Porridge*, and asked him to read a sketch he'd written. Barker instantly hired him as a writer on *The Two Ronnies*. "I had the perseverance of a man hanging over a cliff by a dandelion," Sullivan recalls. "You just don't let go."

There has since been the odd wobble - even Perkins admits that the disappointing *Sitting Pretty* - about a millionaire's wife in Surrey - "didn't strike a chord." But otherwise, things have been cushy.

Sullivan is at a loss to explain why he has become the biggest thing in television this side of Cilla Black's wage packet. "There is no secret formula," he says. "If there was, I'd write a book about it and buy Necker Island off Richard Branson. I base everything on what I would like to watch. Your luck is how close you come to public opinion."

He came closest with *Only Fools and Horses*. But just why have the exploits of two no-hopers from Peckham - inveterate wide-boy, Del (David Jason), and his hapless brother, Rodney (Nicholas Lynd-

hurst) - hit such a universal nerve? "Everyone knows a Del Boy, whatever walk of life they're from," Sullivan reckons. "The City of London is full of people like him, who fly by the seat of their pants. And many people recognise the naivety and put-upon air of Rodney in themselves or their children."

"The most important thing is for the viewer to recognise the characters. So many comedies have funny lines but you think, 'where the hell do the characters come from? We don't know them.'"

Sullivan is preparing to write another series of *Roger, Roger*, and, intriguingly, an adaptation of his favourite book, *David Copperfield*, with Jason and Lyndhurst slated for the parts of Micawber and Heep.

But speculation about a (another) last hurrah for *Only Fools* refuses to die down. "I can't see how it could come back," Sullivan claims. "It would be kamikaze to walk the extra mile again. Still, if David and Nick said 'let's do another,' I'd find it irresistible. I'd do it for the beer."

There's only one word for that prospect: luvvly-jubbly. *Heartburn Hotel* begins on BBC1 on 20 July.

## ARTS DIARY

DAVID LISTER

I AM touched to receive a letter from Fiona Shaw (below). Indeed, she wishes to touch me, and 25,000 others on the National Theatre's mailing list, for some dosh for the old flagship - where she is starring as Miss Jean Brodie. At least, I assume this is the case, for I am sadly unable to read her writing. Miss Brodie would have had words to say about such a scrawl.

The appeal for cash, £1.5m of it, accompanied by a bleak message from artistic director Trevor Nunn - "We can't go on without you" - shows that the National for one has little confidence in Chris Smith securing largesse from the Treasury. Those handwriting experts and others who are sufficiently touched by the Fiona and Trevor appeal will receive some interesting benefits in kind. £350 a year gets you a hotline to the box office, for instance; £3,000 a year has that hotline extended to the catering department. A £5,000 benefactor is invited to the annual reception with the NT director, a £30,000 life benefactor is invited to the chairman and director's annual luncheon. Gluttony is clearly the wealth-defining factor. But potential benefactors should raise one query. Above each list of benefits is the phrase, "The National may extend the following." As Miss Jean Brodie knew, "may" is a slack word, failing to guarantee any promise of real initiation into the crème de la crème.

WITH THE departure of Julian Spalding as its director, Glasgow Museums has lost one of the great raconteurs of the arts world. My favourite story came from when Spalding was showing then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher round his museums just after the multi-million pound sale of Van Gogh's *Sunflowers*. Mrs Thatcher said to Spalding: "Isn't it incredible about Van Gogh's chrysanthemums?" "Er, *Sunflowers* I believe, Prime Minister," he muttered respectfully. She nevertheless ignored him, continuing, with horror in her voice, "And do you know, Mr Spalding, they weren't even his best chrysanthemums!"



## History ruled by men's ulcers and sensitive teeth

IT IS not so long ago that history was seen as one long expression of reason, of impersonal, universal laws being expressed through the more or less unwitting agency of humans.

This way of looking at things has become untenable now - mainly because of the 20th century - but listening to Case History (Radio 4, Saturday), you start to think that the pendulum has swung too far the other way. This is history ruled by ulcers and sensitive teeth, a chancy, contingent business in which human beings are the unwitting tools of microbes and bad medication.

This week, for instance, Roy

Porter investigated the state of Anthony Eden's health, and how far it contributed to British humiliation in the Suez crisis. The evidence is equivocal. What is known for certain is that, shortly before becoming prime minister, Eden underwent a gall bladder operation in the course of which surgeons inadvertently tied up his bile duct ("one of the schoolboy howlers of surgery", according to one expert).

In spite of a corrective operation, his diaries suggest that throughout 1956 he was in considerable pain for which he used benzadrine, a kind of amphetamine. In other words, our

### THE WEEK ON RADIO

REVIEWED BY  
ROBERT HANKS

national self-esteem was in the hands of a dangerous speed-break.

This hypothesis is not easy to prove, since medical records are not available, and such evidence as we had was open to different interpretations. Eden's widow, Lady Avon, hotly disputed the idea that illness marred her husband's record, boast-

ing of his strength, and that he "sprang" back to work long before the doctors thought he should. You could take this easily as confirmation that he really was not in a fit state to be running the country.

More pertinent would have been a bit more hard information on what went on in Cabinet and a little less anecdote (though it was worth knowing that when Eden resigned and went on a cruise for his health, his steward was young Mr Prescott).

Porter ended with a shrug. Was the Suez crisis caused by Eden's sickness, or was Britain the sick man of Europe? This very question,

which ignored the roles played in Suez by France, Israel and Egypt, suggested a different diagnosis: the real British disease is hypochondria, a tendency to take every incident as a symptom of some dreadful ailment.

The same lack of confidence is surely responsible for the current mania for Irish drama on the London stage - how else do we account for the extraordinary success of Martin McDonagh's glib melodrama: *The Irish Play* (Radio 4, Friday) told of a forgotten left-wing playwright, Jake Parsons, who reinvents himself as Desmond O'Docherty, and turns a play that has

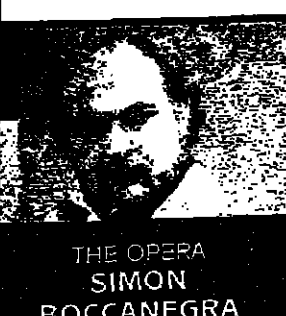


been languishing in a drawer, *The Witch of Dagenham*, into *The Witch of Trillick*. Roaring success follows immediately.

Michael Butt's humour was occasionally a little too coarse, and his phony, manipulative, theatrical types were overdone. Then again, the subject did not need dissecting with a scalpel: it needed stamping on with a pair of 18-hole Doc Martens.

The final joke, in which Parsons becomes aware of the potential of Bosnian theatre, capped it neatly. Who says drama cannot be entertaining and socially responsible at the same time?

### THE WEEK IN REVIEW

### FICTIONAL STURGES

OVERVIEW	CRITICAL VIEW	ON VIEW	OUR VIEW
 <p>THE OPERA SIMON BOCCANEGR</p> <p>Sir Peter Hall's Glynebourn production of Verdi's grand tale, set in 14th century Genoa. A seafaring plebeian falls in love with the Doge's daughter and they have a child. One day he returns home to find them both dead.</p>	<p>"Not for a moment did it challenge our theatrical perceptions, compel us to look at this drama, with keen, open minds" cried Edward Seckerson, operating the "eminently sober, sombre, pageant-like Boccanegra... respectful to the point of torpor." The <i>Daily Telegraph</i> praised the scenery but felt it a "safe but dull" interpretation, sourly noting "the Council Chamber scene was more reminiscent of a</p>	<p>You can watch <i>Simon Boccanegra</i> on '4 goes to Glynebourn' on 25 July (C4 7.15pm). Sir Peter Hall's production will also be going to the Proms on Saturday 29 August at 7pm (0171 589 8212). You can also hear it at the same time on Radio 3.</p>	<p>Verdi himself referred to this opera as "monotonous and cold" after its premiere in 1857, and sadly it seems that little has changed. Sir Peter Hall's over-cautious production left too much on the shoulders of the soloists who failed to rise to the occasion, leaving more emotional content in the scenery than on the stage.</p>
 <p>THE FILM MOJO</p> <p>Jez Butterworth's directorial debut, based on his own award-winning play, is a Tarantinoesque yarn about a couple of gay gangsters who turn a talentless singer into a star. Starring Ian Hart, Ewen Bremner, Aiden Gillen and Harold Pinter.</p>	<p>Ryan Gilbey admitted "the relationships in the picture sometimes do not make any sense... you can find yourself tuned into a character's deepest desires, without knowing what it is that he does for a living," and remonstrated "symbolism at the expense of plausibility." Never one to hold back, the <i>Daily Mail</i> panned it as a "foul-mouthed, incoherent, shambolic drama." In contrast, <i>Time Out</i> was delighted, de-</p>	<p>No chance of seeing the play at the moment, though the film is out on general release. 15 cert. 93 minutes.</p>	<p>A suitably menacing and claustrophobic crime thriller, though ludicrously contrived at times. This exuberant debut is a measured success though you can't help feeling that Butterworth has taken the easy route with a gun-toting splatter-fest. When will the world get over Tarantino?</p>
 <p>THE BALLET LA BAVIERE</p> <p>The Royal Ballet's revival of Natalia Makarova's 1989 production, a glossy tale of a temple dancer whose lover leaves her for the Rajah's daughter. Featuring Deborah Bull, Irek Mukhamedov and a large stuffed tiger.</p>	<p>Louise Levene preferred the scenery to the dancers, noting "the sumptuous palaces and Himalayan vistas look more than usually handsome on the wide, deep stage," but added "most of the acting was perfunctory and some of the dancing was rather under-rehearsed." She concludes that "they need to relax more if they are to turn the steps into poetry." The <i>Evening Standard</i> had their eye on</p>	<p>Royal Ballet, London Coliseum, St Martins Lane WC2, to 1 August (0171 632 8300).</p>	<p>An entertaining and ornate staging of Petipa's classic, somewhat marred by some cardboard performances. Irek Mukhamedov's Rajah paced about masterfully with the tiger, with whom he had a greater rapport than the lackadaisical Deborah Bull. The audience weathered the extra-long performance exceptionally well.</p>

# A hare-raising blur of flying feet and fur

They might not be greyhounds but small dogs can run, too.  
**Sharon Amos spends a day at the terrier races in Kent**

**A** once-common country sport looks set to make a comeback. It involves little whiskery dogs rushing around a field chasing a pretend hare or fox.

Terrier racing conjures up images of a cosy old England, so last Sunday it felt a little like stepping back in time at the country fair held at Little Chart in Kent.

Ron Spicer was responsible for setting up the terrier course. It had been nearly 10 years since he was last asked to officiate at a race – and he built his track with nothing more sophisticated than an upside-down bicycle with one wheel, a 120-ft loop of string and a rickety set of six traps in which the dogs were held at the start of each heat.

Terrier racing operates on the same principle as greyhound racing in that the dogs set off in pursuit of a lure – in this case, a fox's brush on that loop of string. Terriers, after all, were bred as working dogs and are used in the hunt when a fox has gone to ground. Other than digging, their instincts are to chase – and that is the basis of the race. There are few rules. Persistent fighters, however, are disqualified and a terrier can compete more than once, provided it has not already won a heat.

Forty years ago such races were hardly rare. They were the natural conclusion of the many terrier

shows around the country – a bit of fun after the formality of the showing classes. They also made an amusing sideshow on hunt kennel open days.

The reason for their decline is hard to pinpoint – although some see it as part of the growing antipathy to hunting.

"Terriers enjoy racing, else they just wouldn't run. It's in their nature to chase things," said Eddie Gosbee, a judge at the Little Chart fair. "You can't make a dog do anything it doesn't want to," he added.

Most of the terriers were certainly keen on Sunday. At the end of the Little Chart course the fox-brush lure passed through a gap in some bales of straw, which frequently had to be rebuilt as a blur of fur and flying feet followed enthusiastically behind. Hopeful contenders – around 24 dogs all told – queued impatiently for their turn on the course. From the traps they could see the lure and they flung themselves against the fencing, barking loudly. On their release, the pace was fast and furious. And from the point of view of the spectators, there was no chance of the attention waning as race followed race with barely a breather in between.

One of the reasons why terrier racing has such fresh appeal is that it remains a fairly low-key country sport and very much a family event. At Little Chart, owners – many of them teenagers or younger – paid

just 50p each to enter their dogs in the heats.

The overall winner in the finals got a modest £5 prize and the entry fees were later donated to Riding for the Disabled. The energetic hour of races made £180 for the charity.

Packed shoulder to shoulder along the fences were mums, dads, kids and grannies, cheering the dogs on and laughing wildly (or sympathetically) at a few of the dogs who made it plain that they did not want to race at all. They simply ambled out of the traps and looked around as though wondering what the fuss was all about.

Celia Cottingham, a young groom who works locally, had entered two dogs in the two classes of race: Ruby in the under-14-inch (the dog's height measured to the shoulder), and Ivy in the under-12-inch.

"It's purely fun, that's all it is. And it's pretty much uncontrollable. But the dogs love it – and so do we," she laughed.

Looking at the crowds that had gathered, and enjoying their reactions ("When are you going to do it again?"), the judge Eddie Gosbee was upbeat. "I reckon terrier racing is on the way back, from what I've seen today," he said.

And the day's winners? The appropriately named Lucky outran all the under-14-inch contestants, while the fastest in the under-12-inch class was none other than Celia Cottingham's bitch, Ivy.



The heat is on: at the terrier races in Little Chart, Kent, it costs 50p to enter a dog. Entry fees go to charity, and the winner gets £5

Graham Cox/SWNS



## Through the land of smugglers and wreckers

### WEEKEND WALK

**Matthew Brace finds history and mystery on a hike around the Isle of Portland in Dorset**

PORTLAND BILL lighthouse was the first in the world to use oil lamps and reflectors, and it was one of the most recent to be converted to automatic operation. Just two years ago small bikes belonging to the lighthouse keepers' children lay around its base. Now they have gone and the keepers' cottages have been made into a museum. A guided tour up the lighthouse steps is a good way to get your bearings before a walk around the island.

The whole island is a Site of Special Scientific Interest controlled by the Crown Estate and home to rare plants and wildlife, so care is needed when walking. The cliff tops are decked in golden samphire. In the summer months look out for silver-studded blue butterflies, unique to the island. Kittiwakes and fulmars nest in the cliffs and gannets and cormorants can be seen fishing out to sea.

Head north from the lighthouse, following stone signs that look like gravestones and lead you past an ice-cream shop and rows of wooden beach huts towards a former lighthouse, which is now a bird observatory. It's well worth stopping off here for an hour – with binoculars.

The path carries on along the coastline, past rusted lifting machines that used to load huge blocks of the famous Portland stone on to ships bound for London. Sir Christopher Wren used 50,000 tonnes of the stuff to rebuild St Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire of London in 1666 and another 10,000 tonnes for the dome. The British Museum, the Bank of England, the Cenotaph, Selfridges and most of Whitehall's

government buildings are all built of Portland stone.

Follow the east coast for more than a mile until the path winds between giant boulders and becomes harder to use. It drops down to a quiet bay with a stony beach – Church Ope Cove – where crystal-clear waters break over smooth, rounded stones. If you are already peckish, this is a good spot for a sandwich break. Somewhere here, among the beach huts, are the ruins of a 13th-century church and if you can find them then your eyesight is better than mine.

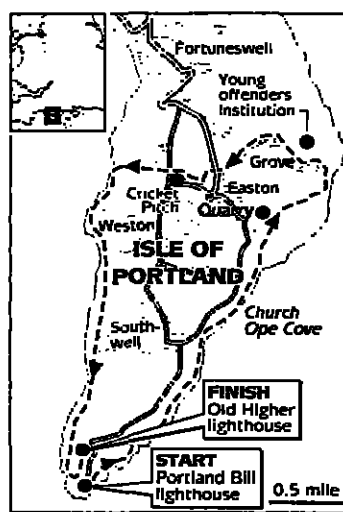
From the cove, climb the steep steps to the remains of a fort built in 1432 by Richard, Duke of York to defend the cove after he had seized Portland. As the informative sign-board will tell you, the fort stands on the site of a Bow and Arrow castle thought to date from the reign of William II (1087-1100). The fort has seen more than its fair share of shipwrecks along this treacherous coast. More than 400 have been recorded since the 17th century, many the result of wreckers notorious for luring ships on to the rocks at night and stealing their cargoes.

This was also the haunt of the Portland Sea Dog, a legendary animal that recovered contraband – mainly wool, brandy and tea – during Portland's smuggling days. Dogs were also used to save shipwreck victims, plucking them from raging seas.

Turn on your heels and head north along the path between the brambles that will lead you to the edge of a quarry. You are quite some distance from the coastline now, but on high ground so the views are good. Looking east, you can see Lulworth Cove and beyond.

A wide path leads along the quarry, which looks deserted now, and brings you to a cliff wall where it narrows and leads past some cottages and a car park for a Young Offenders institution. Craggy islands with precipitous cliffs have always been favoured by Her Majesty's Prison Service for the sighting of detention centres.

Turn left at the south-east corner of the high walls and follow the road for about a mile through the village of Grove and to a junction with the A354. Go left and immediately right and head between two terraces of



houses and to what looks like a builder's yard full of blocks of white stone.

Take the path straight ahead and slightly to your left and follow it around an old quarry and along the right-hand side of the Portland cricket ground to a side road. Cross it and follow a footpath sign. Ignore a sign warning of guard dogs – this refers to a site to the right of the path. You have the right of access and although you may hear the dogs from behind fences, they do not appear.

Head straight for the cliffs of the western coast and, picking up the path, turn left and head south. These cliffs are considerably higher and steeper and the wind blasts them mercilessly.

The path follows the very edge for some time, skirting an outcrop and then cutting inland slightly through a field of gentle horses be-

fore veering back to the edge again.

Another habit governments have is to fill remote islands with mysterious, faceless buildings run by the Ministry of Defence. Portland has a lot of these, and they detract greatly from the natural beauty of the place. The path down the west coast passes a number and there is nothing to do but keep looking out to sea, watching the gulls and pretending they are not there.

Soon you will catch a glimpse of journey's end, the turret of the Old Higher Lighthouse, which is now a spectacular Bed and Breakfast. It is run by Fran Lockyer, an amateur weather observer who transmits daily readings to the Meteorological Office. Nearby is the Pulpit Inn where a warming carrot and coriander soup and a pint of Wadworth's 6X awaits. Try and make it back to Fran's place for sunset, which you can watch from the turret.

#### Directions:

- Leave Portland Lighthouse along coast path heading northeast
- Go two miles to Church Ope Cove
- Take steps to fort and on to old quarry and Young Offenders Institution
- Follow road through Grove to A354 – left then right past old quarry and cricket pitch, cross road, follow footpath sign to cliffs
- Head south along west coast cliffs to Old Higher Lighthouse

Ordnance Survey Landranger map 194

For more information and to book with Fran Lockyer, call Dorset Tourism on 01305 221001



### NATURE NOTES

SNAILS ARE out in force. They become active when humidity reaches a certain level, and so usually forage around dawn and dusk; but during warm, rainy weather they also move about during the day. Like slugs, they can wreak havoc on young plants by chewing away at the leaves – and not only near the ground. The other morning I found two nearly five feet off the ground, in the upper reaches of a huge stinging nettle.

Their main form of defence is to withdraw into their shell when they detect a threat, but their reactions are often dangerously slow; they do not seem to notice the vibration of approaching human footsteps and, even if tapped sharply, take some time to withdraw

into safety. As to how to get rid of snails: it is not much use throwing them over the fence into your neighbour's garden, because they are quite territorial, and will probably crawl home.

You can massacre them with slug pellets – or, of course, eat them. To the French they are a delicacy, as they were to the Romans. Dogs seem fascinated by them, but find them ultimately repellent: having picked one up and given it a few nips, they generally discard it. Birds such as thrushes, on the other hand, value them highly, cracking their shells by hammering them on stones, and eating the contents alive.

DUFF HART-DAVIS



# No business like show business

In today's beastly times for farmers, an agricultural fair offers much more than just a parade of animals. By **Duff Hart-Davis**

For me the star of the Royal Show, which took place at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, early last week, was Savant de Pierrecorne, an immense Belgian Blue bull. Not for him the vulgar bustle of the main cattle lines, where droves of younger beasts jostled for supremacy. Above all competition, he was reclining at his ease in the artificial insemination area, and resting on his laurels, as well he might, having sired the barely credible total of 30,000 sons and daughters. In bovine terms he is already a senior citizen, but still a majestic hulk. Whenever he rolled deeper into his great bank of straw, the ground seemed to quake, and when he gave a sigh, it sounded like the ocean breaking on the shore.

A casual visitor to the show might easily have gained the impression that, like Savant, British farmers are having a good time. As always, a bewildering variety of animals, equipment, goods, food and ideas was on display: 1,500 cattle, 2,000 sheep, 2,000 horses, sundry goats, pigs and poultry, more than a thousand trade stands and at least 40 acres of gleaming new machinery, with displays of air-sea rescue, motorbike rides, hot-air balloon competitions and bugs-of-war to beguile spectators at idle moments. The whole assembly belied the fact that the country is in the trough of an agricultural depression.

Yet this was the message that soon came through in any conversation. The Royal Agricultural Society of England's director of exhibitions, David Storror, emphasised that the show was "a serious business event, looking forward in difficult times, designed to help farmers see the way ahead". Many exhibitors echoed his slightly grim tone, speaking of the challenges they face, and there seemed to be an unintentionally desperate note about the National Farmers' Union theme logo, "Keep Britain Farming".

The spokesman for JCB Landpower, which makes heavy-duty

machinery in Cheshire, confirmed that "it's harsh for us in the UK at the moment, because farmers haven't got money to spend, and even worse abroad, because of the strength of the pound". Nevertheless, he was presiding over a splendid display of the firm's latest models, all in their unmistakable banana livery. In particular, he sang the praises of the Fastrac range of tractors, which, with their pioneer four-wheel steering, have carried off this year's silver medal in the Machinery Award Scheme.

When I asked about prices, he became evasive. Customers do not normally buy at shows, he explained. They come to see what is new and chat to the manufacturers, but generally they buy from a dealer - and in these hard times the dealers naturally do what they can in the way of discounts. When pressed, my informant divulged that recommended retail prices of Fastracs range from £48,000 to £69,000, and said that when things are better big farmers often snap up four or five new tractors at a time.

Round the corner lurked equipment of still more fearsome proportions: seven-furrow ploughs nearly 10 metres from front to back, cultivators that can rip up and smash down eight-metre-wide strips of ground at every pass. "We deliver many of these to eastern Germany," said a Swedish salesman enthusiastically. "For the beet fields."

East Anglia, too, feels the impact of such monsters - and the layman cannot help wondering how the land survives their onslaught. The main thrust of the exhibits was towards ever more powerful machines, higher-yielding strains of wheat and barley, more careful use of fertilisers. Yet out in the north-east corner of the showground was a section which pointed farmers in another direction entirely.

In Farming and the Countryside you returned to a human scale. Here, small was beautiful. Little patches of barley were edged with

borders of poppies and cornflowers growing among the corn, because no weedkiller had been sprayed on the conservation strips along the edges - to the great benefit of insects, and therefore of birds such as partridges. Here were beetle banks clothed with tussocky, waist-high grass, built as a home for the predatory insects that eat pests in crops, and so reduce the need for insecticides. Here were plots of traditional grassland, alight with ox-eye daisies and meadow cranesbill. Here was a green lane, created in 1996, never sprayed, with dog roses rioting in its hedges and cornflowers and corncockles sprouting from its verges.

Here, in short, was a glimpse of how England must have looked 60 or 70 years ago, and how many people would like it to look again. The contrast with all the hi-tech machinery a few hundred yards away vividly illustrated the great debate now raging: how do we reconcile our need to grow high-quality food at competitive prices with our desire to live in an attractive landscape of small fields and hedges not brutally trimmed?

When I suggested to Charles Runge, chief executive of the Rase, that many people in Europe would like to see serious agriculture confined to the Continent, and Britain reduced to the status of a theme park, he reacted vigorously. "We're trying hard to demonstrate that there is a role for commercial farming in the United Kingdom," he said. "But we also have to recognise that we're an island containing 60 million people, with the same population density as India, so that the pressures on our land are far greater than, for instance, in France."

"The point is, there are some areas in which farmers can grow crops at world prices, and some in which it's stupid even to try. What are you going to do with that part of the countryside? Who looks after it if the farmer can't afford to? That's the question to which we haven't yet found any answer."



All the fun of the fair at the Royal Agricultural Show in Stoneleigh, Warwickshire - from the sheep grooming tent to splendid pig 'exercising' quarters

Peter Goddard/News Team

## WHAT'S ON THIS WEEKEND

**FORGET FOOTBALL** this weekend. Get into your medieval gear and take part in a re-enactment of the Battle of Tewkesbury. This is the biggest battle recreation in the UK, involving 2,000 participants. The original battle, in 1471, was the culmination of the Wars of the Roses. And when choosing sides, it's worth remembering that the Lancastrians were completely trounced by Edward IV's Yorkist troops. You can buy medieval accoutrements and a

fortifying cup of mead from one of 150 stalls at the Medieval Fayre in the surrounding meadows. Less bloodthirsty folks can watch the battle from a safe distance - and see a falconry display.

**Tewkesbury Medieval Festival, 11-12 July.** A free bus service runs from the town centre. **Tourist Information, 01684 295027.** **Tewkesbury Battlefield Society 01684 292364.**

SALLY KINDBERG

## Whatever happened to Rum?

Deer on the Scottish island must be sacrificed if wildlife is to thrive. By **Hamish Scott**

THE ISLE of Rum's environmental designations read like a list of honours from *Who's Who*: National Nature Reserve, Site of Special Scientific Interest, National Scenic Area, EU Special Area of Conservation, EU Special Protection Area, and Unesco Biosphere Reserve. Owned by Scottish National Heritage and inhabited exclusively by conservation workers and their families, the 26,000-acre island could scarcely be accorded a higher level of protection or financial subsidy.

Ten thousand visitors a year make the crossing from the mainland and find a rugged wilderness inviolate from development. But Rum's appearance is deceptive. Not only does its character owe more to man's activities than nature's, but current plans in terms of management are surprisingly ambitious. As I discovered on a bumpy drive across the island in the company of Malcolm Whitmore, the Deputy Reserve Manager, this showcase of the conservation movement is now undergoing a slow transformation that will affect its landscape, wildlife and, indeed, its human population. The interior of Rum is awesome.

Huge mountains of volcanic basalt soar 2,500ft above sea level, dominating barren moorland, lochs and tumbling streams. Golden eagles breed in the high peaks, sea eagles have been successfully re-introduced and one fifth of the world's population of Murre shearwaters fly in each spring to dig their burrows on the slopes. This ferociously inhospitable habitat is a part of the reserve that SNH has neither the desire nor the power to change.

Our route, however, was at a lower level across the island's vast expanse of impoverished wet moorland where the only bird life we saw was a golden plover shepherding her chick into the safety of the heather. Despite its fame as a reserve, Rum cannot support a great diversity of wildlife, particularly in terms of mammals. There are no rabbits, hares, foxes, hedgehogs, squirrels or pine martens, voles or even house mice. There are, however, red deer in abundance; some 3,500 beasts, descended from the herds imported by Victorian landowners. They helped create this wilderness by consuming the higher vegetation. For 40 years, Rum's deer have been managed purely for research, and studies undertaken on the island have revolutionised knowledge of the species. But now the days of their supremacy are numbered.

Over the next few years the herds are likely to be culled down to a total of perhaps 300 head. By way of explanation, Malcolm pointed out a broken fence. Beyond it lay a five-year-old plantation of Scots pine where not a single sapling remained alive. Deer had broken into the enclosure to feast on the young shoots. "Originally natural forest would have covered almost half the island," he explained, "and we're aiming to



Island dream: will flora, insects - and humans - return to Rum?

western shore, where a herd of shaggy Highland cattle were grazing by the ruined crofts. Two centuries ago, more than 400 people lived on Rum, but by 1840 almost all had been evicted. Eight thousand sheep replaced the humans before farming was abandoned and the sheep were displaced by deer. The cattle are the latest innovation and, as their numbers increase, inevitably they will devour some saplings, though far less voraciously than deer, and they will balance the destruction by breaking up and fertilising heavy soils.

For Malcolm and the island's other 21 full-time inhabitants cattle also hold the promise that Rum could, perhaps within a generation, support a community of islanders with a sustainable economy. "At present people ask how long our contracts are, as if living here was like a jail sentence, but we see it as a long-term thing," he told me. A profitable organic herd would be a start, and there are other possibilities: bed and breakfast, a postal round, housing for retired employees.

"Of course," Malcolm added, "we're not talking about social engineering. That's not our job at all. We just want to make a go of it." His ill-concealed enthusiasm was infectious. Rum, after all, is more than a wildlife reserve. It is a living island; ever-changing, rich in possibilities and planning for the future.

هكلى صلاى

Growing plants  
for medicinal  
remedies can  
produce a  
beneficial  
exchange  
between  
greenery and  
gardener. New  
Age nonsense?  
Not necessarily.

By  
**Kirsty  
Fergusson**

**D**o you need a herb garden these days? Who has not bought themselves a Cellophane-wrapped pot of healthy parsley or tarragon or basil seedlings from the supermarket and thought, "Hey, this is a lot easier than growing the stuff myself?"

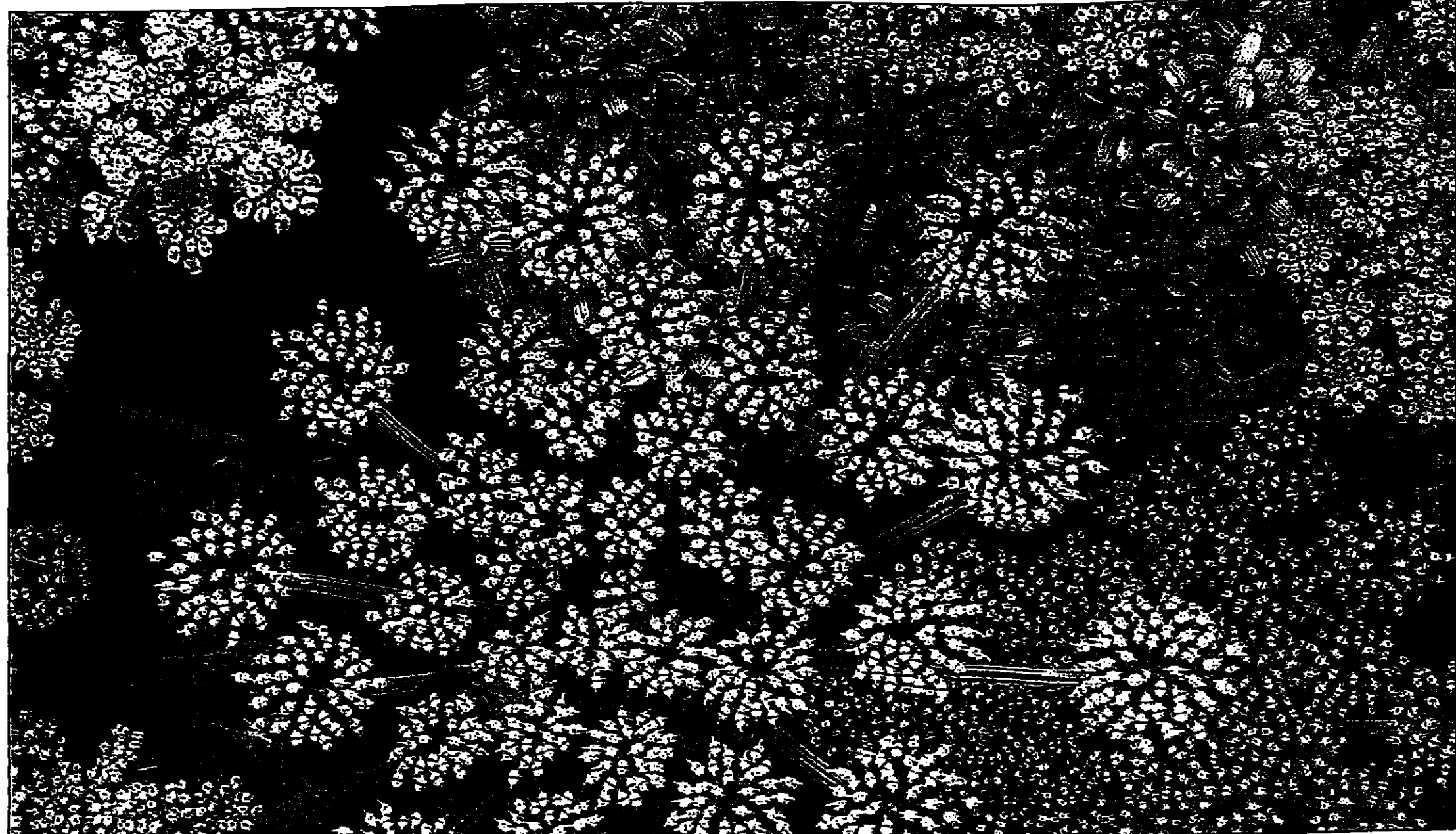
Herb gardens may appear very attractive in theory and look pretty in a restrained, grey-and-green sort of way. Nevertheless, as anyone who has tried making one will know, they have a habit of looking straggly and dull, or of being swamped by one particularly vigorous herb within a short space of time.

I can think of several herbal potagers that have been dug up in desperation and replaced with ornamental plants, while the half-dozen plants considered essential for the kitchen have returned to their status of lounging around the back doorstep in pots.

But the problem with herb gardens is really a question of shrinking definitions. A "herb" is any plant whose leaves or flowers have a useful domestic application - whether in the saucepan, the medicine chest or the laundry.

Imagine a garden stocked not only with the favourite culinary herbs, but also roses and honeysuckle, hollyhocks and alchemilla, cornflowers, nepeta, sunflowers, rock roses, onopordums and even a yucca or two - and you have a herb garden in its proper sense. It is visually exciting, scented, floriferous, and as much fun for gardeners as for cooks.

It is, however, quite a big step for most of us to take, when it comes to turning plants we grow for their decorative value into ointments, tinctures, decoctions and infusions. It is one thing to add a handful of freshly picked rosemary or sage to give flavour to a casserole; it is quite an-



Angelica is an ideal plant for making a "rescue remedy", but it is best to pick the leaves on a sunny day and use locally-bottled spring water

Christopher Fairweather/GPL

## A herbal oasis of health

other to start floating flowers in a crystal bowl filled with spring water with a view to relieving worry about impending exams or a new job.

As for the herbalists' argument that growing plants for making remedies kindles a wholly beneficial kind of mutuality of energies exchanged between plant and gardener - well, that does call for a degree of open-mindedness. Raised eyebrows, a smirky twitch about the lips and the convenience of the New Age label can quickly take the edge off any debate.

Felicity Warner is disarmingly alert to the sceptic's point of view. "I know," she says, surveying the crystal bowls with their shredded leaves, mini-pipettes and bottled spring water. "It does look like little girls making perfume for the fairies." Felicity is a journalist who lives in Bridport with her solicitor husband, Richard, and their two

teenage daughters. Her town garden is an oasis of scent and colour, an informal meeting place of the purely useful, the purely decorative and an experimental mixture or two.

Perhaps the finest compliment is that it does not look like a herb garden: even the tubs that stand by the kitchen door combine phormiums and pelargoniums with thyme and coriander, mint and sage.

Felicity began gardening with medicinal and culinary herbs 10 years ago in the lingering aftermath of a severe bout of pneumonia, during which she discovered she was seriously allergic to antibiotics. She turned to her mother, who had grown up on a remote farmstead in Natal, two days' ride from the nearest doctor. She had learned from her mother the recipes for an entire pharmacopoeia of herbal remedies.

A week - and several doses of a brownish liquid composed of onion,

garlic and sugar - later and Felicity had stopped coughing and started thinking. Her daughters had proved allergic to antibiotics, too.

Although a vast range of homeopathic remedies was available over the counter at chemists, she was convinced that the more control

she had over growing the ingredients, the more efficacious the remedy would prove to be. The gardening and preparation, she believes, are as much a part of the healing process as the physical response to the treatment.

One major change that occurred

in the garden was a conversion to organic methods: Pesticides and fungicides would, she felt, inhibit the natural energy of the plant and pollute the finished remedy.

"We are all so much healthier since I started growing medicinal herbs," says Felicity. "And I think the garden is, too."

"I'm very careful about what I weed out. There is a theory that once you build up an organic, intimate relationship with the plants in your garden, the 'reciprocating energies' will have a strategic effect on specific seed in the naturally occurring seed bank."

"I mean," she pauses, grinning at my incomprehension, "whatever seeds itself spontaneously in your garden will be what you need in your medicine cabinet."

I think of my own collection of spontaneously sprouted sow thistles and look it up later in Clare Harvey's

*Encyclopedia of Flower Remedies* (Thorsons, £12.99). I discover there that sow thistles can help us to deal with obnoxious behaviour.

It all underlines an important point about herbal medicine: it does not treat mind and body as discrete entities, but holistically. To the herbalist, physical problems are linked to emotional ailments, so that both mind and body are healed in concert.

Looking at the Warners' garden you realise that the body and mind are only two parts of a three-way equation. The familiar dictum should read: A healthy mind in a healthy body, in a healthy garden.

More herbal information and recipes are available in *The Bach Flower Remedies: Step by Step* by Judy Howard (The C W Daniel Co Ltd) and *The Home Herbal* by Barbara Griggs (Pan)

### HERBS TO THE RESCUE

ANGELICA ESSENCE makes a "rescue remedy" - a tonic said to be efficacious for dealing with stress and shock. Felicity Warner has devised the following recipe:

On a sunny day pick 1/2oz (15g) of young angelica leaves. Tear up and leave to soak in 1/4 pint (125ml) of spring water.

Use a crystal or glass container and leave for two to six hours. Then pour the liquid into an opaque bottle, adding a tiny bit of brandy, which acts as a fixative.

When required, put three or four drops under the tongue, or dilute four or five drops in a glass of water and then drink.

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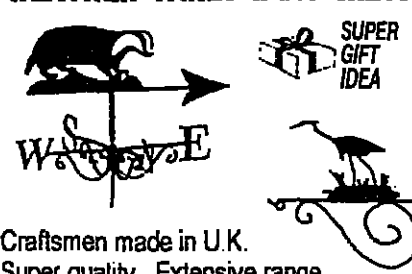
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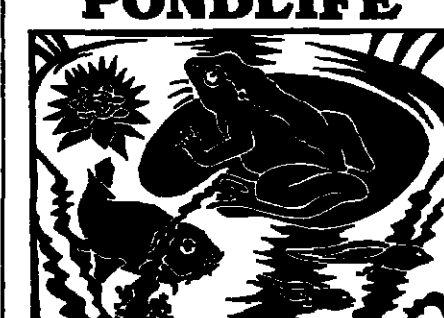
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Anna Pavord meets the man responsible for greening one of London's most stylish patches

# An olive grove on your rooftop, sir?

So what is the well-dressed Islington garden wearing this year? I asked the question of Joe Swift, who has just opened a shop, the Plant Room, in Barnsbury Street, London N1, to tempt the gardeners of this stylish patch. It is such a trendy area that even the second-hand clothes shop is called Seconda Mano. In the past, modishness has been chartered by the numbers of bars, cafés and restaurants per yard of pavement, but now Islington has the ultimate indicator of chic: a garden shop.

It is a beautifully designed place - cool, modern, light, with a curving beech-ply ceiling and a sinuous sweep of Portland stone that acts as a counter. Through the big sash window at the back of the shop you can see plants and pots waving enticingly at you outside, protected and set off by a wrap-around screen of willow fencing.

Wooden decking, galvanised accessories, black-stemmed bamboo and olive trees is where it's at in Islington, says Mr Swift. London gardeners can get away with having olives out the back in a way that the rest of us can only dream of. It is a chic look: the garden as installation, calling for minimum maintenance, where plants double up as sculpture, and watering is done by computer. "Look, these are busy people," he continues. "Stressed people. They don't want their gardens making demands on them, as well as everything else in their lives. They want an outdoor room that looks good and makes them feel better."

For the last 10 years, Mr Swift and his partner (also his best friend, school mate, best man etc), Mark Williams, have been designing and building such gardens. The shop seemed a logical extension of the business. Clients can come and browse through his CD-ROM catalogue of plants. They can choose some of the most stylish pots in London (bright blue is the colour to go for), even go home with a vine that is probably older than they are, already dripping with grapes. Gardening doesn't come much more instant than that.

Mr Swift is a London boy himself, born in Hampstead, the youngest of three children. His mother is the writer Margaret Drabble, his father the actor Clive Swift. Their garden was mostly a football pitch. Real gardens to him meant grandparents: his

father's mother's garden in the suburbs of Liverpool, filled with sweet peas and roses; his mother's family home near Ipswich, where he mowed the lawns under apple trees.

Like many of us, when he left school he had no clue what he wanted to do. He drifted into an art foundation course, then opted for a kibbutz in Israel - "It was the only place I could go without any money." When he came back, he knew he would never go back into anything that smelt of school, so he joined an eccentric landscaping company run by an actor in north London.

He is 33 now, with a year-long course at the English Garden School behind him, and, though it was not obvious at the time, he picked up some useful skills in his swilling-about time. The art course taught him how to draw and honed his eye for a pleasing line. The kibbutz introduced him to the demands of hard manual labour. He has the confidence-inspiring air of a man who knows what makes a brick wall stand up, and who has learned from experience what is most likely to survive on a baking roof in London NW3.

Not tree ferns. "I had a man come into the shop last week. He went straight out the back, saw one of the tree ferns and said, 'I've got to have it.' I asked him where he was going to put it. It was a roof garden. 'No way,' I said. 'You're not murdering my best tree fern.'" So he sent the man off with a nice galvanised trough filled with blue grass, *Festuca glauca*, instead. He is into palms too, big waving fans of chusans and sheaths of date palm that tower over the spiky yuccas and agaves clustered together in the garden behind the shop. Expect to pay about £85 for a well grown *Yucca gloriosa*, £180 for an ancient vine with a trunk like a small tree.

Mr Swift is well used to the demands and constraints of small town gardens. "I'd get lost if I had to go into half an acre," he says. And he thinks many of his customers feel the same way about garden centres. "Rows and rows and rows of shrubs. They don't know where to start. Whereas if they come here, they'll know that I've already made their mistakes for them." He does not want to restrict clients' choice, though. Rather the reverse. He wants to help them let their imaginations break out a bit. But he likes his plants to be happy, too.

How did he choose what things



Joe Swift in his Islington shop, The Plant Room: his clients are "busy people who don't want their gardens making demands on them"

Neville Elder

to put in his shop?

"I just went with the things I liked," he says. He likes industry-inspired design: galvanised scoops (great for compost), galvanised drinking troughs, galvanised watering-cans, old olive oil jars, tall, narrow earthenware pots, Scottish beach pebbles.

He likes the pebbles so much, he's used them on the floor of the shop.

spread straight over the top of the old carpet the previous owners left behind. "It's great for gardens, too," he says. "But you need 200ml grade so it doesn't stick to the bottom of your shoes."

He has Spanish woven weeding baskets (don't scoff - my father had one when I was a child and used it all the time: the original Boshag), he has trugs and slatted chairs. Pul-

brook and Gould hand cream for gardeners, practical stuff such as Oscmacote fertiliser and packets of bone meal, garden candles and lanterns.

He is keen on decks, not just because they are fashionable, but because they make gardening possible in areas where it could not otherwise happen. A deck is solid but warm, softer for children to fall on than con-

crete or tarmac. It weathers nicely. It has the right crisp, architectural credentials for trendy town gardeners. And it cries out for pots, which is good for Mr Swift's business.

His customers are also keen on plants that will survive in pots. "People sell houses so often round here," he explains. "If they keep some of their most expensive plants in containers, a trachelospermum

say an olive or a lemon tree, they can take them with them when they move." And leave a gap for the engaging Mr Swift to fill.

The Plant Room at 47 Barnsbury Street, London N1 is open Tues-Sat (10am-6pm) and Sun (11am-5pm); call 0171-700 6766. For details of the Williams & Swift garden design and build service, call 0181-341 9786.

## WEEKEND WORK

■ TRIM HEDGES of *Carpinus betulus* (hornbeam) this month, treating new hedges gently, cutting harder into established ones. Hedger and screens of *Crataegus monogyna* (hawthorn) can be dealt with in the same way. If specimen trees of either kind need reducing in size, leave the work until winter when they are dormant.

■ Griselinia, a New Zealand native with tough, leathery evergreen leaves, is sometimes used to provide shelter in seaside gardens. It is not reliably hardy, though wonderfully resistant to salt and wind. Where it is used to make a hedge it will need regular clipping, which should be done now. Shrubs planted as specimens need no regular pruning.

■ Deutzia, which flowers in June and early July with clusters of small, star-shaped flowers, either white or shades of mauve and purple, can be pruned immediately after flowering. The best way is to take out some of the old flowered stems entirely, cutting them down at the base of the plant. This will encourage the production of strong new shoots from the base. It also keeps the shrub within reasonable bounds.

■ *Kolkwitzia amabilis* (beauty bush) has tiny foxglove flowers carried on thin, arching stems. Treat it in the same way as deutzia,



Be gentle with Hornbeam GPL

removing some of the old stems entirely when the shrub has finished flowering. This will maintain a steady supply of young, vigorous growth.

■ Rambling roses, such as "Albertine" and "Alberic Barbier" should be pruned as soon as they have finished flowering, rather than during the winter. The aim is to make them produce new wands of growth from the base that will carry the following season's crop of flowers. Where ramblers are grown on pergolas, you need occasionally to untie old branches of rambling roses and cut them out to make room for fresh growth. It is not a pleasant job. Other roses that need this treatment are the old-fashioned rambler "Dorothy Perkins", "Emily Gray", "May Queen", "Sanders White" and "Veilchenblau".

ANNA PAVORD

## CUTTINGS

SPEND NEXT weekend in Dorset, which is a good excuse to have a stupendously good meal at Le Petit Canard, Maiden Newton. On Saturday, 18 July (10.30am-5pm), the Dorset Gardens Trust is holding a Garden Day based at Melpash Court on the A3066 between Bridport and Beaminster. Now the home of Fran and Tim Lewis, it was originally laid out by Lady Diana Tiaris with a bog garden, a Japanese garden and other accoutrements of the Edwardian golden age. Throughout the day, Penelope Hobhouse, Patrick Taylor and others will be giving a series of talks (cost £3 a lecture). Some of the best nurseries in the Southwest will be there too, as well as stone carvers, willow workers and potters. Entrance fee £3. On Sunday make your way over to Bettiscombe, where a group of village gardens are open in aid of the church. This is a rare chance to see Penelope Hobhouse's own garden, a triumph of thoughtful planting. Caroline Conran's garden is just down the hill. Lunch and tea in the village hall.

RODNEY SMITH of Whyteleafe, Surrey, writes *Independent*, 30 May: "Our garden here backs on to 80 acres of common, but all the

birds have disappeared this season except for the awful magpie and the delicate collared dove. Our squirrel-proof wild bird seed dispenser has not been touched, nor our bird table.

We have been used to sparrows, tits, jays, woodpeckers, blackbirds, thrushes and robins, but not this year. Is there something strange going on or is it that the sheep and cattle that have been introduced to the common have upset nature's balance? Is this sort of thing happening elsewhere?"

Has any other reader experienced the kind of mass exodus that Mr Smith describes?

THE HAWTHORN Court Flower Show opened this week and continues today (10am-5.30pm) and tomorrow (10am-5.30pm). HMP Leyhill, already a gold medal winner at the show, is recreating a rural scene set in the Cotswolds with a stile, a bluebell wood and a Victorian footbridge. They've also included the fresh fruit and vegetables for which the prison is famous. Gardening as therapy is the message underlying Nuffield Hospitals' contemporary partner. Admission to the show is £17, or £10 if you go in after 3.30pm.

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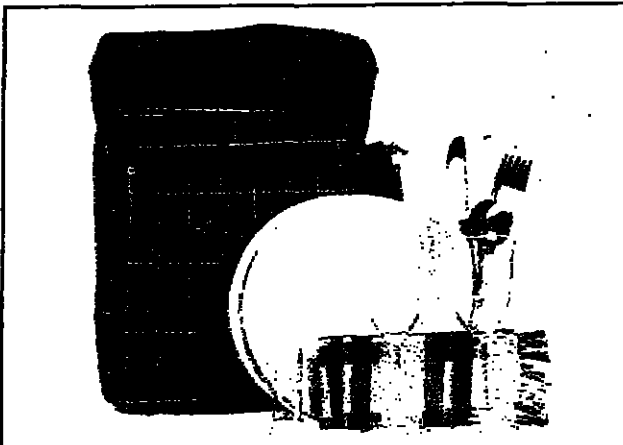
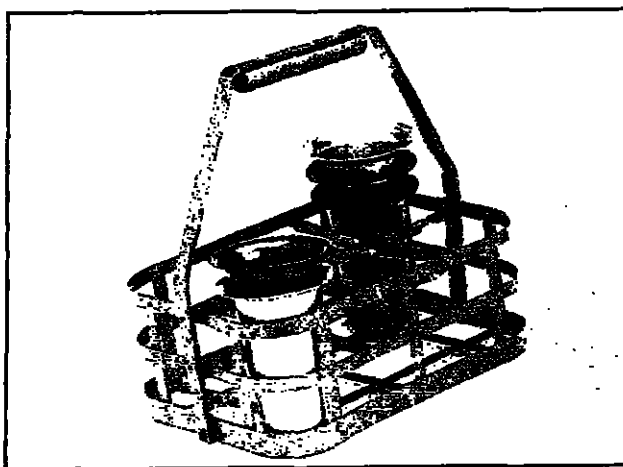
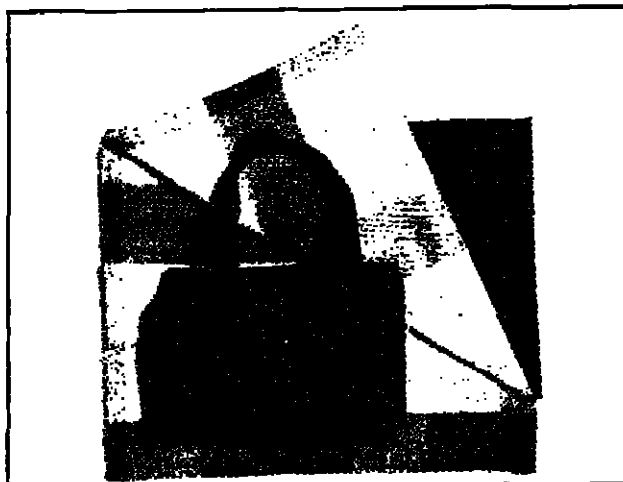
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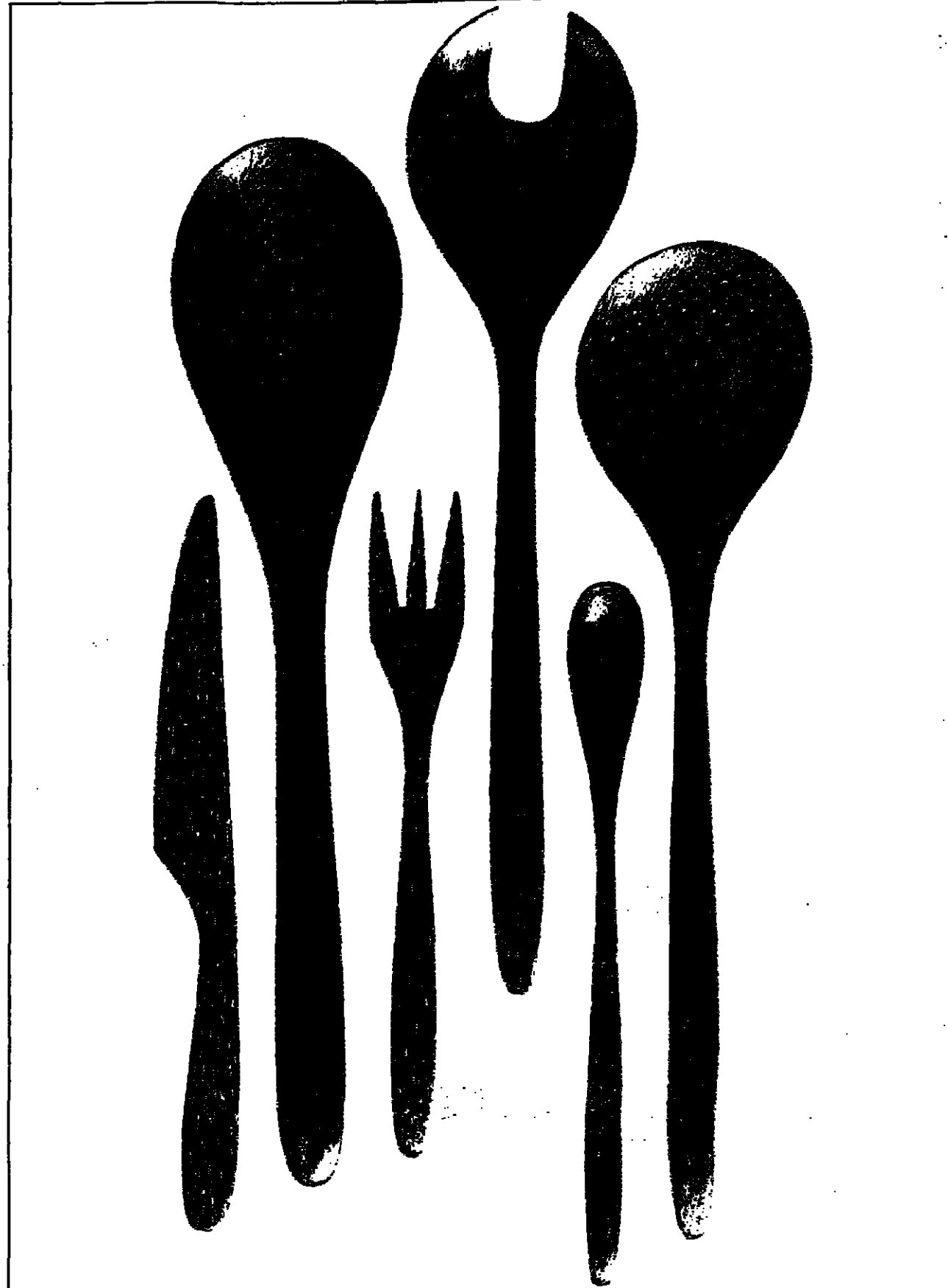
IND482

# An unhampered summer

Stop lugging that enormous hamper around to various al fresco gatherings. Instead, dare to be different with a jumble of brightly coloured picnic essentials that are fun, practical, and handsome too. By **Rhiannon Batten**



Above left: Jolly Folding Trolley, £16.95, The Holding Company (0171 610 9160 for mail order). Above right from top: Plastic-backed wool picnic rug with easy-to-carry handles, £54, The General Trading Company (0171 730 0411 for mail order); Bottle carrier, £35, and lassi cups, £5 each, Bombay Duck (0181 749 7000 for mail order); Voyager Picnic Backpack, £48, The General Trading Company (as before)



Above: Palmwood cutlery, from £3.95 for one fork, The General Trading Company (0171 730 0411). Below left: Plastic carry-all, £6.99, Asda (0500 100055). Right: Picnic Barbecue, £3.75, Lakeland Limited (015394 88100)



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The Moon Phase Clock from Oregon Scientific (0800 214849 for nearest stockist) shows not only the date, time and temperature but also the kinetic moon phase at any particular time. Sailors, bird watchers, astrologists and lunatics need only pay £24.99 for the privilege.

### SHOP TALK



PISCATORIANS CAN indulge in a summer feast at Josie Reed's contemporary art gallery in Bath. The exhibition "FISH" opens today and will run until 17 August, to coincide with Bath International Taste Extravaganza. New works by 16 artists, all based around the theme of fish, will be on display and fortunate anglers and art lovers might hook a catch in the shape of Bronwyn William Ellis's ceramic dishes, which start at £180, Katie Clarke's

jewellery, which is made from fly fishing feathers and costs from £30, or a fish-inspired sculpture by Lucy Casson, from around £360. If you can't make it to "FISH", the gallery hosts a new exhibition nearly every month, so it is worth noting down for when you are next in town.

FISH is at 6 Chapel Row, off Queen Square, Bath, BA1 1HN (01225 337900)

TIM STEIN



# Going potty all over the country

Hen parties, six-year-olds and contented mums in Fulham can't get enough of pottery and craft cafés. By Charlotte Packer

**Y**ou could be forgiven for thinking that the flurry of paint-your-own pottery cafés opening around the country are for children only: certainly, now that the summer holidays have started, they will attract a lot of young customers.

But far from simply being a new form of youth club, pottery and craft cafés, with their evening opening hours, are finding success with adults as well. In America, where the craft café concept is already well established, pottery painting is hailed as the latest form of self-help: an hour in a pottery café, devotees claim, is cheaper and more effective than conventional therapy and much more fun. Cher visits them, so does Madonna, and, naturally, the cast of *Friends* indulge in regular bonding sessions over ready-to-paint coffee cups at America's leading craft café chain, Colour Me Mine.

The idea is simple. Customers select a piece of raw white pottery (bisque), and then choose from a range of paints, under glazes and brushes before setting to work. Staff are on hand to explain different techniques, and the café aspect, with cups of tea and large slices of cake, keeps the atmosphere relaxed rather than studious. In the evenings customers can pop in with a bottle of wine, and the café will provide the glasses and even order pizzas. The complicated business of glazing and firing is done by staff, with the finished ceramics being ready for collection three days later.

The popularity of these ventures stems from the growth of what has been identified as the "made-by-me" culture. We want to be great cooks, skilled gardeners and interior designers, to be able to say: "Yes, I made it; I grew it; I painted it myself". That we now want to serve our home-made pasta on plates we have decorated, too, is really not so surprising.

Already, West London is a hotbed of made-by-me ceramic activity, with at least five such outlets serving Kew, Hammersmith, Chiswick and Fulham. Although loosely based on the American cafés, London's versions are largely one-offs rather than chains, and each one has a distinct character.

Kew Ceramics Workshop, for example, was London's first pottery workshop-cum-café, and has been open for over six years. Here the emphasis was on informal lessons in decorating ceramics and visitors would book in for relaxed and very social lessons with tea and biscuits.

The studio was the brainchild of the brother-and-sister team, Scott and Kim Blades, who saw a gap in the market for flexible ceramics lessons.

Earlier this year they opened their second outlet, The Ceramics Café, in Hammersmith which was inspired by the American-style operations. There is no need to book and customers drop by for untutored sessions. Maida Vale will be the next neighbourhood to benefit from a creative coffee bar when the UK's

first Colour Me Mine opens there on 19 July.

Harris Raphael, the British entrepreneur behind Colour Me Mine (UK), only came across the concept last year while in America searching for new business ideas.

"I have four-year-old twins, so I was particularly interested in family-orientated operations," he explains. "The Colour Me Mine concept offered the perfect combination to serve current trends. There is a real return to family-oriented entertainment on the one hand and then the popularity of made-by-me items which people either keep or give away."

With this in mind, Raphael plans to provide customers with certificates of authenticity for their creations; a "No really-this was made-by-me" with which to silence doubting recipients.

Unlike the capital's existing pottery painting cafés, Colour Me Mine will be a craft café offering a range of activities such as mosaic and fabric painting, and it will be run as a franchise. Raphael has already had more than 100 enquiries from serious investors and sites in six other cities should follow soon.

When choosing locations Raphael looks for areas with a fairly affluent, high-density population; family areas rather than high streets. Maida Vale, with its wide, leafy streets lined with large houses and smart mansion blocks, certainly fits the bill, and the first Colour Me Mine could not be better located - opposite the tube station and next door to an off-licence. Raphael hopes that people returning from work will buy a six-pack, then unwind with a beer and paint a plate or two.

Fulham has a similar population profile, with plenty of affluent families and young, single professionals. It is perfect for another Colour Me Mine, except that this is already the base camp for The Pottery Café which was opened by Emma Bridgewater, known for her distinctive sponge-stamped ceramics which sell around the world. According to Louisa White, Bridgewater's PR, the idea for the paint-your-own studio seemed like a natural extension to the shop, which is next door.

The Pottery Café has been a roaring success. A typical mid-week



Keep the paint on the pots and off you with potter's aprons at The Pottery Café on the Fulham Road in London

afternoon will see several mothers with well-behaved children sitting at bright, diner-style tables, contentedly sponging and stamping mugs and plates.

At weekends the café has become popular as a starting point for hen nights. "Women come with bottles of Champagne, and if they want we can arrange catering," says White. "Sometimes they'll just decorate things for themselves but often it is a set of coffee cups for the bride."

White thinks that many of their customers are surprised by what they have achieved. "Often they look at the blank pottery and panic, but once they get going with the sponges and letters they realise that it is not so difficult."

There are a few pieces of broken bisqueware on hand for trial runs, and children are given paper plates to practise on. For inspiration, customers need only look in the window of the Bridgewater shop next door, or flick through the excellent selection of reference books.

Where Bridgewater's café is very English, Colour Me Mine will trade on its American connections, and a dash of authenticity is provided by

the café's breezy operations manager, Marina Samalanos, who ran a branch in Santa Monica.

The choice of bisqueware is impressive, with over 400 different items ranging from tiny door handles to giant serving platters. Raphael has clearly thought of every possible customer type. There are sleek, simple bowls and vases at one end of the scale, and galloping stallions at the other.

A computer is on hand with 25,000 different designs, for customers at a loss for ideas, and there are 50 different paints from which to choose, all with suitably up-beat names such as Remember Santa Fe, Sunny Side Up and Flamingo.

Over at Bridgewater there have already been a couple of visitors who claimed to have been sent in by their therapists, and of course, all the cafés are doing brisk business on the children's birthday party front.

McDonald's had better watch out. A trip to the local pottery café for painting and cakes may soon eclipse the traditional film and Big Mac as the six-year-old's favourite treat of choice.

## WHERE TO GO TO DECORATE A POT

**Colour Me Mine**  
168-170 Randolph Avenue,  
Maida Vale, London W9  
(0171 326 5377)

The cost is £4.40 per hour, plus 50p to £35 for a piece to decorate; choose from 400 different bisque items and 50 non-toxic paints. Food and coffee are on sale and staff will call out for takeaways. You can bring wine or beer and there is a private room for parties. Opening hours: Tues-Fri 11am-9pm; Sat 10.30am-10pm; Sun 11am-9pm; closed Mon.

**The Pottery Café**  
733-735 Fulham Road, London SW6 (0171 736 2157)

A studio session costs £5 and you pay for an item to decorate. There are discounts for customers decorating large sets of

china, but arrange this before you start. Items cost from £4.50 to £25, with 25 pieces to choose from. The 15 colours were developed by Emma Bridgewater. Parties are catered for, with special deals for birthdays. Customers can bring their own wine. Opening hours: Mon-Fri 11am-7pm; Sat 10am-6pm; Sun 11am-5pm.

**The Ceramics Café**  
215 King Street, Hammersmith, London W6 (0181 741 4140)

At £2 for a studio session to last as long as you like, this is the best deal. Items to decorate from £3 to £30; choose from 100 shapes and 115 colours. Bring wine, or buy tea and coffee there. Opening hours: 12 noon-9pm Tues-Sat; 11am-6pm Sun; Closed Mon.

# It takes discipline to throw things well

Nick Membery has found the wheel to be his fortune. Or at least, his vocation. Kate Mikhail finds his pots stylish but practical

NICK MEMBERY loves throwing things. He throws teapots, bowls, mugs. In fact anything he feels like. And what's more, it never fails to give him a kick. Ten minutes for a large bowl, 15 for a jug, all thrown together with swift efficiency. As a potter, he's clearly found his vocation.

Squeezed out of Hoxton, London by the area's rapid gentrification and knock-on spiralling rents, Membery has set up studio in a peaceful, newly tucked away immediately south of Balls Pond Road, London. He's just taken delivery of two tonnes of clay, which is piled high on the workshop floor - "I can't resist the temptation to stick a finger into the squishy mass - and has clearly been hard at work all morning, his trainers and trousers lost under a layer of pale, chalky clay. "The most satisfying aspect of this job is getting a pukka firing and opening the kiln when everything's gone right and the pots are all gleaming beautifully," he enthuses.

This is a one-man show. Everything is hand-made; thrown on a wheel he built himself and fired in a kiln that is also of his own making. The complete process, from lump of wet clay to finished product, is time-consuming and Membery has to work constantly to keep up with demand. "Every year so far I've sold everything I've made. I like to sell everything and then make some more so that the work is constantly evolving and changing. I have not got anything that I made five years ago." His stall at the Chelsea Craft Fair last year sold out within three days.

You'd expect him to have an army of minions to speed up the conveyor-belt process but that, he insists, would be a

slippery slope. "I'm not interested in employing lots of people just to make more pots, as standards will invariably drop, and I don't want to just knock it out to make more money, as a high quality is very, very important."

His pottery sells all over the country, notably at David Mellor in Sloane Square and Contemporary Ceramics in Marshall Street, London. The range of table and kitchenware he produces is strong and solid and comes in either cobalt blue or

*'I have never got into decorating my works, they are about form rather than decoration but with lots of finishing details'*

white. It is stylish but very definitely intended for regular use. These are not delicate, paper-thin items meant to gather dust on the top shelf of the dresser but are tough and practical and designed to be oven, microwave, dishwasher and freezer friendly.

"My work is quite refined and the emphasis is on finish - every piece is given as much attention as the next piece - but generally it is absolutely intended for use," Membery stresses. "I keep my prices reasonable because people do collect it. They buy a lot of it, and they do

use it, break it, replace it and add to it."

If you're looking for flowers, stripes, or abstract expressionism on your dinner service then look elsewhere; these pieces are glazed and speckled but not painted.

"I have never got into decorating my works, they are about form rather than decoration but with lots of finishing details," he explains. "Beading, lips, 'twisty patterns' and 'sprigged bits' are all themes that are used as means of decoration. "My intention is to make good, usable pots with a traditional vein but that are also contemporary and fit into modern homes as well as country cottages."

Membery always knew he wanted to work for himself and it was a foundation course at Cheltenham Art College that led on to a ceramics degree at Middlesex Polytechnic. "A very charismatic friend on the course induced me to get on the wheel," he recalls, "and I have never got off it since. Repetition throwing takes discipline and a lot of practise," he concedes. I get flashbacks to my own lopsided efforts of many years ago: vases that grew magnificently on the turning wheel only to collapse in a forlorn and infuriating heap. But Membery has spent eight years and thousands of hours perfecting his throwing technique and the effort has paid off. His studio is filled with row upon row of perfectly turned out mugs, jugs and pots all at various stages of completion, and impressively uniform, considering that they have not come out of a mould.

Nick Membery's ceramics range in price from £7-£70. For enquiries ring 0171-249 8995



Nick Membery: 'A friend induced me to get on the wheel, and I haven't got off it since'

Neville Elder

# Blow up: the glass explosion

A renewed interest in glass has led to workshops opening their doors to the public this summer. By Rhiannon Batten

Glass is red hot in Britain at the moment. Chinking and glinting up and down the country are various exhibitions, open workshops and even a new National Glass Centre in Sunderland.

The current British glass preoccupation has been growing over the last few years, since the Victoria & Albert Museum opened its Glass Gallery in 1994. The national collection here includes Renaissance Venetian enamelled glass, English lead glass and French Art Nouveau glass, as well as examples of modern glass.

You may wish to leave the exhibition via the museum shop, where the Ann Wood range currently in stock is reminiscent of Danny Lane's glass staircase, which graces the gallery itself. Prices in the shop range from £22 for tumblers to £104 for candlesticks.

Meanwhile Jennifer Opie of the Victoria & Albert Glass Gallery is currently curating the Celebration of Glass exhibition at Contemporary Applied Arts to commemorate the gallery's 50th anniversary. For glass investments, the price range of exhibits encompasses double-sided glasses by Bob Crooks priced at £129 and works by Tessa Clegg for £4,000; the downstairs gallery has more discreet jugs, vases and glasses from around £40.

If it is glass production that you want to see, this is the time to do so. The Handmade Glass Company is selling itself on the fact that you do not have to go all the way to Venice to see glassblowers at work. The proprietor, Adam Aaronson, uses a vast range of colours, and gold and silver leaf, to create a fusion of modern and ancient art in glass.

Adam set up The Handmade Glass Company five years ago, but has had no formal training and admits that his workers are better than he. Nevertheless, the recent exhibition of his work at the Francis Iles Gallery in Rochester proves his credibility. He approaches glass like a painter and thus can flout conventional techniques to produce distinctive and unusual pieces. The company is currently fulfilling an order for a steel and glass four-poster bed for a private customer.

Between 17 July and 15 August, The Handmade Glass Company is holding a special sale event for the public to come and see the artists at work - and, of course, to buy glass. Many stages of each piece - especially the fabrication of prototypes - are not shown to the public, but this is a chance for them to see the whole process of blowing and the shaping.



The sale will include vases, scent bottles and door handles; prices start at around £10 for paperweights and scent bottles.

One of the people under whom Adam studied was Peter Layton of the London Glassblowing Workshop. This runs open weekends and the next one is on 24, 25 and 26 July, to coincide with a grand sale. Sale pieces will cost between £5 and £300 and an exhibition of scent bottles by 25 modern glassmakers will run concurrently. Most of the pieces are decorative, blown work, others are functional.

Inspiration came from varied sources. Coral forms were inspired by a snorkelling trip around the Great Barrier Reef and the workshop's Gaudi collection stemmed from a long weekend in Barcelona. His most recent works include ethereal "ice basket" bowls and spiralling glass sculptures.

The Glasshouse's home in Islington Green is a light industrial building with an overhead workshop where people can visit to watch the four permanent artists - Christopher Williams, Fleur Thokey, David Taylor and Annette Meach - at work.

Their pieces vary from tumblers for £10 and dainty scent bottles to big one-off pieces such as wall panels for £2,500, but there is plenty of mid-range glass for £50-£100. Commissions are accepted; as Annette Meach says: "Whatever can be done in glass, we'll do it."



Above: the Handmade Glass Company works with a range of materials, including gold and silver leaf, to create glass designs which combine ancient and modern techniques. Left: The Handmade Glass Company in action. Top Left: The London Glassblowing Workshop's 'ice basket' bowls currently cost £75-£130 and are some of its most recent designs

The same could be said of the National Glass Centre which shows off its contents with a huge bullet-proof glass roof. The centre has two main galleries - the interactive and scientific Kaleidoscope Gallery, and the more artistic Glass UK, currently exhibiting works by 80 contemporary British glass artists.

There is a children's club, a membership scheme, a large studio and demonstration area and many glass-related events are planned. A huge retail outlet has prices starting at 10p for marbles.

For a more studious approach to glass and other crafts, The Crafts Council has a list of glass workshops

throughout the country and is a good place to visit. The information centre includes the National Library for Crafts, a photographic library of glass artists, and a useful reference desk. The Jerwood Prize for Applied Arts is focusing on glass this year, and an exhibition of entries will be on display at the Crafts Council Gallery from 9 September to 11 October before moving to the National Glass Centre.

For those wanting a hands-on approach, Acorn Activities (01432 830063) has a glass-making and blowing course on 3 and 4 October in Hereford. The course costs £120 and B&B costs £22 per night.

The Victoria & Albert Museum (0171 938 8300) is open Mon 12 noon-5.45pm and Tues-Sun 10am-5.45pm. Admission £6 for adults, £3 for children over five.

The Crafts Council (0171 278 7700) is at 44a Pentonville Road, London, N1 9BY. admission free. Opening hours: 11am-6pm Tues-Sat; 2pm-6pm Sun.

The National Glass Centre is at Liberty Way, Sunderland, SR6 0GL (0191 515 5555). Entrance costs £2.50 for adults and £2 for children and concessions. Open daily, 10am-5pm; last admission 4pm.

The Glasshouse is at 21 St Albans Place, Islington, Green, London (0171 359 8162), 10am-5.30pm Mon-Fri; 10am-5pm Sat.

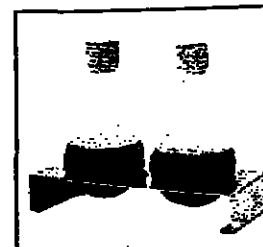
The London Glassblowing Workshop is at 7 The Leather Market, Weston Street, London, SE1 3ER (0171 403 2800). Open 10am-5pm Mon-Fri, and at weekends by appointment. It will be open 11am-5pm during the open workshop.

The Handmade Glass Company, Rooby Place, SW6 (0171 610 3344) is open 10am-5pm Mon-Sat during the sale and usually 10am-5pm Mon-Fri and 10am-1pm Sat.

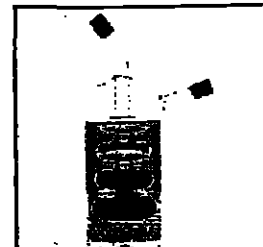
A Celebration of Glass runs until 1 August at Contemporary Applied Arts (0171 436 2344), 2 Percy Street, London, W1P.

## TOP GLASS

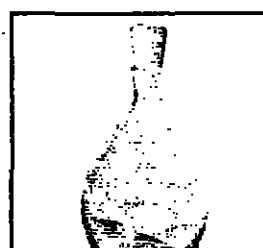
IF YOU have been inspired by the glass works shown left and want to find a comparable item that is good-looking, functional and affordable for your own home, but not something so unique that you will be afraid to touch, let alone use it, here is a selection of glass oil and vinegar bottles with covetable curves to point you in the right direction:



Nezarin Kamali oil and vinegar set, £39.20. Aero (0171 221 1950);



Oil and vinegar jar, £41.50. The General Trading Company (0171 730 0411);



Balloon bottle, £14. Habitat (0645 334433)



Duo oil and vinegar pourer, £21.95, Salad Sunrise oil and vinegar bottle, £32.95, and conical drippers, from £14.95, all from Ocean Home Shopping (0870 8484840).

## When buying clothes, keep it simple

If you like designer labels but not the price tags, don't despair. From Nicole Farhi to TK Maxx, there are plenty of outlets for finding that fashionable bargain. By Julia Werdigier

THE SALES are well under way and high streets up and down the country are jammed with shoppers. No doubt the best bargains will have gone within hours of the sales starting but there is good news for those who have been left empty-handed - you don't have to wait another year to get good deals. Hidden away off the mainstream retail scene, bargains are there throughout the year in factories, warehouses and a host of alternative shopping outlets.

It is well known that many high street retailers get rid of surplus stock, discontinued lines and seconds in factory shops where prices are vastly reduced. Most of these items are sold for 50 per cent less than their original price and some even up to 75 per cent less. In the racks of clothes at In Wear's factory outlet, for example, you can find T-shirts for £2. Nicole Farhi sells handbags for £35 and boots for £20 and at Burberry's factory outlet shoes are £10. The reason for these prices is that the goods can be sold in a simple environment that requires no sophisticated shop design, few staff and no expensive high street location.

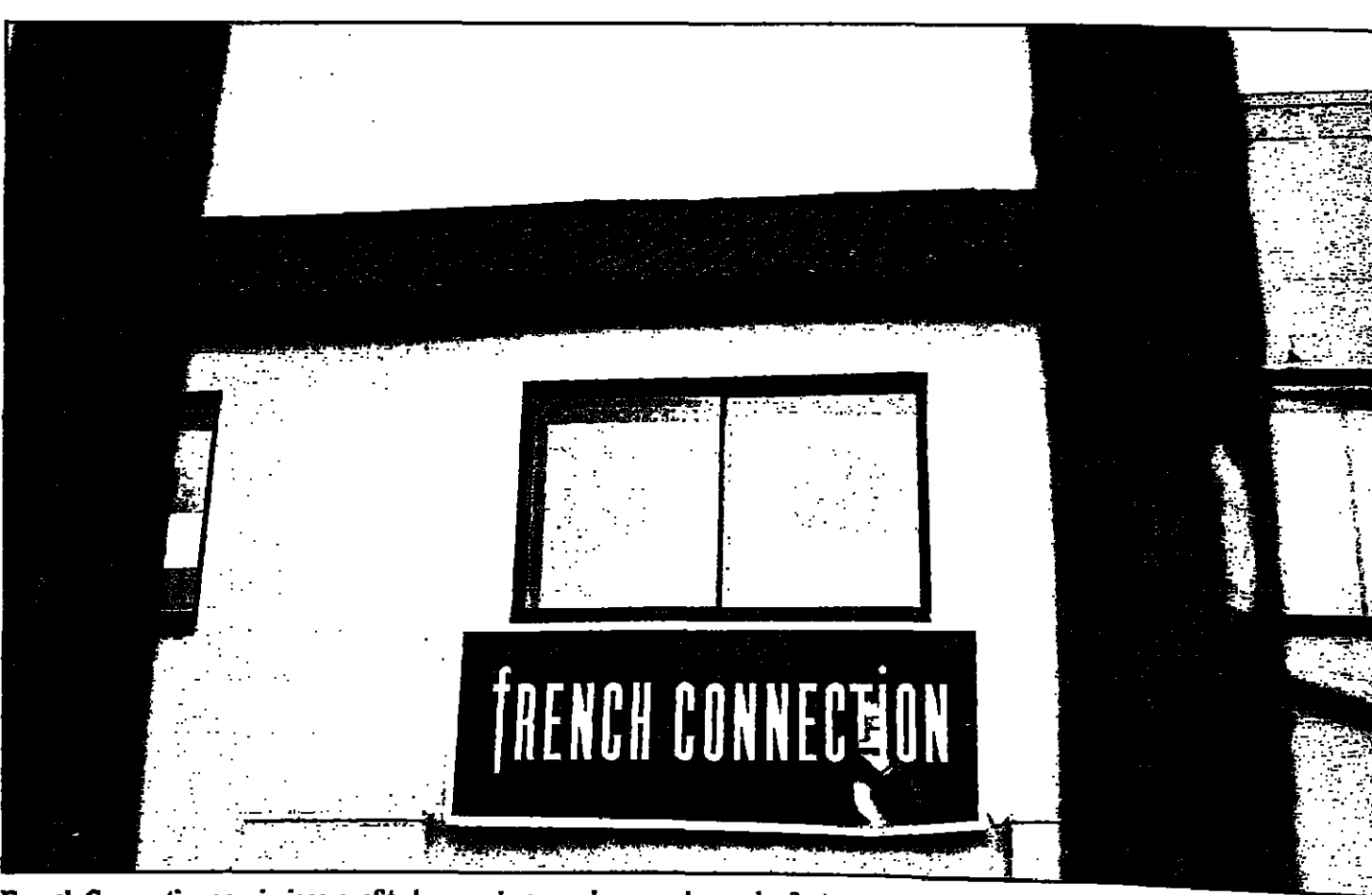
Most factory outlets are in converted warehouses, huge halls or un-

surprisingly, in old factories. Jigsaw sells off its clothes in an old Great Western Railway property in Swindon and, similarly, Mulberry's outlet in Somerset is in an old schoolhouse. Inside, it is nothing like the Mulberry shop on Bond Street. There are no extravagantly dressed windows and no obvious merchandising. Clothes are kept in old trunks and boxes and people simply rummage their way through the massive space with baskets, picking up the things they like. Amanda Carter, from Burberry's factory outlet, describes its shop as "enormous and warehouse-like. The clothes are arranged on simple shelves so it is like shopping in a supermarket". The drawback to these small patches of retail heaven, however, is that they can be difficult to track down. Until recently they were seldom advertised and their existence was passed on by word of mouth. And, although most of the factory outlets have changing rooms like any normal shop, there are no staff on hand to advise you against hasty purchases - a danger when there is usually a no-return policy.

Not all companies run large factory outlets, however. Instead some, such as Karen Millen, Dolce e Gab-

bana and Vivienne Westwood, open their warehouses to the public at least once a year to get rid of their old ranges. Others, such as Nicole Farhi and French Connection, maximise their profits by running both factory outlets and warehouse sales. The difference between them is that the warehouse sales tend to be cheaper and this is because some of the items are two to three years old, according to Martin Denham of French Connection. The real difference, though, is the number of items on sale. "The factory outlet stores are just too small for 30,000 items," says Martin. The last time it held a sale, French Connection sold 19,000 items. Items not sold at one sale are kept for the next one.

This year a new contender in alternative shopping has hit British shores from the US. The all-year sale shop concept is a mixture between the factory outlets and warehouse sales, and these kinds of shops are described as being for people who enjoy bargain shopping but are more keen on labels than on low prices. The clothes, shoes and accessories might not be the cheapest around but they are still a good deal for the customer. Prices vary but are usually about 60 per cent below the



French Connection maximises profits by running warehouse sales and a factory outlet

normal prices and the labels range from high street favourites to designers such as Guiltier. The US chain, TK Maxx, can afford to sell its goods at such low prices because of both the sale environment and buying techniques. The environment is as simple as it can get: white rooms with no carpets and no attractive extras, just plain, long rails full of clothes. All very cost effective. Some 50,000 items are kept in each shop at any one time and the stock is changed daily.

And, for those who do not want to buy their designer clothes in a su-

permarket-style environment but do not want to miss out on good deals, they can join the Fashion Design Club. The concept of this club is to give designers the chance to get rid of their clothes and give the public - but only those members of the public who have paid their £24 annual fee - a taste of designer merchandise five times a year. The club was started 20 years ago by Debbie Hodges, who got the idea whilst she was in the US working in fashion PR. "My designer friends were complaining that they could not get rid of their samples, so I collected them and started to sell

them to friends." The word spread and soon Debbie had to launch her first Designer Sale at Chelsea Town Hall. Now she is selling clothes by 40 international designers. Each sale lasts five days and prices range from £5 to £300. Debbie describes the atmosphere as friendly and relaxed. "The customers advise each other while trying things on and no one leaves with empty hands."

Factory outlets: Fashion Design Club, York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, SW11 4BP; Burberry, 29-33 Chatham Place,

Hackney, E9 6LP (0181 985 3344); In Wear, 100 Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, SW18 4DJ (0181 871 2155); Nicole Farhi and French Connection, 75-83 Fairfield Road, Bow, E3 2QR (0181 980 2568); Mulberry (Design) Ltd, Kilber Street, Shepton Mallet, Somerset BA4 5NF (01749 340500); Jigsaw, 62-64 Great Western Designer Outlet Village, Kemble Drive, Swindon, SN2 2TA (01793 536578); Next to Nothing, Unit 11, Arcadia Centre, Ealing, W5 2ND (0181 567 2747); TK Maxx, The Ilford Exchange, Ilford, ID1 1AS, (0181 514 1288)





# News of the weird

The stories of the past week that missed the headlines. By William Hartston

## HOME NEWS

### Motoring

According to a survey by the motor insurance company Touchline, women named Tracey are among the safest drivers. The research, based on correlations between first names and motor insurance claims, showed that Patricia and Tracey are the safest women's names, and Barry, Ronald and Kenneth are the men least likely to lose a no-claims bonus. The most likely to claim are Kevin, Jason, Darren and Lee.

### Partying

An analysis by *Tatler* magazine of the 250 most lavish and exclusive social gatherings of the year revealed that Sir Elton John was included on more invitation lists than anyone else. He was invited to 74.8 per cent of top people's parties. Tony and Cherie Blair, who are invited to 70.8 per cent, take 10th place on the list of most popular invitees.

## FOREIGN NEWS

### Palestine

Two more unofficial titles were given to Yasser Arafat during celebrations of the Prophet Mohammed's birthday last week. As well as being "father of the builder", "leader", "hard number", "old man" and "symbol" (among others), he is now also "friend of the prophet" and "faithful president".

### Afghanistan

Mohammad Qalamuddin, deputy head of the Taliban's religious min-

istry, has announced a ban on television sets, video-recorders and satellite dishes. "These video recorders and television are the cause of corruption in this society," he said. Owners have 15 days to get rid of their television sets, after which the religious police will smash any sets they find. Another recent edict bans women from wearing white socks.

### California

The city of Palo Alto has announced that it will start a free valet parking system at the railway station for cyclists. Earlier attempts to promote cycling have been so successful that commuter trains have become congested with bicycles.

### Sri Lanka

A crisis is reported to be developing in Colombo following the growth of the crowd population from 100,000 to half a million in the past five years. In recent weeks there have been accounts of crowds disrupting traffic, stopping a cricket match, killing kittens and delaying the departure of a ship. With a slaughter of crows opposed by influential Buddhist monks, and the cost of ammunition in any case considered prohibitive, the tricky task of sterilising female crows may be the best solution.

## CRIME

### California

The city council of Berkeley has voted to downgrade its anti-nudity laws. Previously, police officers were required to arrest offenders,

who would then face trial and a possible penalty of a \$1,000 fine and a year in jail. Under the new, more relaxed law, police will have the option of issuing a ticket which will impose a fine of \$100 for a first offence. No jury has yet convicted anyone of breaking the anti-nudity law.

### New Jersey

Siu Cheng, a deliveryman, was arrested and charged with attempted bribery after he allegedly offered a policeman some live lobsters if he omitted to issue him with a ticket for speeding. He had been stopped while delivering a van full of seafood to a restaurant in the town of Readington.

### San Francisco

According to a report from Reuters, the Commission on Judicial Performance in California has admonished a judge for calling a lawyer "chicken" and for sending an e-mail message saying that he intended to "screw" a litigant. The language used by Judge Gregory Caskey, who handled juvenile cases at the Shasta County Superior Court, showed inappropriate bias, a joking attitude and neglect for the dignity of the court, the commission said. His e-mail message, relating to a custody case, is reported to have said: "I say screw (the father) and let's cut (the attorney) off without a hearing. OK? By the way, this message will self-destruct in five seconds..." When the recipient of the message wrote back to express discomfiture, the judge sent back a one-word reply: "Chicken."

### China

The *Guangmin Daily* has reported China's first successful use of a lie-detector in solving a murder case. Police in the city of Kunming had found inconsistencies in the statement of a suspect and asked the local Intermediate People's Court for permission to use a lie-detector. According to an AP report, the Kunming Intermediate People's Court is a testing centre for judicial reform in China. Two years ago it began experimenting with using lethal injections instead of firing squads for court-ordered execution of criminals.

### New York

Drug dealers in New York have redesigned one of their most popular products. They have decorated their \$10 bags of heroin with a picture of State Supreme Court Judge Leslie Crocker Snyder, who is known for giving heavy sentences to members of drug gangs. The illustration on the envelopes is one of a masked man in prison uniform standing before a robed judge with flowing blond hair. She is depicted in characteristic pose, with her head resting on her hand. The heroin in the packs is of a type known by the nickname of "25 to Life".

### Japan

An unusual hostage-taking episode happened in Osaka when police were trying to capture a wild monkey on the loose in the city. When the animal was cornered, it grabbed a kitten "as a diversionary tactic", according to a Reuters report. The

monkey then fled to a nearby primary school, which had to be evacuated. "We're not as interested in finding the kitten as we are in getting that monkey," a police spokesman said.

### Canada

When clearing out her family home in Victoria, British Columbia, Eve Lettice found a copy of Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* which should have been returned to the local library 82 years before. Library officials calculated that the total fine for the overdue book would have amounted to C\$7,200 (about £3,000) but said that Ms Lettice would not have to pay as she had not taken the book out herself. "We're just glad to get the damn book back," the chief librarian said.

## MUSIC

### Philippines

A 29-year-old seaman was stabbed to death after singing a love song out of tune in a pub. The man had been jeered by other drinkers when he grabbed the microphone and sang a local love song. An argument ensued and the singer was attacked as he left the pub.

### California

David Sans, a musician from San Francisco, has recorded a song dedicated to Monica Lewinsky. "The metre of her names demands to be enshrined," David Sans said. "The name Monica Lewinsky is so rhythmic, the song wrote itself."

## SPORT

### Finland

The third annual world wife-carrying championships in Sonkajärvi were won by the Estonian students Imre Ambos, 22, and Annela Ojaste, 26. While previous winners had

used piggyback or fireman's lift holds, the Estonians had the woman dangling upside down on the carrier's back with her legs crossed on his chest.

## CORRECTION

In the picture on this page last week, the swimsuit worn by Mayor Gabriele Albertini of Milan was by Valentino, not Armani as stated. We apologise for any distress or confusion this error may have caused.



Wife-carrying in Finland

Popperfoto/Reuters

## CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLE MASTER

CHRIS MASLANKA EXPLAINS HOW TO GET AWAY FROM FOOTBALL

I WANTED to do more football puzzles on Radio 4's *Puzzle Panel*. But such things tend to be visual and not particularly suited to radio. Besides, members of the panel either abhorred the game or had overdone on it lately.

(1) What common household commodity is an anagram of WORLD CUP TEAM? (6, 6)

(2) In a nightmare you are fleeing down the corridors of your old school followed by a menacing football 10 feet in diameter. How do you escape being crushed?

What makes soccer so popular? Protest is bootless, for I predict it will be Planet Earth's global sport in the new millennium with a dome all of its own. One day we will interrupt a war with an alien life form to play

in the Intergalactic Cup Final. The origin of our fascination with ball games is clearly developmental. There is something aesthetic about a big round ball that grabs our attention. Most toddlers can no more help being attracted to a rolling ball than kittens can to balls of wool.

I remember my disappointment at school when I wanted to pattern a ball with squares and the obstinate fact was brought home to me that you could have segments as on an orange, or octants as on a beach ball, but no matter how cleverly you cut up your graph paper, you could never cover a ball with identical squares.

(3) You want to decorate a ball with a number of spots so that each spot is equidistant from each of the others. What is the greatest number of spots there can be?

We live, in a sense, on a huge celestial football. It's not a perfect sphere, being flatter at the poles than at the equator. But even with a perfect sphere the map-maker would run up against the problem of the deflated football: How do you flatten a spherical surface sufficiently to make a map of it on flat paper?

Matter, under its own gravity, coalesces symmetrically; celestial bodies tend towards the spherical. The sphere is also the shape that minimises surface area for a given volume.

(4) A sphere, whichever way you slice it, gives you a circle. What shapes can you get by slicing a cube?

Football gets in on Mother Nature's act in another way. Euclid shows in his *Elements* that there are

just five Platonic solids - convex solids having regular polygonal faces - tetrahedron, cube, octahedron, dodecahedron and icosahedron. Slicing off the corners of the 20-sided icosahedron you get the semi-regular (Archimedean) solid on which all modern footballs are based: the truncated icosahedron.

Just as with squares, identical hexagons, which fit together so neatly in floor tiling cannot be fitted to a sphere without distortion. Three hexagons have "too much angle" to fit together on a sphere. If, however, you replace one in three of the hexagons round each prospective vertex by a pentagon, you can get it to close up in a truncated icosahedron.

Nature beat us to it with the polio virus, which is truncated icosahedral in intent. The structure is also that of the most recently discovered form of carbon, the "buckyball", or

Buckminsterfullerene, named after the inventor of the geodesic dome, on whose pioneering work the Millennium Dome is based. Carbon with its dangly directional bonds can hook back on itself and create a spherical stable structure. It bounces, spins and rolls - Mother Nature's own football.

## SOLUTIONS

### 1. TALCUM POWDER

2. Either wake up or lie down beside the skirting board, where the ball cannot reach.  
3. Four arranged at the corners of a regular tetrahedron.  
4. Square (slice parallel to a side), rectangle, triangle, (by cutting corners) hexagon.

*Puzzle Panel is on Radio 4 on Thursdays at 1.30pm, repeated on Sundays at 11 pm.*

## CHESS:

WILLIAM HARTSTON

NIGEL SHORT must have enjoyed this game from the Keres Memorial tournament in Tallinn, Estonia. Playing Black against the French grandmaster Joel Lautier, his opening experiment of 6...a6 had the merit of getting off the beaten track of lines with 6...d5 7.c5, but led to a rather dreary game for Black when Lautier seized more space and pushed on with 14.d5.

Black's game looked uncomfortably cramped as he squirmed around with moves such as Bd8, Nb8 and Qc6, but he came strongly back into the game when White's knights went off on a wild pawn chase on the Q-side. When he was forced to sacrifice the exchange with 31...Rxe6, his bishop became the dominant piece on the board.

After 35...Qg6 White was lost. 36.Qf2 would have been met by 36...Nd3, chasing the queen away.

White: Joel Lautier  
Black: Nigel Short  
Nimzo-Indian Defence

1 d4 e6	22 Rxe8 Nbd7
2 c4 Nf6	23 Nb4 Ng4
3 Nc3 Bb4	24 Re2 f5
4 e3 c5	25 Re2 e4
5 Nge2 cxd4	26 b3 Nge5
6 exd4 a6	27 Nxe6 Nf3+
7 a3 Be7	28 Kh1 Nde5
8 g3 0-0	29 Nb5 Rf6
9 Bg2 d6	30 Nac7 Rd8
10 0-0 Nbd7	31 Ne6 Rxe6
11 Nf4 Rb8	32 dxe6 Qxe6
12 a4 b6	33 Ra7 Bc6
13 Re1 Bb7	34 Qb2 e3
14 d5 e5	35 fxe3 Qg6
15 Nd3 Qe7	36 g4 fxe4
16 b3 Ra8	37 Nd4 Be4
17 Bb2 Rd8	38 Rf1 Rf8
18 Qb1 Nf8	39 Qf2 gxf3
19 a5 Qc8	40 Exf3 Nxf3
20 axb6 Bxb6	White resigned
21 Be3 Bxe3	

## PANDORA MELLY

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Steven Berkoff, 60, actor

WHEN I was a teenager, the game I used to play was dancing. It was a way of trying to pick up girls. We'd go to this dance hall in Tottenham Court Road called the Astoria, which was a sanctuary for *au pairs*: all these young and gorgeous and fascinating creatures who were very often French or Italian.

And this was the game: to go into a place where you would appear to be somebody of substance or culture or achievement because you looked grown-up and wore an elegant suit.

Because of the tea dance, I'd meet all sorts of different girls and go out with them for a period of time, and improve my foreign languages. Of course the game couldn't be sustained, because after a while they would see that you were just a poor, humble worker.

The Astoria became a weekly fix. When I got older, the clientele changed somewhat. It became a place for the lonely and desperate and also for married women who were sick to the teeth with their husbands. They would go there and

slink around. And the game would be that when they played the cha-cha-chas, the sambas and the tangos, they would become these exotic, dusky and sexy women who were basically from Swiss Cottage and Finchley Road.

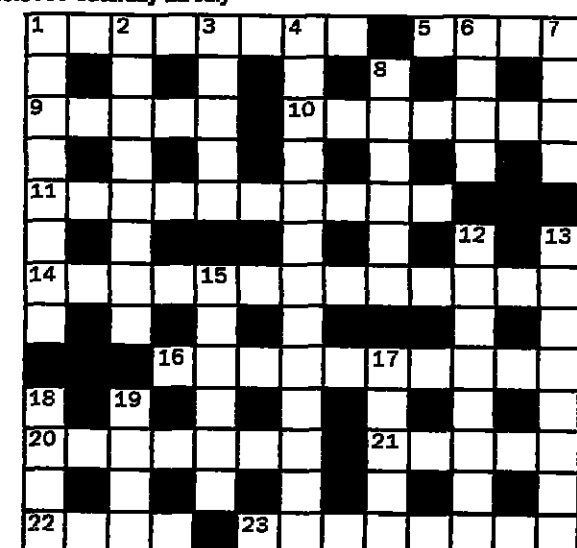
There's something about the dance hall, particularly for people today who are leading simple lives. Once they get into a disco, they become characters out of movies. Club life is where the mask is worn. It's the game of attitudes, and the dance hall is a kind of stage. If you could dance well, it gave you a certain aura. Even if you were some kind of wretched unemployed actor, once you were on that stage, you were the king of yourself.

Steven Berkoff's one-man show, *Shakespeare's Villains: A Masterclass in Evil*, is at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, London until 8 August. (Box office: 0171-930-8800).

The dance hall is the subject of *Resting*, one of the short stories in Steven Berkoff's *Graft: Tales of an Actor*, which will be published on 30 July by Oberon Books, price £12.

## CONCISE CROSSWORD

No.3660 Saturday 11 July



## ACROSS

- 1 Tiered (8)
- 5 Chess piece (4)
- 9 Cuban dance (5)
- 10 Disconcert (7)
- 11 Amazed (10)
- 14 Intolerable (13)
- 16 Educational establishment (4,6)
- 20 Japanese paper-folding (7)
- 21 Animal (5)
- 22 Tug (4)
- 23 Heavenly (8)

## DOWN

- 1 Water tortoise (8)
- 2 Furthest (8)
- 3 Once more (5)
- 4 Decorating medium (8,5)
- 6 Monster (4)
- 7 Retain (4)
- 8 Turn upside down (6)
- 12 Unconditional (8)
- 13 Headlong (4,4)
- 15 Outcast (6)
- 17 Thick rope (5)
- 18 Politician (4)
- 19 Oven for firing pottery (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Cagney, 4 Bee (KGB), 7 Neva, 8 Allegory, 9 Amphitheatre, 10 Reacts, 13 Sprite, 15 Cash-and-carry, 19 Sweeping, 20 Tich, 21 Yak, 22 Tress. DOWN: 1 Cream, 2 Graphic, 3 Yeast, 4 Bigot, 5 Earnest, 6 Piers, 11 Each way, 12 Stalin, 14 Realise, 16 Sieck, 17 Digit, 18 Rocks.

## BRIDGE: ALAN HIRON

Game all; dealer East

North  
♠ 9 8  
♥ A K 5  
♦ A Q 4 3  
♣ 10 7 6 4

West

♠ Q 10 4

♥ 9 4 2

♦ K 9 5

♣ K J 5 2

East

♠ 7

♥ Q J 10 8 6 3

♦ 10 8 2

♣ Q 9 3

South

♠ A K J 6 5 3 2

♥ 7

♦ J 7 6

♣ A 8

THIS DEAL, a constructed problem by Ulrich Ahuagen, has an elegant solution. But unlike most constructed problems, everything about it has the appearance of normality, so watch out for a similar affair at the table.

All you are told is that East opened with a weak Two Hearts and South ended in Six Spades (perhaps a direct overall of Four Spades by South, raised straight to the slam by partner) and West leads a heart. At first sight there is a sure trump loser and, with only one discard to come from dummy's top hearts, a minor suit loser as well. There is the possibility of throwing West in at some point but he seems to have a safe club exit. What about a squeeze on West in the minors? Apparently no good, for the club menace cannot be isolated and East can take good care of the suit.

Give up? So did I. But try this: win the heart lead in dummy and ruff a heart in hand. Then cash the two top trumps, leaving West with the master queen. Now take ♠A, finesse ♠Q and discard the club loser on dummy's remaining top heart. Finally ruff a club in hand and exit with a trump.

This leaves West on lead and whatever he tries is to your advantage. If he leads a diamond away from his king, it is all over, and if he leads a club, he is left in sole control of the suit after you have ruffed and is squeezed when the last spade is played.

The key to the hand lies in ruffing dummy's losing heart at trick two. Otherwise the problem is that matters cannot be timed properly.

## BACKGAMMON: CHRIS BRAY

BEFORE THE advent of computers the person who did the most to develop backgammon theory was Paul Magriel. His landmark book *Backgammon*, recently republished by the author himself, is still by a long distance the best instruction manual that you will find on the game.

To all those who have had the pleasure to meet and play against him in the backgammon world he is known simply as X-22, or just X for short. On a tournament drawsheet you will never see his name, but merely X-22. For many years I had assumed that this nickname came from a propensity to split to the 22-point in the opening. At the BBA Brighton tournament earlier this year, where Paul gave a seminar, I noticed that his preferred opening with 52 was 13/8, 13/11. Surely X-22 would play 13/8, 24/22?

Intrigued by this, I decided that an explanation was required. As usual truth is stranger than fiction and research, aided by the *Esquire* magazine issue of April 1980, provides the true origin of the famous sobriquet. In essence Magriel coined it himself some 25 years ago. In his mid-twenties at the time and already one of the most astute players ever to rattle a dice cup, Paul was turning his attention to the special strategies involved in match play.

Being nothing if not thorough, he decided that the best way to study tournament play was to create an imaginary backgammon tournament in which he himself was all 64 participants. He proceeded to roll out both sides of every game of every match of every round, cataloguing what worked and what did not.

The tournament involved several hundred hours of solitary play, which to many may seem like a nightmare, but for Paul were to form an essential part of his backgammon education. He rolled the dice an estimated 10,000 times. He advanced roughly 50,000 points and bore off a legion of men. And he pondered.

At length, the field was narrowed to two contestants. The "players", named for their positions in the original draw, were X-34 and X-22. In what could not help but be a closely fought final, X-22 edged out the win. Partly in homage, partly for its suggestion of robotic single-mindedness, Paul took the victor's name for his monicker. To this day, X-22 has shown up on the winner's line more often than any other name.

The prize money cheques, however, are still made out to Paul Magriel.



# TRAVEL

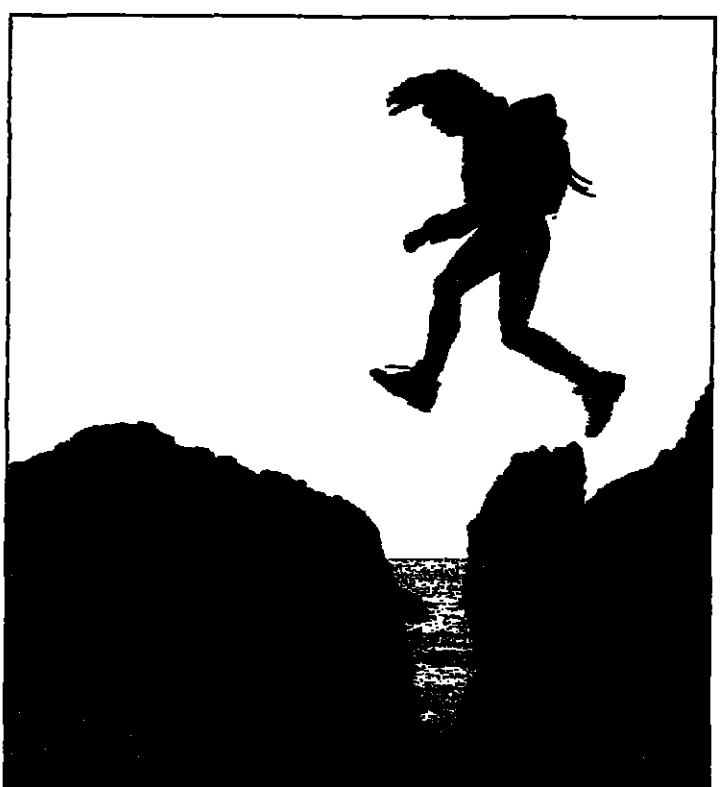
## Go jump off a rock. Across a chasm. And into the sea

Fulfill your childhood fantasies with some 'coasteering'. It's wet, wild, rather dangerous and best done under appropriate supervision.

Eric Kendall takes a leap of faith



If you must join in with the intrepid coasteering fraternity...



... make sure you are reinforced

Eric Kendall

REMEMBER ROCK-pooling? Splashing about in sun-warmed mini-oceans crawling with colourful sea-life, and slipping on fiendishly sharp rocks – how could they be so Teflon smooth yet, at the same time, rough enough to remove layers of skin? And all the while, waves crashing and swirling in the distance, surging up channels, heaving over now-you-see-them now-you-don't rocky outcrops; best of all, deep clefts in the cliff-face, leading to caves where huge volumes of water sucked against the black rock, whirling vortices hinting at the power beneath. Even at the age of eight, you knew those were places it wasn't even worth thinking about investigating, despite the remote but alluring chance of an exciting rescue, maybe even a lifeboat or helicopter ride. For all the hypnotic, mesmeric power of the sea, it just was not on.

But when you grow up, you can do these things. It is not so much a question of having better judgement, or even the physical ability, more a case of going with "someone who knows what they are doing" – though that is always a dubious concept, as you would not expect balanced people to choose to be out there in the first place.

As we pulled on the padded wet suits, buoyancy aids and helmets, things started to look a bit better. It had a name, this lunacy, and a history. Coasteering started at the turn of the century, when geologist-climbers (sounds respectable enough) started to map out sea-level traverses for much of the West Country as part of their study of the varied rock formations.

But you can keep all your scientific interest in geology. What really matters in coasteering is how far the rocks stick out of the water at various strategic points. Even more important is what lies below the surface, because at some point you have to get wet, and what better way than to hurl yourself from a great height into the sea?

It is certainly a great way to start the day, but strictly a "no, after you

– I insist" kind of activity. The bigger the bloke who goes first, the better you establish whether the water is deep enough. Our mentor, Pete, fitted the bill – and his wet suit – to bursting point, and led valiantly from the front. Just his physical presence gave a reassuring feeling that not only could he fish me from the briny single-handedly, he could probably manage several of us at the same time, if required.

If a clear jump is not an option, a well-timed launch onto the incoming swell is second best, allowing you to float clear of all kinds of forbidding

Choosing the right spot for an incoming wave is critical. Get it wrong and you're probably beyond help

rocky fingers that, moments before, were exposed and waiting to claim you. As the swell rolls in and turns, you throw yourself onto it to be pulled strongly away from the cliffs: then you can swim well clear, making sure you do not hang around to make the reverse trip.

Getting back out, a little further along the coast, calls for more timing and much more hand- and foot-work. Choosing the right spot for an incoming wave to drop you is also critical. As it places you on the rock if it smashes you against it, you've got it all wrong and are probably beyond help: you have to get your feet down and grip with your hands to resist the pull of the retreating wave. The moment the water drops away, you scramble upwards beyond reach of the next wave before pausing to enjoy the sight, and to see whether anyone else has made a less successful exit, which invariably makes for good viewing.

The wet bits are not the only

challenges involved. A good route is likely to have some moderate scrambling between the plunge sections, though the state of the tide determines just how much swimming or footwork is needed. Toughest of all are the sections which should be dry, but only if you manage not to fall in. The spot where you have to stand on the edge of a chasm, allowing yourself to fall forwards horizontally, with arms outstretched to catch the opposing rock-face, is primarily a psychological trial, until about half-way through when it becomes a physical one: just how can I get the rest of my body and legs across to the side my hands are now holding? The answer (you can't) flashes through your mind as you splash into the foaming surge below. But this time, it is not so much a question of timing as of luck as to where the swell is, and consequently what you drop on to.

Perhaps you will get that free helicopter ride after all.

Coasteering: how to get started Sea-level traverses are detailed in specialist climbing guides to coastal areas. They tend to involve varying degrees of wetness, from wet feet only to total immersion. You should go in a group under expert guidance, not least because the wet suits (preferably with reinforced knees), helmets and buoyancy aids provided by activity centres or guides are essential.

Wear old trainers or hiking boots for protection: whatever you wear, it will not grip wet rock very well. Obvious hazards include tides, exposure and falling off slippery rocks. You should be in reasonable shape and be able to keep moving at a moderate speed. Small groups are the most fun, with minimal hanging around waiting for others.

Jim Thompson (01271 322955) organises coasteering trips around Baggy Point in Devon; or try the Tur-y-Peln Activity Centre (01437 724391) in Wales. Thanks to Pete Richardson, Jim, Ali and Elliot

"OPERATIONAL difficulties" – a phrase bulging with vagueness, of no practical use to anyone except those in the travel industry.

During one particularly grim summer spent working at Gatwick, I used to have a standing wager with a colleague on the number of times we would hear the old "op diffs" line over the public address system. This was during the course of a hot, sweaty day when our work frisking passengers was not an unmitigated joy. I think the record was 23.

That was back in the Seventies when planes were a lot ropier and more prone to break down than they are now, and when the travel industry was less regulated. But operational difficulties still have the potential to blight a journey or two.

Three weeks ago, Lindsay Appleby of west London booked a Peach Air flight from Gatwick to Alicante. The fare was a whacking £189 return – enough for a London-New York return off-season – but she was prepared to pay for the comfort of an afternoon flight and a civilised arrival time.

This week, flights by Inspirations, the seat-only operator that sold her the

ticket, wrote: "Due to operational difficulties the flight on which you are booked has been rescheduled and will now be operating with Monarch." Worse still, the flight had been moved to an unsocial departure time of 11.55pm, with arrival at 3.20am. Ms Appleby tried to cancel but was told that the booking conditions allowed the company to change times by up to 12 hours.

When planning well in advance, airlines and operators are as noncommittal as can be about departure times. Some holiday companies have already launched brochures for 2000, without much certainty about what slots or aircraft may be available. But Ms Appleby booked only five weeks before departure, when you would imagine companies have a pretty firm idea about flights to a favourite holiday airport.

The "operational difficulty" turns out to be how much money the firm thought it could make. Many of the 400 seats on the TriStar were unsold. So rather than dropping the price, or allowing Ms Appleby and her fellow passengers more space, the



SIMON CALDER

The 'operational difficulty' turns out to be how much cash the company can make

charterer opted for a smaller plane – leaving eight hours later.

Other examples of less-than-forthright explanations abound. It was fortunate for the pilot of a Debonair flight to Luton last week that he spoke from behind a closed cockpit door when he said, "I do apologise for what appears to be inaccurate information from our ground agents in Nice." Thus he did not hear the chorus of derision from his unhappy passengers.

That the flight was three hours late had been revealed by Debonair to the ground

agents in Nice only after the plane was due to take off. Before that, a beleaguered Air France official – and the only person in uniform – encountered operational difficulties himself when, beyond the call of duty, he tried to help passengers from a rival airline.

And, last Monday, travellers on a Eurostar train from Lille to Waterloo learned the phrase "operational difficulties" in French and Dutch as well as English. I wonder if in those languages, too, it confers upon the speaker the fond but misplaced satisfaction that he has explained and excused the failure to provide a proper service. The train finally snuck in just less than an hour late, saving Eurostar the expense of compensating passengers. THE INDEPENDENT has a strict no-freebies policy for the travel section, but Gatwick Express has sneaked under the wire by sending, in a plain envelope, gratis Club Class tickets for four people on the train between London Victoria and the airport. A note from Roy Campbell, the marketing and media relations manager, asserts: "The Gatwick Express is

the fastest and most comfortable way to travel from London to Gatwick airport."

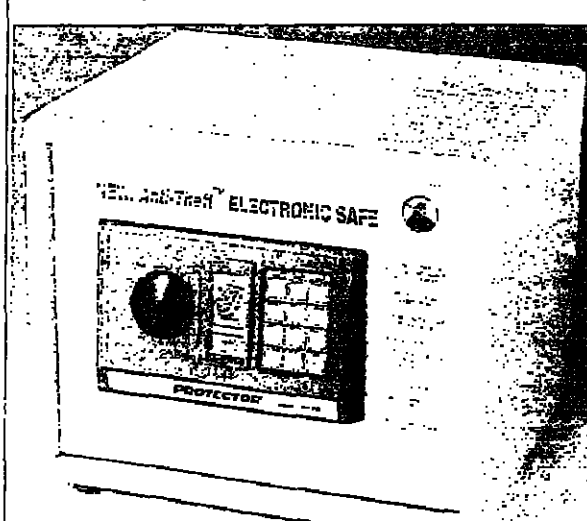
"Why not give it a try?" asks Mr Campbell. Because, Roy, the Gatwick Express is neither the fastest nor the most comfortable way to travel from London to Gatwick. The half-hour journey time is four minutes slower than Thameslink trains from London Bridge. And for a more comfortable journey: what about a stretch limousine with a bunch of pals, a CD player and lots of champagne?

Mr Campbell responds by saying that Thameslink offers a 26-minute journey time only on six southbound services a day, and a limousine is beyond the means of most people.

Since I can't keep the free tickets, "worth" £120, they are yours for the best example of an imaginative claim in the wonderful world of travel. If you don't win, the next time you and three others need to reach Gatwick, try first class on Connex SouthCentral: it takes three minutes longer than the Gatwick Express, but you can spend the £22 you save on a bottle or two of champagne.

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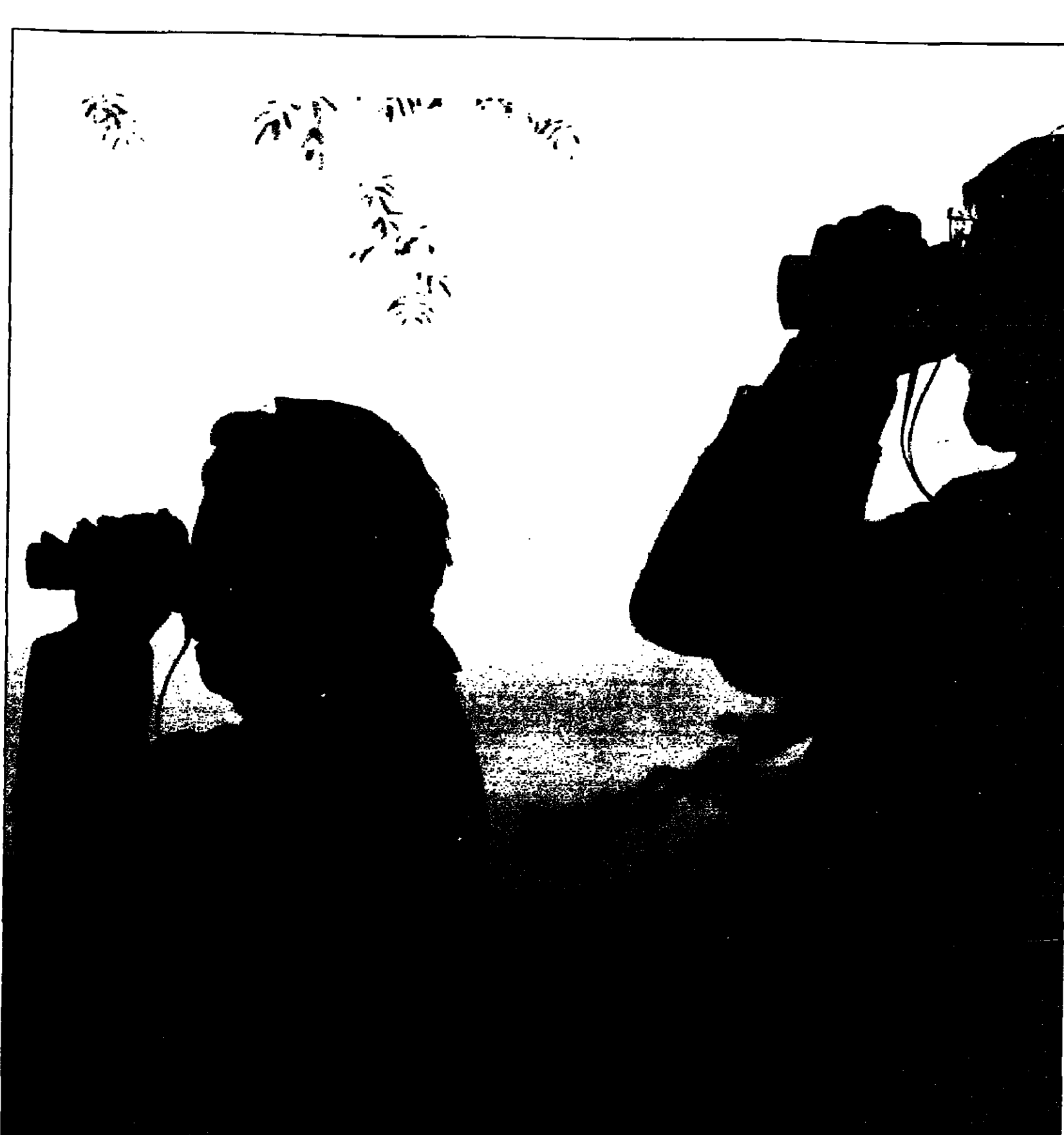
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The RSPB accepts about 750 volunteers a year in 26 sites - one of which is on Hoy, where peregrine falcons (left) are breeding

Piers Cavendish; Jean-Paul Ferrero/Ardea

# The day I met the bird men of Hoy

Perhaps you want to work on a bird reserve? Energy is more important than expertise, as **Edi Smockum** discovered on the Orkney island

I knew I was in trouble when the man from the RSPB met us at the Hoy jetty with binoculars draped around his neck. By my reckoning, he should have been half-way through his dinner, and the only bird he should have been spotting was chicken. But I was new to the bird world, and I had a lot to learn.

For complicated reasons, we had decided to spend our spring holiday on the Orkney Island of Hoy as volunteers for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. A bizarre choice, perhaps, for someone who admits to a bit of a bird phobia. But some time in the depth of last winter, we had high ideals of experiencing the great outdoors in a direct way, while helping to conserve it.

The RSPB accepts about 750 volunteers each year in 26 sites. The minimum stay for most reserves is a week; two in some of the more remote. Most volunteers are students,

for whom this sojourn provides valuable experience, but they take anyone with enthusiasm, especially those with useful skills such as carpentry and tree husbandry. Accommodation can vary; ours, the Bothy, was basic but comfortable. The kitchen was reasonably well equipped, and three of us shared a room. While on the reserve, volunteers are treated as representatives of the RSPB.

Our Sunday night induction included a stern talk on health and safety, with warnings of leptospirosis (a disease transmitted by rats) and egg thieves. James, Hoy's warden, got us started at 8am on a Monday with some survey work. Then a brisk walk from Rackwick on the west side of the island towards the

Old Man of Hoy, along some of the most dramatic cliff scenery in the British Isles. I think the fact that I had forgotten my binoculars on day one made him more than suspicious of my fidelity to the bird population. We were looking out for peregrine falcons breeding on the island. James was hoping to locate their nests so that he could keep an eye on the young.

No luck with falcons. Instead, we had a few close encounters with great skuas, and found evidence of a peregrine lunch: puffin wings and a bill. James also stumbled on a merlin kill: the remains of a small bird plucked on a rocky outcrop.

After lunch from a knapsack, one of our team found a rare visitor to the Orkney Islands: a black redstart.

Cute as he was, I could not summon the sheer enthusiasm of the others. There was much debate as to the colour of his rump. Books, which everyone seemed to be carrying, were consulted and notes were furiously taken. Binoculars, I was not much help. Eventually, the team managed to tear itself away. We headed towards a group of small lochs where we hoped to spot the red-throated divers that come to nest on the island. We found one in our second loch and I surprised myself by finding it very impressive - a noble bird and a perfect swimmer, whose delicate red throat blends into a deep mauve head. When it flew off, we tramped the loch perimeter for evidence of nesting.

Back at base, James gave us a 15-

minute break before we settled down to some hard work. We reckoned that the morning had been pleasant non-work and that the real job was about to begin. The next day, our backs and arms told us we had been right: assembling fire-beaters may sound easy, but if you normally sit at a desk all day, it is not. Our other activities during the week tested our physical endurance: tree-planting in an attempt to replace native trees to Hoy, and drainage ditch clearing. Luckily, James always had a bit of interesting work on hand - we searched for merlin nests, spotting the nest, the birds and a pellet undigested food that contained the foot and leg of a small bird.

By Thursday, my bird phobia

had been allayed by James's enthusiasm and I even volunteered to be up and ready for a 6am start to look for hen harriers. Lying prostrate on the heather-covered hillside, binoculars on the ready, we were rewarded with a soaring peregrine, swooping from one end of the valley to the other. The hen harriers were proving elusive and so we set to looking for the nests. On Hoy, unlike anywhere else, the hen harrier nests in reeds. James warned us that they have big talons and can be aggressive. We clapped loudly, to try not to surprise the bird on its nest. James regaled us with stories about the damage that hen harriers can do - and so it was with a sense of relief that we finally gave up looking.

According to the Bothy diary, volunteers come from all over the world: we found notes from a Catalan separatist, several French students, and a New Zealander who had stayed several months. All mention the hard work, all leave fitter than they arrived. Like me, the vast majority had an enchanting sojourn, learned about birds and delighted in the quiet of Hoy. Many mentioned the view from the bay of the window of the Bothy: depending on the time of year it includes ducks, seals and oystercatchers. It is a view that I shall always remember: all change and storm in the air. And that is just the birds.

The RSPB Volunteering Warden Scheme can be reached at: The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire SG19 2DL (01767 680531). Volunteers are provided with free accommodation but need to pay for their food and transport.

A boat  
Cross-Channel fares are rising to peak rates as the school summer holidays approach. But if you are prepared to cross at less sociable times, then a range of discount fares is available. For Newhaven-Dieppe travellers prepared to use specific ferries, P&O Stena Line (0990 980 980) is offering crossings for half the normal brochure price - saving nearly £130 on a peak season sailing for a car plus two passengers. There is no restriction about how long you stay abroad, but you must travel from Newhaven at 8.45am or 7pm and return on the 3.45pm or 11pm departure from Dieppe. The key is to quote the "Normandy offer" when making the booking.

If you prefer to travel between Dover and Calais, then SeaFrance (0990 711711) has a fare of £99 return for a car plus up to nine people. To qualify you have to travel out from Dover between 12.30am and 5.15am, and return from Calais between 11.30pm and 4.15am. This fare is non-refundable, but you are allowed to change your reservation for £20. You must book by next Tuesday, 14 July.

## CHECK IN

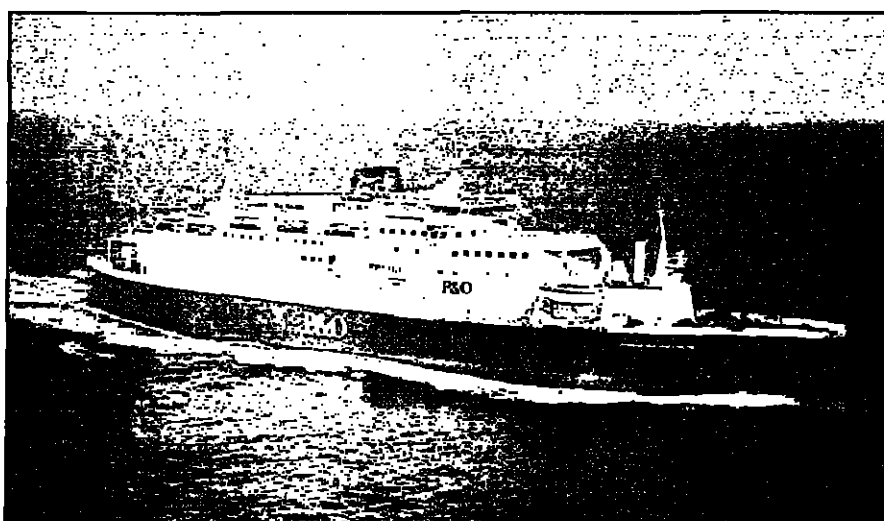
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A plane  
London to Linz, Belfast to Baku, Tees-side to Tunis and Edinburgh to Ekaterinburg - all journeys that are available at cut-price to under-26 travellers this summer. The German airline Lufthansa has rolled out its annual airborne alternative to InterRail, the Young Europe Special air pass.

You can construct an itinerary using Lufthansa plus partner airlines such as British Midland, SAS and Lunda Air, with a minimum of four and a maximum of 10 flights. Domestic hops, e.g. to Heathrow to connect with an international flight, are £39 each. Links between most European destinations cost £59 each, while destinations in Eastern Europe, Cyprus, Turkey and the former Soviet Union are £79 each. Taxes, which may be substantial, are extra. And you could end up seeing rather a lot of the transit lounge at Frankfurt airport.

A train  
The freedom of Corsica for a week costs around £30. Chemins de fer de la Corse has introduced La Carte Zoom, which allows unlimited travel for seven days for 290FF. This will save you money even on a return journey between Ajaccio and Bastia (normally 316FF). You can buy the ticket from any station - and a neat twist is that you are allowed to store a bag weighing up to 20kg at the station's left luggage for free.

A room  
You (and you eight friends) could use a cut-price Channel crossing to head south to the Aveyron Gorge, between Toulouse and Rodez. In the mediaeval village of St-Antonin-Noble-Val, La Residence is a rambling old house which has been converted into a luxurious five-room hotel, complete with four-poster beds and views of the gorge. Room rates are 350-450F



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A meal  
"Children are almost always welcome at local restaurants and those in the popular shopping centres and stations. Traditional restaurants with tatami (straw-matted) floors are a boon for those with babies: the new AA Essential Japanese Phrase Book (£3.99) gives information as well as providing some lines you're most unlikely to use, such as "the food's not fresh" and "this is not clean".

A drink  
"For cheap drinks in Sweden, look for the reekon, which means 'special of the week' and is usually a large beer priced at about £2 instead of £3.50." This top tip is contained in the latest electronic edition of Comcat, an e-mail newsletter from Lonely Planet. Subscribe by sending an e-mail to comcat@lonelyplanet.com.au

A week from now ...  
the Cutty Sark Tall Ships' Races will be taking place in Falmouth, as part of Cornwall's World

Watersports Festival. The races begin on Thursday 16 July and continue until Sunday 19 July - when Cunard's QE2 makes her first-ever call at the port. Details on the premium-rate hotline, 0891 22 1998.

A month from now ...  
thousands of Elvis Presley fans will converge on Memphis for the 21st anniversary of the death of the king of rock'n'roll. The city of Memphis has a special tourist information line on 01462 440787.

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**N**orthern France: flat and dull, with nothing but huge, monotonous fields and drab ports bombed to smithereens by the RAF in the Second World War, then rebuilt in municipal grey concrete. Best rush on through to the delights of Paris, the Dordogne and the South.

Well, that is the propaganda, and I am happy to say that it is nonsense. If it is Mediterranean weather or mountains you are after, go elsewhere; if it is enormous, unpolluted beaches, miles of deserted dunes and forest, pretty little towns, empty roads and absurdly cheap seafood,

And thanks to the Channel tunnel, a day out in this touristically neglected area is as easy for people living in the South-east as a trip to Dorset.

We arrived at the Le Shuttle terminal in Folkestone early on a Saturday, along with what looked like the entire population of the home counties. The terminal seemed quite incapable of coping with these numbers - there is one tiny café, for which the queues were huge.

While I was squeezing my way through the masses to get to the loo, a thought struck me: clearly, millions of people use the trains to get back and forth to Calais. So why,



## Green and pleasant Normandy - just a day trip from the south-east of Britain

**Adam Woolfit/RHPT**

then, do I know only one person who has been on Le Shuttle? Friends express surprise on being informed that the service exists at all, often confusing it with the passenger Eurostar trains from Waterloo.

A clue came in snippets of overheard conversation suggesting that the vast majority of people here were Shuttle veterans. They knew what to do, and the normal confusion and befuddlement that saturates the air at most mass transit termini was entirely absent. These were Shuttle people, and they were on a mission.

What that mission was, soon became apparent. Just outside the ter-

minimal is a gargantuan shopping centre, Cité Europe, and it is to this hellish place that the shuttle folk were drawn – nine out of 10 cars in the car park were British: the rest were Belgian. Their mission was booze, available here in industrial quantities and, most important, at French prices. There is even a Tesco where everything is labelled in English, and the wine is really too much of a bargain to miss.

With suspension groaning, and the boot clinking over every pothole, we headed south. It is extraordinary. Only 35 minutes from Kent, you are in a land of strange water-towers and

shuttered houses, with bizarre metal sculptures adorning the motorway bridges. A ferry is a proper preparation for a foreign trip – the time-consuming loading and unloading, the smell of sea and vomit, the screaming brats and overpriced food. The tunnel does away with all that. Instant abroad; no time to acclimatise. Keep to the right, and watch out for lunatic farmers in 2CVs.

Just south of Calais, on the D940, is a spectacular bit of coastline. Cap Gris Nez juts towards Dungeness; the remains of German gun emplacements now perform sterling service as emergency urinals.

We trundled south towards Le Touquet, stopping in the little port of Etaples for a snack. Etaples is all fishmarkets and fish restaurants and smells of seaweed from the muddy estuary. By now, half an hour from the tunnel, British-registered cars were rare. We skirted around Le Touquet and stopped at Stella Plage, one of the many ramshackle seaside towns that dot this coast. Stella's *plage* is huge – half a mile to the sea at low tide. Hard-packed yellow sands stretch for miles.

Apart from the beach and a few rather sad, out-of-season bars, there is not much to do in Stella.

But up the high street is a most extraordinary establishment: a huge warehouse packed full of old furniture – some lovely, some unspeakably horrible – second-hand motorised bicycles, prams, knick-knacks and boxes of Johnny Hallyday albums. Tons of the stuff, piled high and sold (fairly) cheap.

Half an hour further south, the scenery changes. The Somme estuary forms a large sandy bay, dividing the dunes of the Opal Coast from the cliffs and pebbles of Normandy. On the north shore is Le Crotoy, a jewel of a place with crumbling tiled houses, shady gardens and

woods and a leafy, seafront promenade boasting a dozen restaurants, fresh fish stalls and a tiny funfair.

Joining Le Crotzy to the medieval town of St Valéry-sur-Somme, on the other side of the estuary, is a preserved steam railway, complete with a blue, red and black tank engine, the spit of our very own Thomas. We turned up, sadly, just as the last train of the day was being put to bed in its engine shed by a smart, cravatted driver. Unlike steam trains I have been on in Britain, this one has proper, old-fashioned carriages with an open balcony at each end.

Le Crototy is awash with restaurants, and all seem to specialise in fish. We chose one busy with families tucking into plates of marine wildlife, and were not disappointed. A five-course menu including mussels, a plate of langoustines and a huge steak smothered in Roquefort sauce, cost £12.50. Decent wine is a fiver a bottle. Paradise. And two and a half hours later we were back in London. Not flat and boring at all.

**Motorists can sail to Calais from Dover on Hoverspeed (01304 240241), P&O Stena Line (0990 980980) or SeaFrance (0990 711711), or traverse the Channel Tunnel on Le Shuttle (0990 353535). Fares for short breaks are good value; a return journey for a car and two people can cost as little as £50.**

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# Put on your kilt, it's Bastille Day

Mutual disdain of the English led to a close Scottish-French alliance, which erupts in an annual festival in Aubigny.

By Alison Thomas

**H**ave you seen Monsieur Gresset? As I scuttled from sports field to castle gardens to town hall, the answer to my question changed with each new venue, but the parting shot was always the same - "Il vient de partir" - you've just missed him. I was rapidly reaching the conclusion that he had forgotten all about me. It was 14 July, after all, and as vice president of Aubigny-sur-Nère's Association des Fêtes Franco-Ecossaises, he had rather a lot on his mind.

Aubigny, situated midway between Orléans and Bourges, is inordinately proud of its historical links with Scotland and the weekend of the French national holiday is when they choose to commemorate them. They do it in style. I saw the celebrations commence with a lavish *son et lumière* spectacle on the Saturday evening and continue with a day of non-stop festivities in which the swirl of the kilt and the skirl of the pipes played a prominent part.

The origins of this unusual celebration lie inevitably - in a common disdain for the English. The date 1419, the scenario a country rapidly disintegrating with the inexorable advance of the English invaders. Until the Scots arrived. In their thousands they rallied to the Dauphin's cry for help, led, among others, by one John Stuart of Darnley. He did not live to see the relief of Orléans and the crowning of King Charles at Rheims, but he played no small part in paving the way. In recognition of his services to France he was awarded the seigneurie of the town and the right to include the fleur-de-lis in his coat of arms.

At the turn of the century Aubigny Stuarts again rose to fame, this time through the exploits of Bérault and his son-in-law Robert, heroes of the Italian campaigns. They were responsible for building the renaissance-style Chateau de La Verrerie nearby; and when a fire devastated the town in 1512, it was Robert who provided the destitute townspeople with materials for rebuilding. Most of these half-timbered houses still stand and in recent years many have been restored, including the impressive Maison François Premier on the main street.

The Hundred Years War will be the theme of this year's celebrations, but for my visit the tone

was altogether more sumptuous and refined. Intrigues and espionage, affairs of the heart, aquatic jousting tournaments - these were the elements that made up the opening spectacle, for this was the court of Louis XIV and the heroine for the evening was Duchess Louise de Kéroualle. Although she wasn't Scottish, her Stuart connections were impressive enough to persuade Louis to accord her the seigneurie, which had lapsed with the death of Darnley's last descendant. Mistress of Charles II, she had considerable influence over political affairs, much to the disgust of the English Parliament. After Charles's death they went out of their way to make life difficult for her; and when James II fled to France she followed suit to take up residence in Aubigny and fulfil her seigneurial duties.

Aubigny's mayor, Yves Fromion, wrote the script and directed.

"He's the one who makes it all happen," said François Gresset when I finally tracked him down. "When he asks you to do something, you can't refuse. He's the head - we're just the legs."

His role is considerable. As a radio producer, he has access to first-class technical equipment and expertise. Fromion's text, recorded by professional actors, is relayed through sophisticated sound equipment while residents in period costume act out the visuals.

It makes for a spectacular performance, and the setting of the little lake is exploited to the full.

I watched as shimmering, silvery vessels glided over the water while elegant ladies discussed Louise's flamboyant affair with the English king. On the far bank the political intrigues and shenanigans of the French and English courts unfolded, and every so often other boats sailed forth to let the joustiers show off their prowess. For the average British tourist the text would have been difficult to follow, but no one could remain indifferent to the splendour of the visual spectacle. And all for free.

"Our first production in 1990 was a modest affair," explains Gresset. "The locals would be horrified if we started charging now. So the municipality bears the cost - and, of course, it's good for tourism."

He has a point. The cafés were packed all weekend, thanks to the four or five thousand people who turned up on Saturday and the even bigger crowds who watched the procession on Bastille Day.

That is when the pipe band appeared. Resplendent in their Royal Stuart tartan, accomplished in their rendering of "Scots wha hae's", they took me in at first. Under the misapprehension that they hailed from Aubigny's twin town of Haddington, I only discovered their true identity when I spoke to them. Ascol Ha Bruy from Nantes, one of only three pipe bands in France, they specialise in traditional Scottish music and regularly visit the country to take part in competitions.

It made for a strange cultural mix as they led the way through town followed by a motley assortment of entertainers with Louise and her entourage bringing up the rear. Perhaps



Ascol Ha Bruy gets Aubigny's celebrations off to a flying start. It is one of only three French pipe bands

Alison Thomas

## FACT FILE

Aubigny is about 100 miles south of Paris. By road, take the A71 or N20 out to Lamotte-Beuvron, then D923 east to Aubigny. By rail, the closest stations are Glen (from Paris Gare de Lyon) and Vierzon (from Paris Gare d'Austerlitz). The French Travel Centre in the UK is at 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL (0891 244123, a premium-rate number). For Aubigny tourist office, telephone: (00 33 21 48 58 40 20).

## How to be your own travel agent

Get online and take control of your holiday or business trip. By Randeep Ramesh

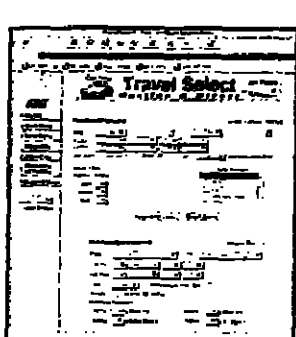
WADING THE World Wide Web may not be your first thought as you ponder where to travel this summer - but it might pay to do so. A leading British travel agent has arrived on the Internet with ambitious plans to take a slice of the holiday market. Located at [www.travelselect.com](http://www.travelselect.com), Globepost offers the ordinary punter a chance to play high-street agent.

The system uses a sophisticated piece of software that hooks into the airlines' computer reservation system, enabling the would-be traveller to check flight availability, seat prices and then book with the preferred carrier. Payment is by credit card and passengers are issued with a reservation num-

ber that can be exchanged for a ticket at the airport.

The site, which is getting 2,000 visits a day, has pulled off a notable coup by being the first on the Web to offer Eurostar seats on the Internet. Last week David Brett, who runs his own promotions company, The Way Ahead, became the first person in the country to book a seat on the high-speed train service for his business trip to Brussels.

"The funny thing is you can not book Eurostar tickets at my local rail station," said Mr Brett. "The system is clever enough to allow me to get the discount 175 seats. You can also book extra seats and make sure they are near you." Mr



Brett is one of the site's converts who have abandoned high-street stores. "I am often on trips and find that I have a cheaper ticket than the person next door who has booked with a travel agent."

At present the site gets

about 10 bookings a day, but once it takes off the service should get 60,000 visits a day. "That works out at between 200 and 300 bookings a day - a trade worth 10 travel stores," said Vimal Khosla, managing director of Globepost.

The main attraction of the site is that it offers a number of alternative carriers for a particular route. At present you might visit British Midland's excellent site at [www.flybritish-midland.com](http://www.flybritish-midland.com), which can take bookings online - but only for the British airline. STA Travel has a site at [www.statravel.co.uk](http://www.statravel.co.uk), but this does not book airline tickets.

Mr Khosla's business thinking is informed by the Ameri-

can experience. "Microsoft have a system there which is very popular - but they have not got it working over here." The Internet has revolutionised the airline industry in the United States, where independent travel agents now handle 50 per cent of airline reservations compared to 80 per cent in 1996.

"We mainly get two types of customer," said Mr Khosla. "One is the small businessman looking for a good deal - and who is suspicious of so-called low fares that actually only apply on one day in June. The other market is educationalists, such as lecturers, who tend to use the Internet and e-mail a lot more."

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For clothes, diamonds, shops and great food, not to mention a decent beer or two, spend a weekend in the most fashionable city in Europe, says Tamsin Blanchard

## Why go now?

Because Antwerp is simply the most fashionable city in Europe; the sales are on and it's a great opportunity to snap up some fashion bargains. Anyone planning to get engaged this summer should also take advantage of a favourable exchange rate and cut-price diamonds galore in the gem centre of Europe.

## Beam down

Since British Airways and Sabena abandoned their flights from Gatwick and Heathrow to Antwerp, the only air link from Britain is on VLM (0171-476 6677) from London City. The cheapest return fare is £104.60, requiring a minimum stay of two nights or a Saturday night. Antwerp Airport is three miles from the city centre, served by bus 16.

An air alternative is to take a flight from one of numerous UK airports to Brussels, taking the connecting bus from Brussels Airport direct to Antwerp - journey time one hour.

Zeebrugge is 60 miles from Antwerp, with sailings each evening from Hull on North Sea Ferries (01482 377177). A return with a berth in a cabin costs £107. Hoverspeed (0990 595522) sails from Dover to Ostend, which is 70 miles from Antwerp. A five-day rail/sea return ticket between London Victoria and Antwerp costs £59. By train, the journey on Eurostar (0345 303030) via Brussels takes about four hours and costs £89, if you book a week in advance. Arriving by rail gives you a sight-seeing head start: the station is magnificent.

## Get your bearings

A taxi from the airport into the centre of town takes about 20 minutes and costs about £10. Taxi drivers are laid-back and will happily give you

a guided tour as they drive. Once settled, hire a bike or take a tram.

## Check in

If you are on a romantic diamond-buying weekend, book in at De Witte Lelie, on Keizerstraat, 16-18 (00 323 236 19 66) for an extremely tasteful, calming stay. It describes itself as a "petit grand hotel", built in the 16th century and restored in 1933. It is elegant and gorgeous, but prices reflect this: 8,500BF (£180) for two people, including taxes and breakfast. If you simply want to go sightseeing, Hotel Prince, also on Keizerstraat 63 (00 323 236 40 50), is a functional hotel. Double room rates are 4,500BF (£75), breakfast included. By no means luxurious for the money, but in a good location in the Old Town.

## Take a hike

Go for a wander around the Old Town. Walk from Keizerstraat to Hendrik Conscienceplein and stop for a quick DeKoninck beer at one of the pavement tables there. Meander through the tight network of cobbled streets, doing a bit of window-shopping at some of the many antique shops along the way. Walk up Wolstraat towards the town centre, the Grote Markt. This square has a fountain in the centre, topped with a statue of the local hero, Silvius Brabo.

The story goes that Brabo, a Roman centurion, confronted a hulking bully of a giant called Antigonius. The giant levied tolls on the river from boats entering the port and if a captain refused to pay, the giant would pull off his arms and throw them into the river. Brabo refused to pay, killed the mean giant, cut off his hand and threw it into the river. The story is said to be the origin of the name Antwerpen. Handje means "hand" and werpen means



The giant of Antwerp, Antigonius, above. The city's appealing bric à brac, right. Adrian Wilson

"to throw". From Grote Markt, walk down Sulkerrui towards the River Schelde, looking out for any severed hands floating by. For an intriguing walk after dark, make for the Red Light District and admire the scantily-clad ladies in the shop windows.

## Lunch on the run

Try to catch the student hang-out, Lenny's on Hendrik Conscienceplein, for a sandwich. Or stop for fries or some matjes (pickled herrings) at one of many deli stands.

Best of all, sit outside Lombardia on a small square just off Korte Gasthuisstraat for a "magic mushroom veggie broodje" for 145 BF and a choice of freshly squeezed fruit juices. At any of the city's cake shops, look out for "hand biscuits", the trademark of Antwerp - delicious dipped in coffee.

## Cultural afternoon

If you can drag yourself away from Antwerp's three Fs (fashion, food and furniture) for an afternoon, follow the

trail of a few famous Belgians.

The paintings of René Magritte can be seen at the Museum voor Schone Kunsten, alongside other Flemish masterpieces. Situated on Wapper, a neat square off the Meir (Antwerp's equivalent of Oxford Street), is the Rubenshuis.

Rubens moved to Antwerp in 1608 and lived and worked in this mansion house. The artist is buried in St Jacobskerk, just north of Wapper, alongside most of the city's nobility. For something a bit more



lowbrow, make for the Diamantmuseum at Lange Herentalsstraat, where you can see diamond-cutting demonstrations every Saturday afternoon.

## Window-shopping

For the latest in avant-garde Belgian fashion design, head for Louis (Lombardenvest, 2) the ultimate stop for all those designers with unpronounceable names. Its sister shoe shop, Cocodrillo, on Antwerp's answer to Bond Street (Schutterhofstraat 9), has a fantastic range of designer shoes.

For second-hand clothes and 60s-style furniture, Francis (Steenhouwersvest 14) is the place to search for vintage Margiela, Dadaïsmester and other designers. It is not cheap. But you can't miss the shopping landmark, Het Modepaleis, Dries Van Noten's two-storey shop (Nationaalstraat 16). While you're in the neighbourhood, take a strong bag and stock up at the straightforwardly named Belgium Beers, with 280 varieties (Reyndersstraat).

Further along the same street is Aura Interieur, an amazing Tardis of a shop selling a mix of old and modern furniture - worth a look for the amazing room sets and interiors.

A visit to Antwerp would not be complete without a visit to a chocolate shop. I am reliably informed that Del Rey (Appelmanstraat 5) is the place where the Queen of Belgium buys her chocolates (apparently

she queues like anyone else) and that it is the best in the country.

## An aperitif

Have a game of table football over a beer at the bar on the corner of Hendrik Conscienceplein, or sit outside with a game of draughts. The bars that line Grote Markt are also good for a bit of people-watching.

## Demure dinner

Café de la Gare (Haarstraat 3) is a real find. You can sit in or on the pavement outside, and the food is delicious. For starters, try local asparagus, and for main course, roasted cod in a butter sauce. Homemade chocolate mousse is a speciality. Wine is charged depending on how much you drink from your bottle.

## Sunday brunch

Have a bowl of salad and some fries at Façade (Hendrik Conscienceplein 18) and watch the world cycle by. Afterwards, stroll over to Goossens bakery where you can buy a freshly baked cake or some deliciously doughy fruit bread.

## Sunday afternoon: go to church

The Onze Lieve Vrouwekathedraal is open between 1pm and 4pm on Sundays. It is a strange, sprawling Gothic structure, with a spire and something that looks like an onion dome. The cathedral, with its four early Rubens paintings, was recently renovated.

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# The secret of good elf

**I**celand is spectacularly harsh. There are vast glaciers, volcanoes, lava fields, fjords, percolating geysers – and all of it is surrounded by a vicious, biting ocean. It is an empty, treeless, lonely land, with many backdrops, but few features. Only the occasional boulder or lava outcrop breaks the unrelenting bleakness.

**It takes an Icelander to point out the elves.**

Bergliot is a radio producer in Reykjavik—young, smart and funny. One afternoon, I asked her to help me to grab hold of the flitting, mutable Icelandic belief in elves. She looked embarrassed.

"When you say 'elf', do you see little people?" she asked. "Icelandic elves are not small, weird people, they are people like us, but you can't see them."

Bergliot explained that it all started a long, long time ago, in the garden of Eden. Adam, Eve and their children were playing about in the garden when word came that God was on his way for a surprise visit. Eve quickly tried to wash her dirt-covered children.

She managed to clean only about half of them before she heard God arriving. Not wanting God to think her a careless mother, she told the remaining scruffy kids to hide. When God finally did show up, he surveyed the nervous family then asked Eve: "Are these all of your children?" Eve said yes. God then decreed: "Those that I may not see, no one can see." And from then on Eve's hidden children, the Icelandic *hulchfólk*, or elves, have been invisible to all but the most gifted human eye.

The story is probably a parable for the way that, in the year 1000, Christianity became the official religion of Iceland, while its perhaps equally valid sibling, paganism, was relegated to being practised out of sight of the church, invisible behind the closed doors of homes.

Unseen maybe, but the presence of paganism is pervasive in Iceland. There are light-fairies near the lakes, lovelings in the hedges and mountain spirits singing in the hills. But the older brother to all elemental beings is the *huldufolk*, the elf.

Iceland has a magical landscape of fierce contrasts: ice, fire and boiling geysers.  
But a firm faith in unseen elves is not something outsiders know much about.  
As **Cleo Paskal** found out, however, sometimes you just cannot move for them



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## FACT FILE

**Getting there**  
The only airline flying between the UK and Iceland is Icelandair (0171-388 5599). It has several services weekly to Keflavik from Heathrow (£220) and Glasgow (£270). It is only slightly more expensive to buy a transatlantic ticket; companies such as Airline Network (0800 727747) sell flights on Icelandair to the US (Baltimore, Boston, New York or Orlando) or Halifax in Canada for £350-450 including tax, depending on dates.

**Whom to ask**  
The Icelandic tourist board and holiday information centre shares an office with Icelandair at 172 Tottenham Court Road, London W1Y 9LG, but on a different phone number - 0171-388 7550.

way through flat featureless land and the road will suddenly, violently detour around a smallish boulder. It is often the only boulder in sight.

Populating the majestic vastness of Iceland with invisible, and occasionally petty, mythological beings may seem a bit insane, but in some indefinable way it humanises the different face of nature. Like a communal mirage, it changes the pitiless, endless tundra into a stamping-ground for a grumpy elf, foiled in his attempts to swipe a tin of herring for his afternoon snack. It works in much the same way that urban myths make cities more bearable to live in.

Bergliot, like most of her fellow Icelanders, treats it all with a large amount of pragmatism. "People don't believe this really," she says. "But I wouldn't say they don't exist. It is just natural that there should be *huldufolk* in some of the stones. I can't prove it either way, so we just keep living with these ideas because they are well nice."

example, was a big problem. Visible human beings kept walking through their living-rooms without noticing. The *huldufolk* solved the problem, metaphysical considerations aside, by moving into the rocks and boulders.

Now, when a road is constructed or a house is being built, an elf-spotter is called in to make sure that

there are no elves already living on the site. If there are elves, the elf spotter may speak to them to see whether they mind moving.

If they do not want to move, you had better not build, unless you want to risk your machinery breaking down or your workers mysteriously being injured. The result is that you can be driving along a straight high-

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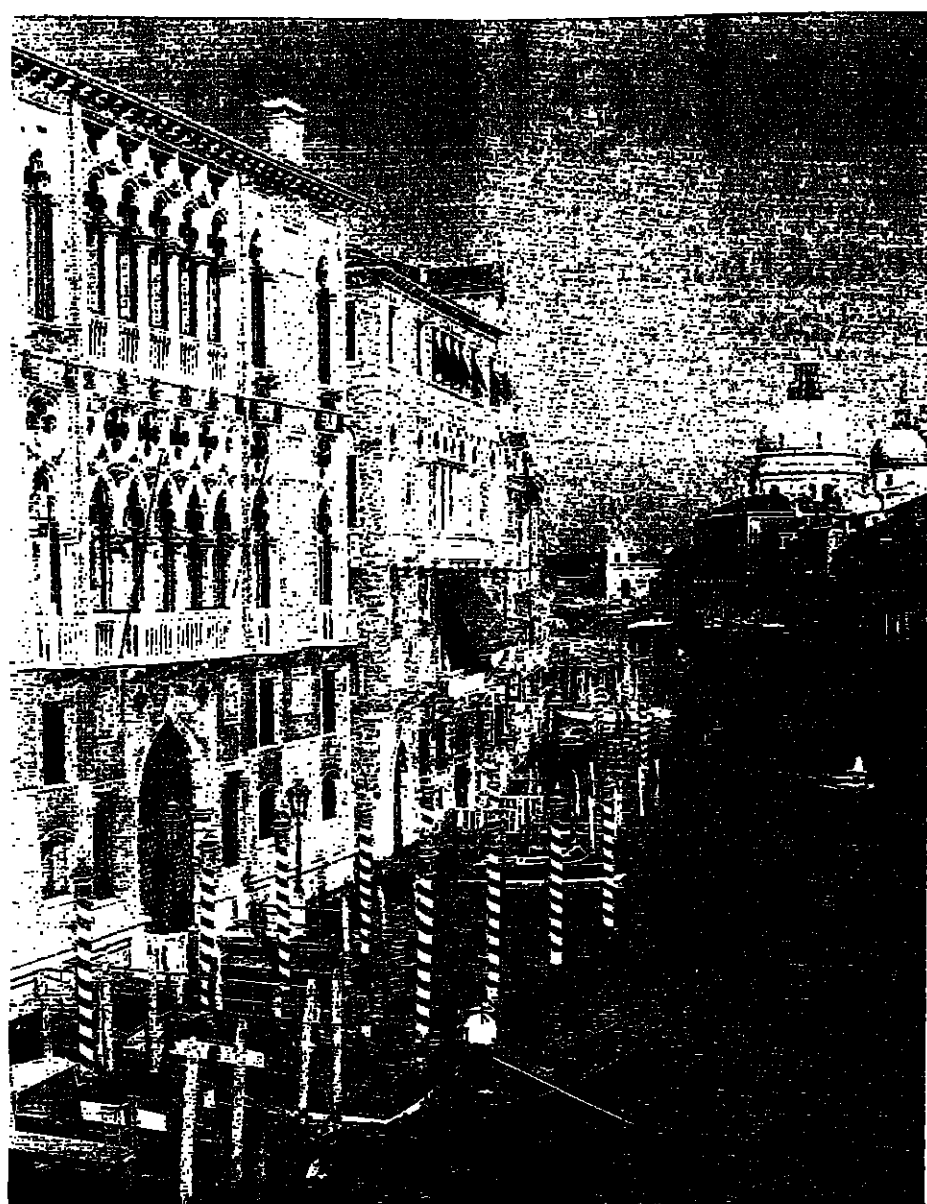
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Venice, home of the Grand Canal and of Casanova, whom it imprisoned in 1755 but has now embraced as the perfect symbol of its racy past. Above, Richard Chamberlain plays Casanova. *Ellen Rooney/RHPL, Kobal Collection*



# In the playground of Casanova

The world's most famous lover lived, partied and was denounced in Venice. Two hundred years on the city is celebrating his antics. Andy Bull was seduced by the legend

Venice. It rhymes with menace, as has been pointed out in fictions from *Dorothy's Look Now* to *The Comfort of Strangers*. Venice Lido, of course, rhymes with libido. A consumptive Dirk Bogart leching over a gilded youth in *Death in Venice*.

Then there is Casanova. Rhymes with leg over.

This is very much Casanova's year. It is 200 years since his death, at the age of 73, and the city that once imprisoned him in the attic of the Ducal Palace for the triple-whammy of licentiousness, freemasonry and atheism, is lauding him as the perfect personification of the racy past of which it is now so proud.

Nobody embodies the spirit of the city, they say, better than Casanova: lover of women, of theatre, of parties, of masking. In September they will hold a big exhibition dedicated to his memory. It is a good time for a Casanova-themed visit. Getting a new take on Venice, of course, is pretty much impossible. But Casanova gives you a peek at its nether regions.

Finding his birthplace, for example, takes you from the bright, open spaces of the Campo Santo Stefano - to the north of the Grand Canal opposite Accademia - and ducking

down the cool dark alleys that zig-zag east through San Samuele towards the Palazzo Grassi, a flat-owned cultural centre where Picasso had a residency. Outside is permanently stationed a braying crocodile of Italian schoolchildren, there to be berated for ill-manners by passing Venetians. On the way you will pass the significant places of Casanova's youth. You walk down the Calle del Teatro, in which the theatre of St Samuel stood until demolished in the 19th century and where his actor parents performed. A little later, high up on the wall of a shoulder-width alley called the Calle Malipiero, is a white stone plaque which records the fact that, on 2 April 1725, in one of these houses, the courtier Giacomo Casanova was born.

This was very much his youthful stamping ground, the place where he took religious orders, then abandoned them for a brief strut on the same stage on which his parents performed.

Duck and dive further east to the markets alongside the Rialto bridge and you reach the Rialto Do Spade, a tiny bar that has been in Calle do Spade since 1475. Casanova used to

come here after nights spent in a raucous threesome with Venus and Bacchus. Today the bar offers a menu as wide as that which its most famous customer could rustle up in the boudoir. You can order tapas-like cicchetti, or choose from 250 varieties of sandwich and 220 wines.

Casanova's appetites were not merely carnal. He liked his food as well. One of his subsidiary passions was cheese. He planned to write a dictionary of cheeses along the lines of Rousseau's *Dictionary of Plants*. That he didn't is a great loss to the Enlightenment.

But his main playground was in the cafés of Piazza San Marco, where the intellectuals, gamblers and lecherous met. Such were the goings-on that, in 1767, women were banned from the cafés.

Casanova's imprisonment, in 1755, was cruelly close to the place he loved. Denounced as a spy by the Venetian inquisition he was locked up in the Plombi - the Leads - the attic cells in the Ducal Palace named after the lead roof beneath which the prisoners sweltered in summer and froze in winter. To see his cell you

must sign up for a guided tour called the Itinerari Segreti.

In the prison the sense of incarceration was heightened by the clanking of the superfluity of locks and bolts fitted to the doors while from his port hole-like window he had a panoramic view over the rooftops. It was too much to bear and, at the stroke of midnight, on 31 October 1756, he escaped over the rooftops

with a fellow prisoner, Father Balbi.

Some accounts have him swaggingly enjoying a final coffee in the Piazza San Marco before fleeing to Switzerland. That's not how he tells it in his memoirs, but the true account is thrilling enough. Up on the roof Casanova loses his footing and comes perilously close to plunging hundreds of feet to his death. "In an instant," he wrote, "I was over the

parapet as far as my chest, sustained only by my elbows.

"I shudder still when I think of this awful moment, which cannot be conceived in all its horror ... finding myself resting my groin on the parapet, I saw that I had only to lift my right leg ... and then the other to be absolutely out of danger ... The effort I made gave me so severe a spasm that I became cramped and unable to use my limbs ... However, I didn't lose my head, but kept quiet till the pain had gone off ... it was a dreadful moment."

Casanova lived in exile in Paris for 20 years, before being pardoned and allowed to return.

Just behind the prison, in a 15th-century palazzo, the Schola Santa Apollonia houses an exhibition of Salvador Dali's work as sculptor and illustrator, which contains a collection of 14 lithographs for a 1967 edition of Casanova's memoirs. It is clear that Dali, however unconventional he might have been, thoroughly disapproved of Casanova. The series is conceived as a banquet, full of images of excess, both culinary and sexual, usually at the same time. There

is a woman with a lobster on her chest, with yellow sauce poured over it; flies buzzing round the honey pot of a woman's torso; a dandy eating a tiny bird; a woman sitting astride a rhino's horn; blood pouring from a cut in a loaf of bread and a woman and a pig with strikingly similar backsides.

As Dali paints him, food and sex were inseparable for Casanova. Dali may have been right. One of his most extravagant culinary gestures was to have some sweets made from the hair-clippings of a woman he was trying to seduce. The hair was ground into a powder, worked into a paste with sugar and flavoured with angelica and vanilla. Apparently, the idea of being eaten by Casanova in this way won her over.

He wasn't always as imaginative though. His staples were the old clichés of Champagne and oysters. He would pass oysters between his own and his lover's lips, then drop one down her cleavage and insist on retrieving it with his teeth.

Even when, in old age, Casanova's sexual powers deserted him, food never failed him. The Prince de Ligne said of him shortly before his death on 4 June 1798: "At 73, no longer a god in the garden or a satyr in the forest, he is a wolf at the table." That should be a comfort to us all.

## FACT FILE

**Getting there**  
New low-cost flights to Venice are available on Ryanair (0541 569569) from Stansted, starting at £129 return. BA (0345 222111) flies from Heathrow, and Alitalia (0171-602 7111) from Gatwick.

**Getting information**  
Italian State Tourist Office, 1 Princes St, London W1R 8AY (0171-408 1254; brochure request line 0881 600280).

**Getting involved**  
The Itinerari Segreti tours take place daily except Wednesdays at 10 am and 12 noon. Book two days in advance on 522 4951. Dali, Sculptor and Illustrator exhibition, at Schola di Santa Apollonia until 31 December; 522 6556. The World of Giacomo Casanova, Venetian in Europe, 1725/1798, Museo Ca'Rezzonico, Dorsoduro, 3136 Venezia (241 8506), 11 Sept - 10 Jan 1999.

## Win a weekend in café society

Answer a few simple questions, and you could win a holiday for two in one of the coffee capitals of Europe

THE CAFE Crème Guide to the Cafés of Europe 1998 is a new glossy guide that takes you on a café tour around the continent, from Dublin to Dortmund.

The writers adopt the same policy as the travel pages of *The Independent*: the guide is completely independent in its editorial selection, and does not accept free hospitality from any café mentioned.

So *The Independent* is pleased to provide, in association with *The Café Crème* guide, a mouth-watering competition that could win you a weekend break in one of the great café societies of Europe.

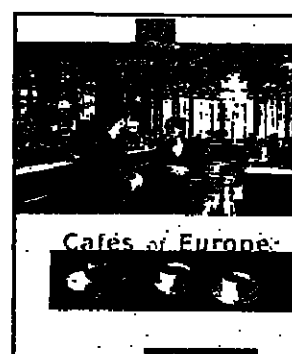
Today we are offering a weekend for two in Venice. The winner will receive a return flight from London; transfers to a three-star hotel, for two nights' bed-and-breakfast accommodation; £100 in spending money; and an all-important copy of the *Guide*. Twenty-five runners-up will also receive a copy of the book, which retails at £12.99. If you are unlucky this time around, you can buy a copy of the book at a special price of £9.99, including postage and packing; just call our hotline on 01582



842112. To enter the competition, answer these three questions, complete the tie-break, and send your entry to Venice, Café Crème Guide to the Cafés of Europe Competition, PO Box 4013, London E14 5DE. You are allowed to enter each of the subsequent competitions if you wish. Usual Independent Newspapers plc rules apply. The Editor's decision is final.

1. The Café Crème Grand Award for European Café of the Year was won by the Caffè Florian on St Mark's Square in Venice. It first opened in 1720 under the appropriate name of (a) Venice Triumphant (b) Serenissima Sojourn (c) Café Canaletto

2. If you ask for polpetta in the



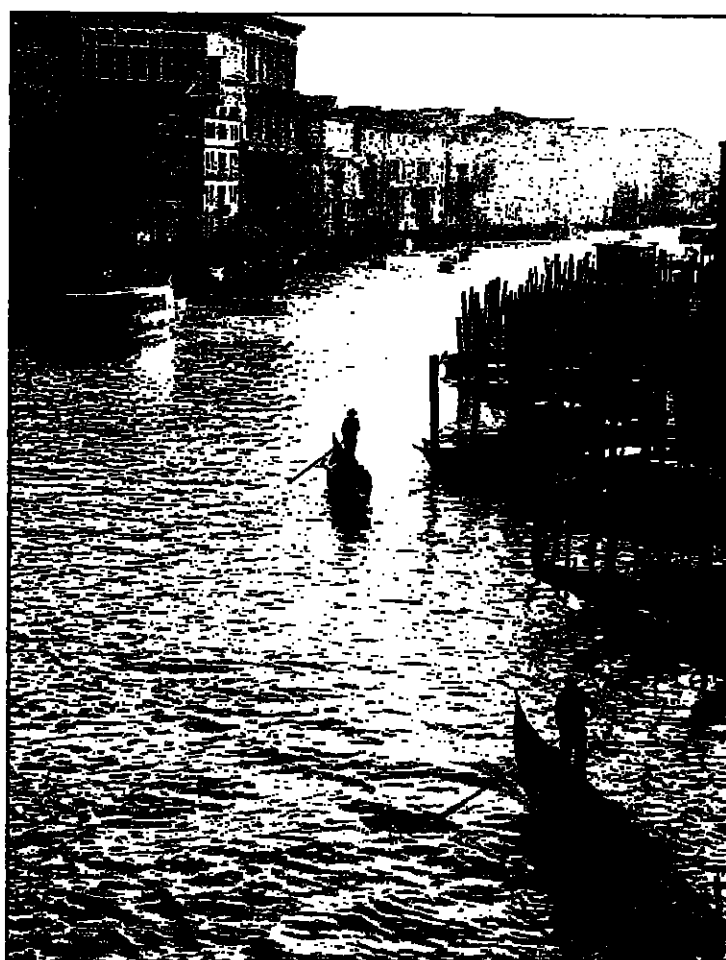
Enoteca Boldrin in Venice, what will you receive?

(a) the bill  
(b) a small gondola  
(c) deep-fried croquettes with fillings such as spinach and cheese.

3. Harry's Bar in Venice is named after whom?

(a) Harry Enfield  
(b) Harry Cipriani  
(c) Harry Ramsden

Tie-break: in 20 words or fewer, describe the tastiest coffee you have ever drunk.



The winner will spend the weekend in Venice. *Jonathan Anstee*

## RED CHANNEL

WALKING slowly is better for you, say the park rangers at the Grand Canyon National Park in America.

"Do not huff and puff. If you can talk while walking, you are walking at the perfect speed."

"When you huff and puff, your legs, your digestive system and your whole body do not get enough oxygen to function efficiently. Your energy reserves get used up very quickly with this type of exercise (anaerobic - without enough oxygen), and it creates a lot of waste products. This makes your legs feel heavy and makes you feel sick."

"Walking uphill at a pace that allows you to walk and talk will help guarantee that your

legs and your body are getting the oxygen they need to function efficiently (aerobically - with enough oxygen). Because your body will generate fewer of these metabolic waste products, you will be more able to enjoy your hike, and you will feel much better when you reach its end. "It may feel as if you are walking too slowly, but at an aerobic pace - sometimes baby-sized steps when the trail is steep - your energy reserves will last many times longer, and you will get there feeling better."

From *'Why Suffer Summer Heat?'*, published by the National Park Rangers.

## GREEN CHANNEL

THE PRELIMINARY programme for this year's Association of British Travel Agents' convention was published this week.

The convention takes place at the resort of Marbella in southern Spain. Its nine business sessions are intended to cover everything from direct marketing and fee-based services to the Euro and beating the Millennium bug.

No mention is made in the programme of the impact of tourism on the environment.

The event itself could have quite an impact on the Costa del Sol, judging by the social events outlined in the programme: these include a car treasure hunt, a floodlit golf tournament and clay pigeon

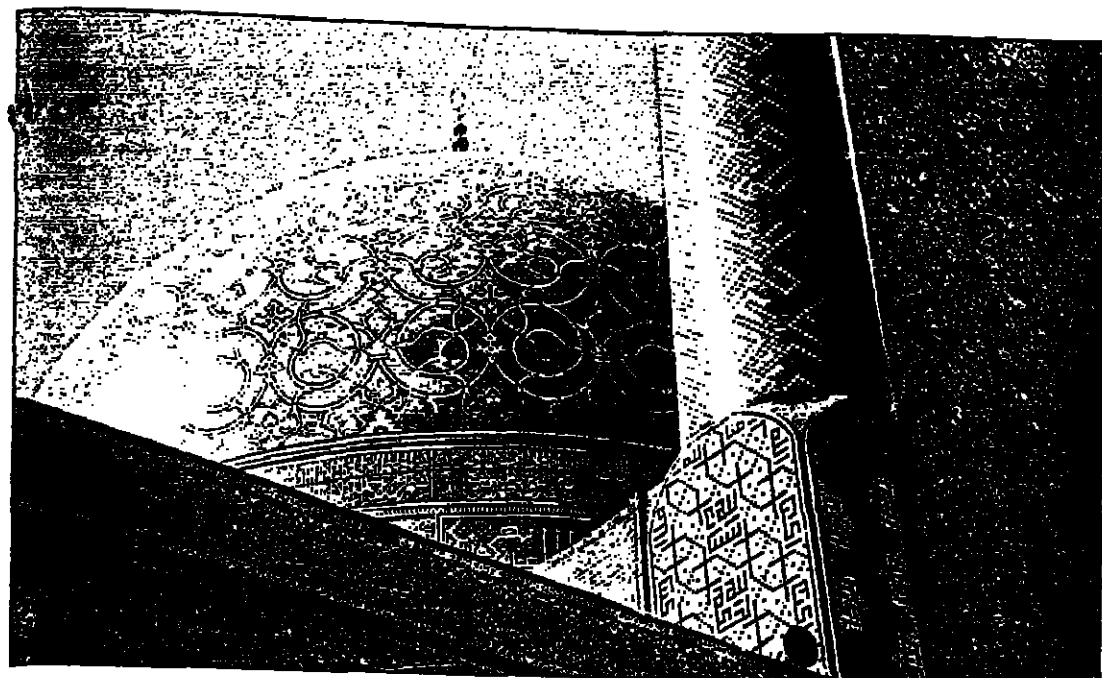
shooting before the convention even gets down to business.

"Travel and the environment is definitely a big issue", says Keith Betton, who is organising the Abta convention. "That is why we featured it in our Budapest convention in 1990 with Michael Buerk, our Palma convention in 1993 with Martin Brackenbury, and our Sun City convention in 1995 with David Bellamy. The environment will remain high on the agenda, but not ever year."

The delegates will be in town between 30 October and 2 November. You may wish to plan your winter holiday accordingly.

SIMON CALDER





## Into the half-hidden world of Persia

When Viveca Mellegard returned home to Iran after 15 years, she found a country surprisingly unchanged in its warmth and generosity

As I tucked the last silk head scarf into my bulging suitcase, a small knot began to tighten in my stomach. Hundreds of doubts flooded my mind. I had not been back to Iran for 15 years. Would there be anything I could recognise? How would I manage with my rusty Farsi? And most worrying of all, what if my head scarf slipped off in public?

My only comfort was that my mother, whose family we were visiting, would be with me at all times – this was one occasion when I would happily relinquish my independence.

With my head scarf securely knotted under my chin and my three quarter length cardigan wrapped loosely around me, I settled into my seat and waited for takeoff. Iran Air ensures that all female passengers observe the dress code during the length of the flight, but I soon noticed that I was probably the most stringent adherent to the rule.

Even during our stay I was surprised by Persian women's inventiveness and their persistence in pushing back the boundaries: most wore make-up and even managed to turn the compulsory headwear into a fashion item.

I was glued to the taxi window during the hour-long ride from the airport to the northern part of Tehran, Elahiyeh, where my grandparents live. I didn't remember the

flyovers and the long highways – the city grew uncontrollably during the eight-year war with Iraq when people from all over the country flooded into the capital.

A pure blue sky and the sun glistering off the Alborz Mountains was the view before me the next morning, as I savoured the refreshing orange and sweet lemon juice my grandmother had prepared for me. Fruit and vegetables are picked ripe in Iran and have a scent unfamiliar to anyone back home.

Every Iranian home, whether modest or wealthy, has a bowl of seasonal fruit and nuts to offer the unexpected, but always welcome visitor. Indeed, hospitality is integral to Persian culture and even though I had grown up in a household where there was always enough food for an army and the door was always open to friends and friends of friends, I was still astounded by the generosity with which I was greeted.

This was particularly the case on a trip to Shiraz, south of Tehran, a city known for its appreciation of fine food. We were to stay three nights and had planned to visit the ruins of Persepolis, the seat of King Darius, whose many achievements included building a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. In between doing the sights, we thought it would be fun to get in touch with the cousin of a friend. We called her and arranged to meet for tea at our hotel, thinking that perhaps she might show us the bazaar and recommend what to buy.

At 4pm a tall, elegant woman glided across the marbled lobby and greeted us warmly. Her almond-shaped eyes and porcelain complexion reminded me of the miniatures I had seen of Persian nobility and her gentle manner and engaging conversation promised a fascinating afternoon.

Gohar (which means jewel), guided us through the maze, which was the covered bazaar. Polished copper reflected lapis and turquoise jewellery which was draped across streams of scarlet and gold silk. A little boy hurried through the throng of shoppers carrying a spiral of carpets above his head. Stubble-chinned old men huddled around a bubbling shisha. Finally the tight alleys exploded out into a shady courtyard, where the scent of orange

blossom calmed our excited senses.

At the end of a perfect afternoon, Gohar drove us back to the hotel but insisted on returning in an hour and taking us to her house for dinner. Part of Persian etiquette is about offering hospitality which the recipient declines repeatedly, insisting that the gesture is too kind. This exchange happens three times usually, after which the offer is accepted.

Even in the Persian marriage ceremony, the bride is expected to stay silent when asked if she will take the groom until the third time the question is posed.

Apart from the ancient palaces and mosques, much of the architecture in Iran looks functional and the ravages of war and a struggling economy have left many private houses looking shabby. Once inside, however, the picture changes dramatically. Gohar's immaculate home was a stunning example of the resourcefulness of Persian people.

A collection of tribal rugs and kilims paved the way to the large living room where low tables were laden with pistachios, mulberries and baskets of fruit.

After Shiraz we visited Isfahan, a

city where crafts are particularly encouraged. In a tiny gallery off the main square graced by the spectacular Mosque of the Imam, an artist was at work on a slither of ivory. Using a magnifying glass, he applied layers of vibrant colour with painstaking care. After welcoming us to his shop, he began chatting about the subject matter of his paintings.

My mother became a little vocal about the fact that his considerable skill was going to waste on painting "religiously correct" women – in other words, wouldn't it be lovely to get rid of the black head scarves? He listened respectfully and said he would take note of the suggestion. I doubt whether our comments made any difference at all but as always, we were treated graciously.

Back in the square, we visited the palace of Ali Ghapu where the king used to watch polo being played. A carved and inlaid ceiling covers the balcony from which there is a panoramic view of the turquoise and emerald domed mosques of the city.

Swirls of burnished gold gleamed in the afternoon sun whilst women in chadors swept through the square on their way home for lunch.

We were lucky to have found a well-travelled Isfahani gentleman who acted as our guide. He used to

arrange tours to Europe and North America before visa restrictions for Iranians made this difficult. In his singsong Isfahani accent he explained the history of the city, with its cobbled alleys interlaced with walled gardens and orchards of fruit trees.

Many Armenians fled their country and settled in the Jolfa area where they established their Christian church not far from the Zoroastrian Fire Temple or Ateshgar which is perched on a hill overlooking the famous shaking minarets (it's quite a skill to get them going).

Iran revisited was magic. As our plane took off back to Britain I remembered my first morning in Tehran. I had been fascinated by the sight of billowing chadors, beautiful in an odd way, keeping the women who wore them aloof amongst the hustle and bustle of traffic. Beyond the piercing wail of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, lay the mountains.

High-rise buildings may be creeping up the hills and threaten the view, but as I settled into my seat I felt sure that the essence of Persia which breathes through its watchful mountains, purring streams and hardy people would survive, just as it has throughout its long history.

Vignettes of Iran – a country still characterised by hospitality and a delicate sense of etiquette

World Pictures

### FACT FILE

**Getting there**  
British Airways (0345 223111) flies on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Heathrow to Tehran; Iran Air (0171-409 0971) flies the route on the remaining days. The lowest official fare on BA is £1,065. A much cheaper way to get there is on Aeroflot via Moscow; a discount ticket from IMS Travel (0171-224 4678) costs £430 for a two-month excursion fare. Cheap fares on other airlines are also available.

**Organised tours**  
Few tour operators specialise in Iran. Jasmin Tours (0181-675 8886) has a programme of trips and also makes arrangements for individual travellers.

**Red tape**  
Procuring a visa for independent travel is tricky. You should first contact the Visa Section of the Consular Department of the Embassy of the Islamic Republic of Iran at 50 Kensington Court.

London W8 5DD (0171-795 4922; calls taken between 2pm and 4pm). If you travel on an organised tour, visa requirements will be taken care of by the operator.

**Women travellers**  
Female visitors to Iran are expected to adhere strictly to Iranian cultural norms of dress and behaviour. All parts of the body, except for hands, feet and face, must be covered in public, and outer clothing be loose fitting.

## In search of adventure with a baby in tow

TRYING TO read Bridget Jones's *Diary* on an aircraft with a wriggling eight-month-old child on your lap is the ultimate in off-topic holiday reading – like taking *The Bonfire of Vanities* on safari in the Gobi desert. "Disaster. Teething badly today but gel locked in hold. Alcohol units: 7 (if only). Calories 1,200, but expended more than intake trying to keep grasping hands and flailing feet from upending food tray. However, plane-load of Japanese v v good."

As we began our marathon six-week tour (itinerary: London-Tokyo-Cairns-Alice Springs-Sydney-Bali-London), Japan proved to be a surprisingly soft first landing.

The first hint of this was as we boarded the BA flight to a soft chorus of baby talk from the primarily Japanese crew. I can dimly remember from my pre-baby days getting on a long-haul flight and seeing the pained expressions of those unfortunate jack-knifed into seats with a baby cot in front of them. I now discovered that one happy consequence of such seats is that this is also where the stewardesses do their safety demonstrations.

During our take-offs, just when Adam was getting bored with the long lull since boarding, he would snap to attention once the stewardess took up position and started donning her bright yellow jacket (shades of Laa Laa), brandishing her whistle, and semaphoring.

On the Tokyo flight, the Japanese stewardess was so chuffed that she did a command performance for a rapt audience of one, playing peek-a-boo from behind the safety in-

**Terry Slavin packed her suitcases to prove that there is still life after parenthood. But while her child was a star in the Orient, travelling was a bit sticky Down Under**

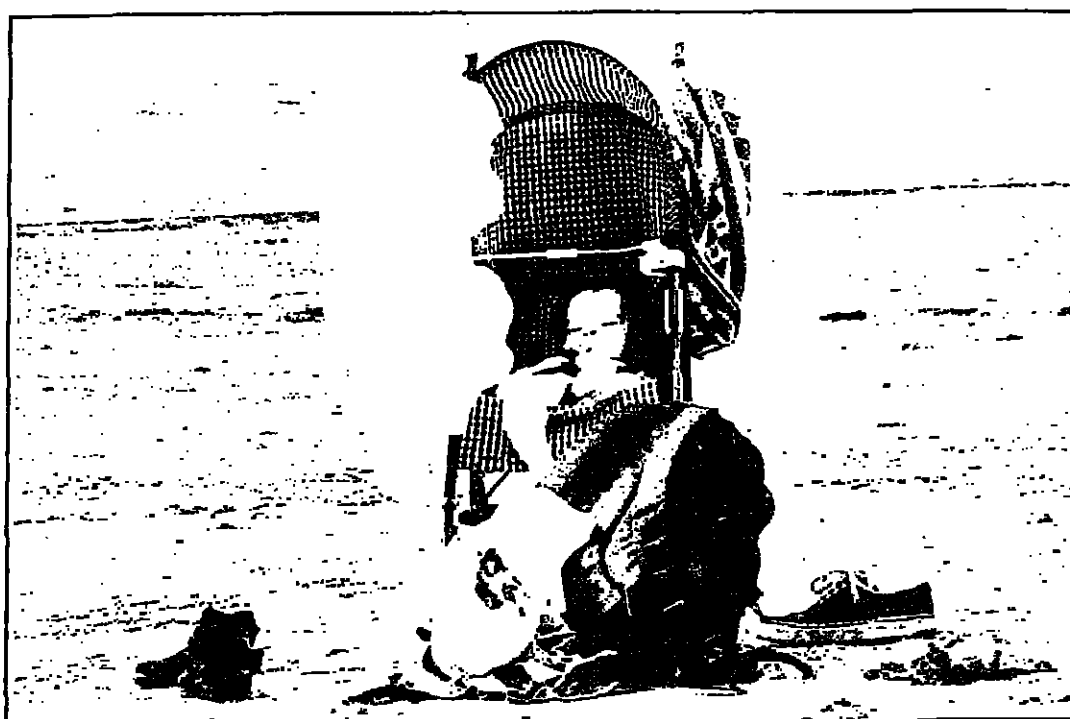
struction card. We were to get used to such attention during our five days in Tokyo, when simply to wheel Adam out of our hotel and on to the busy Gaen-higashi-dori in the heart of throbbing Roppongi was to bring sidewalk traffic literally to a stop.

But Roppongi did have its down side: the Western-style business hotel offered only a slight upgrade in space from the flight. And the cot we ordered in advance took up half the room. After three nights we decided to move to a ryokan, a Japanese-style hotel, in the Ueno suburb of Tokyo. We immediately wished we had gone there straightaway. I had no idea that you could luxuriate in so much space in Japan. For about the same price, we now had a room five or six times larger and utterly empty, except for reed mats on the floor; a low cherry-wood table and two toddler-height chairs. In the sliding cupboard were piles of futons.

Yet Adam was even more of a superstar in Bali than in Japan. Here his stock increased by the fact that to the Balinese, children are gifts from God and the younger they are the closer they are to heaven.

We did not avail ourselves of the many offers of nanny services but we could count on someone whisking him away in a restaurant as we enjoyed our meal.

Our worst moments were in central Australia, where temperatures of 42°C and flies combined to make



Baby on a Balinese beach – the Indonesian island is a haven for very young children Terry Slavin

any expedition an endurance test. And then there are the pubs. Australian outback pubs can appear unwelcoming places if you are not a male and bi most definitely over the age of eight months. Yet one high noon in Alice Springs we found ourselves not only ignoring any bad vi-

rations as we entered the ice-cold sanctuary of a pub, but asking the barmaid for a fork and spoon to mash up banana, so we could feed Adam as we drank our "stubbies".

Still, there was no point in coming all this way to sit in the pubs. We embarked on this huncy to prove to

ourselves that having babies does not change your life completely. Yes, we could still do adventurous things.

This, then, meant a Big Walk.

We decided on the three-hour trek around the rim of Kings Canyon, north of Uluru, described in our

guidebook as one of the most spectacular walks in Australia. But to beat the heat and the sun, which we shunned like vampires, we would have to set out before dawn. That was definitely the easy bit.

We had come prepared for the ubiquitous flies; we did not expect an attack by mosquitoes as we emerged from the car. They were all over Adam's face and in his hair. We managed to beat them back, but we were left feeling under siege from malevolent elements.

Our pulses were still racing even before the heart-stopping, near-vertical ascent of the canyon – 20 minutes of straight up. The view at the crest, with the first rays of the sun turning the desert's peach fuzz to gold, was magical – though the rising sun gave little cheer to my partner as he stood panting with Adam on his back.

It was 6am and already hot. The race was on to get Adam around the canyon as quickly as possible.

The figure my partner cut in his Crocodile Dundee hat holding aloft a fluffy parasol only reinforced the feeling that this was like something out of *A Passage to India* or perhaps more appropriately, *Lord of the Flies*. It would not have been so bad had Adam not taken a dislike to the insect net we had fixed over the backpack. He had slept through the ascent, but on level ground soon woke, outraged at being entombed

in a cloud of white gauze. When his whimpering became a wail, then a fortissimo that reverberated through the canyon and snapped our frayed nerves, I crouched in the little shade I could find to breast-feed. Not the most relaxing of settings for a spot of mother-child bonding, but peace returned and we decided as we loaded him up in the backpack again that a few flies around his nostrils were nothing compared to the terrors of the net.

As it was, we were up, around and down the canyon shortly after 8am – and we did feel just a tad morally superior meeting the first of the tour groups on their way up, still green from a night of boozing at the campsite. We met up with the same groups the next day, when we went to a viewing-spot to watch the sun set over Ayers Rock.

Sitting on top of their coach, guzzling champagne and priming themselves for the 40km dash back to Alice Springs after sunset, they shouted and wolf-whistled appreciation as the rock turned from dusty red to brightest vermillion and the sky behind us flamed into a sea of molten gold. Then the loudest of the revellers, a woman in her mid forties, spotted Adam and came staggering over to us. She was visibly struggling to sober up as she told us about her four grandchildren back in Adelaide.

Well, that was that, then. There is life after parenthood.

We will be keeping up with the Bridget Joneses when we are in our Zimmer frames. I only hope that Adam will not have to watch.

# All the best parties have balloons

You may have missed the beer festival, but don't worry, you can still catch the balloon, blues and boating festivals, and many more besides. Canadians are busy packing the summer months with outdoor fun. By Cleo Paskal

In Canada, winter sucks. Sure, there's skiing and skating and skidooning, but it takes so long to get dressed for each excursion, it might as well be a moon walk. Maybe that is why when summer comes along, Canadians, and Québécois in particular, go crazy cramming in all the pent-up fun of the past nine months in three months of non-stop parties.

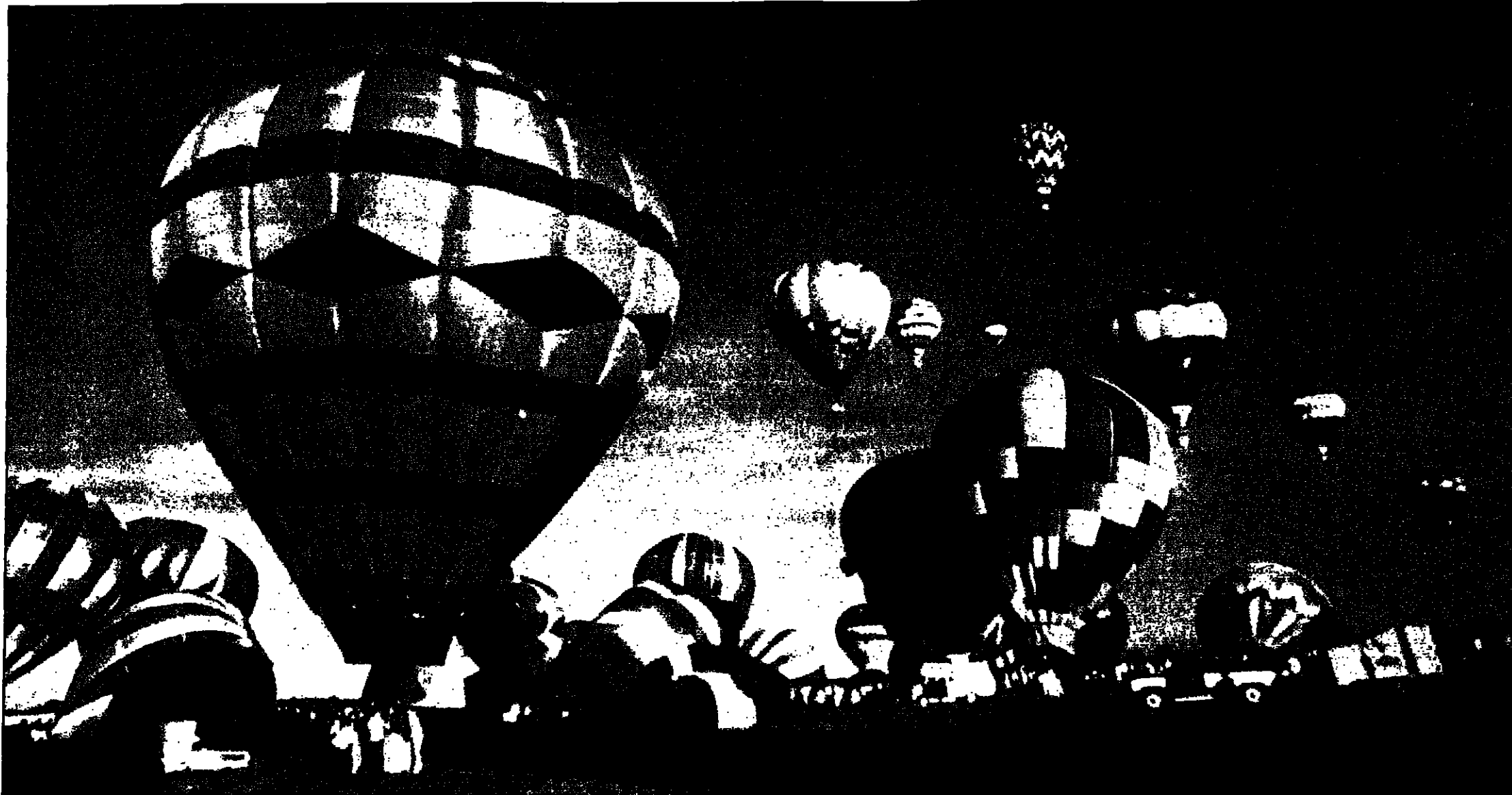
The bad news is, you've already missed the Beer Festival and the Wood Carving Festival (mercifully not held at the same time). And tomorrow is the last day of the International Jazz Festival (Montreal), the International Puppet Festival (Saguenay Lac St-Jean) and the Astronomy Festival of Mont-Mégantic. But there are still enough festivals left to provide you with a lifetime's supply of T-shirts. Many have camping nearby and quite a few have websites. So bone up on your *La plume de ma tante* and catch festival fever.

Get there before 19 July and you can see the Montreal International Fireworks Competition - the Big Bang of pyrotechnic displays. Each Sunday, a different country blows up enough gunpowder to make an American slather as competitors coordinate their dancing starbursts with blaring music. The best place to take it all in is from the enclosure at La Ronde amusement park. A \$15 ticket gets you access to all the rides at the park (including the monster roller-coaster - currently being ridden day and night by a Guinness Book hopeful) as well as a seat so close to the fireworks, your eyebrows will singe (001 514 790 1245).

Meanwhile, the Lanaudière Festival (ends 1 August) is the largest festival of classical music in Canada. Reams of world-class performers play all around lovely Joliette. Shuttle buses leave from Downtown Montreal regularly. Tickets range in price from \$6 for a seat on the lawn during an open-air concert to \$25 for prime indoor seat and a buffet dinner (001 514 759 4343).

There's more music in the mountains. Mont Tremblant, a two-hour drive north of Montreal, is a beautiful ski resort in the winter and all lakes and green mountains in the summer. The Mont Tremblant International Blues Festival takes over the town from 16 to 19 July, helping you relax after a hard day of relaxing. Many of the shows are free (001 819 681-3000).

Head out of town, too, in August. Havre Saint-Pierre is literally the end of the road on the Quebec North Shore. Where the road ends, the land breaks up into jewel-like islands, with whales swimming offshore and rare birds resting on migratory routes. Usually this is a quiet area, but the town explodes during the Acadian Festival (7-15 August). Many shows



Gatineau hosts the World Ballooning Championship in early September (above), while Montreal has an International Fireworks Competition in July (right).

are free (001 418 538-6002). And there are more tunes in September (4-7) when Montmagny hosts the World Accordion Jamboree. Need I say more? (001 418 248-7927).

Much is also made of Canadian locomotion. Montreal's Dragon Boat Race (25-26 July) is spectacular. More than a hundred teams from a range of countries, including China and Taiwan, compete in the Olympic basin. It's an event. And free (001 514 866-7001). In case you want to do more than just watch, you too can compete in the Îles-de-la-Madeleine Boat Building Contest (1 August). You get three hours and are allowed to bring a maximum of \$40-worth of materials to build a boat that will carry at least one person out to sea. And back. (Call 001 418 937-5205).

Or you can take to the skies. Saint-Jean-Richelieu (near Montreal) hosts the biggest meeting of hot-air balloonists in Canada (8-16 August, 001 514 346-6000). And on 2-7 September, Gatineau (near Ottawa) welcomes the World Ballooning

Championship (001 819 243-2330).

There is more aviation on offer at Mont-Saint-Pierre's Fête du Vol Libre Gaspé (24 July - 2 August). This nice, friendly village fête, with bonfires on the beach and a costume parade, is given a special twist by making the theme hang-gliding. So now inexperienced fliers can go on an, or, invigorating tandem glide with an experienced local in the afternoon and still attend a neighbourly village dance in the evening (hopefully). Many events are free (001 418 797-2222).

Meanwhile, comedy comes to Montreal in the Just For Laughs festival (15-26 July). It's known as the Cannes of Comedy, and features 1,000 funny shows. Headliners this year include Lee Evans, Lee & Herling and a few hundred droll Americans not called Lee. Be warned, the first week is mostly French comedy. Tickets range from free to about \$20 (001 514 845-2322. Website: [www.hahaha.com/](http://www.hahaha.com/)).

If watching paint dry is your

thing, attend the Symposium of New Painting (31 July to 31 August). Fifteen internationally acclaimed artists (from Europe, Mexico, Canada and the US) will spend the month creating new works in the local hockey arena. Entrance and various ancillary discussion forums are free (001 418 435-3681).

It wouldn't be summer in the colonies without the Highland Games. On 2 August, free shuttle buses take you from the De l'Eglise metro in Montreal to Verdun, where you can watch men in kilts throw heavy things to the sounds of bagpipes and fiddles.

Oh, and there will be beer. Lots of beer. This is one of Montreal's most fun summer events. Entry fee is around \$3 (001 514 332-5242).

When you have had enough of the great outdoors, head inside for a huge choice of films. The Fant-Asia International Festival of Fantasy & Action Cinema is one of my favourite events of the summer. For a solid month (10 July - 9 August), one of

the most beautiful movie theatres in Montreal shows a superb range of subtly twisted, artistically violent and shockingly thought-provoking films from around the world, many introduced by their directors, actors or producers. This is a perfect chance to see all the movies Hollywood regularly pirates, bastardises and resells. And at only \$1.50 a film. Web site: [www.fantasiafest.com](http://www.fantasiafest.com).

The Montreal World Film Festival (27 July - 7 September) is the granddaddy of Quebec festivals. One of the first and still one of the best, it is a festival for the movie-going public. In fact, it sells more tickets to punters than any other film festival in the world. The schedule is not yet released (001 514 848-3883. Web site: [www.film-montreal.org](http://www.film-montreal.org)).

And finally, the Saint-Tite Western Festival (near Quebec City, 11-20 September) is the biggest Western attraction in Eastern Canada. Learn how to say "yee-haw!" in French and line dance until you drop (001 418 385-7524).



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## Getting there

There are two non-stop jumbos each day between London Heathrow and Montreal, on Air Canada (0990 247226) and BA (0345 222111). There are also charters, notably from Gatwick, operated by companies such as Bluebird

## FACT FILE

Express (0990 320000). Fares later in July and in August are high, around £500 return for scheduled flights, £400-£450 for charters. As departure dates approach, there

may be further discounts on charters to Toronto; Montreal is very busy. Alternatively, fly to Boston for around £360 return and continue by air or bus. Visit Canada Centre, 62-65 Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 5DY (0891 715000, premium rate).

## Canada without the bumps

PLEASE, for your own sake, don't do what I did. Canadian Regional, an airline that flies into more Canadian nooks and crannies than you can shake a moose at, has this great Airpass that works like an Inter-Rail pass. You pay a fixed fee and get to fly an unlimited number of flights within a fixed amount of time. You can fly from Newfoundland to Vancouver, from the North West Territories to Montreal, Boston, Seattle and Portland even come with the package. Travelling Canada from sea to sea is finally possible for those both on a budget and with time constraints.

There are two catches. First, you fly Canadian Regional routes. That means that to get from Toronto to Vancouver, the most direct route is Toronto-Thunder Bay-Winnipeg-Saskatoon-Vancouver. But, all the better to see Canada, right? Second, you fly standby. How big a catch that is depends on the time of year. And this is where my advice comes in. Do not, in an attempt to see how often you get bumped from a flight, take 19 flights in 48 hours. Granted, I did not plan 19 flights in 48 hours. But I was not bumped once and, like an addicted gambler, I just kept pushing my luck, daring it to run out. I hubbed out of gate B7 at

## Cleo Paskal uses her airpass to the full, and lives to regret it

Pearson International in Toronto. This is Regional's own gate, hidden away in the bowels of the terminal, taking the people heading for unglamorous destinations such as Sudbury and Sarnia. Like the areas of Canada it serves, it is unpretentious, clean, friendly and superficially boring. Canadian Regional's shortest flight out of Toronto is to London, Ontario (city motto: "More than you imagined"). Forty-five minutes one way. I went there a lot. A typical routing during my kamikaze mission was Toronto-London-Toronto-Sudbury (Home Of The Big Nickel)-Toronto-London-Toronto-Windsor (near Detroit)-Toronto-London-Toronto. In one day.

The things I learned: If you take more than two flights in one day with the same in-flight crew they assume you are a company spy. If you explain that you are just on an airpass, they let you sit in the cockpit. Maybe even during take-offs and landings. Cool. After five flights, they may give you the whole back row to sleep on and invite you on their lay-over in Sault-Saint-

Marie. Unless you have the drinking capacity of a camel, decline.

One of the things you do not want to hear your pilot say is "Looks like air traffic control has messed up again." And that pilots and co-pilots are not allowed to order the same meals. Preferably, they are not even supposed to eat in the same restaurants during layovers. They say this is to prevent food poisoning.

All airports look the same. The security women in the London airport are the toughest in the world. They even opened and sniffed my cranberry juice. And a blind man flying out of London has a T-shirt

that reads: "If It's No Scottish, It's Crap".

One pilot collects old pin-ball machines. If you ask politely, the flight attendants will dig out the special chocolate fudge cookies. Even if the crew and ground staff are wonderful, taking 19 flights in 48 hours sucks.

The worst of it was, after calling it quits I dragged myself over to a Gate B7 check-in woman (my now my best buddy) to brag. "That's nothing," she said, "last summer, we had a German who spent his whole two-week pass going back and forth across the country. He must have taken 60 flights." I mumbled something Basil Fawlty-esque and collapsed.

There is an upside. All the flights qualified for frequent flier points. I cashed them in and went on a nice, long, sedentary vacation in Malta.

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# Where nature springs eternal

**Tropical and luscious, St Lucia is a jewel of a small landmass. It even boasts a drive-in volcano. By Victoria Pybus**

I knew I was going to like it in St Lucia when I stepped out on to my creeper-edged hotel balcony on the first morning and saw an iridescent green hummingbird whirring from flower to flower and syringing each of them with its needle beak. A few seconds later, a mynah bird plunged into the same creeper, and I spotted its nest within arm's reach. That is largely what St Lucia is about: nature. Not the tooth-and-claw variety, more the tropical, fast-growing, awning-leaved, luscious, brightly coloured, seductive and suggestively huge-fruited kind. Not for nothing is St Lucia known as the "Helen of the West Indies".

St Lucia (population 165,000; capital Castries) is the second largest of the Windward Isles that form part of the arc of islands enclosing the eastern Caribbean. The French island of Martinique is clearly visible 20 miles to the north, and Barbados and the Grenadines lie southwards. A small jewel of a land mass, St Lucia, 27 miles long by 14 miles wide, seems to have everything: spectacular mountain scenery, a drive-in volcano with solfatara (steaming sulphur springs and maddening gases that signify an active, but not apocalyptic, volcano), a wild rainforest and a privately owned semi-tame one (the botanical gardens).

The latter is at the little town of Soufriere, which takes its name from the sulphur springs and encloses a waterfall and the mineral baths enjoyed by the pre-Empress Josephine, whose birthplace in St Lucia was at her father's estate. You can partake of the curative powers of the waters (about £6 per bathe, plus £2 entry fee for the gardens).

Other historical sites include Pigeon Island, named for the messenger pigeons that the British used when they had a garrison on the island in the 18th century to look out for the marauding French. You can see the remains of the fortifications, barracks and support buildings in a beautifully sculpted park. Fourteen times (the island guides relentlessly inform you) St Lucia changed hands between the British and the French, who possessed it



Soufriere and The Pitons, St Lucia: nature's beauty best enjoyed with a slow rum cocktail at sunset

World Pictures



seven times each until the British Admiral Rodney finally secured British ownership by winning the Battle of the Saints in 1782 and getting a bay named after him into the bargain. The English language was established in 1842.

The French legacy includes nearly all the place names and a widely spoken patois not easily understood by foreigners; bon ju (good morning) and es u me naje? (would you like to swim?) are two of the more interpretable phrases.

The history of slavery is hard to escape in St Lucia. Its handsome, dignified and charming people are slave descendants. If they are

aware of the irony of earning their tourist incomes from the once oppressor nations, they are too polite to show it. Perhaps it is no longer important as the island has been independent since 1975. Former estates which can be toured include the Marquis Plantation in the north east of the island. The once-profitable 30,000 acreage of the 1700s winds up to a hilltop house. From there you can see the cove where the merchantmen would wait for the barrels of processed sugar to be conveyed by river and sea from the plantation factory to their holds and onward transportation to the sugar-blackened teeth of Europe.

Sporting activities are organised by the larger hotels and resorts and include diving - especially at Anse le Chastenet - horse-riding, windsurfing (at Club Med in the south), and deep sea fishing. For beach bums there is the immaculate strand of Rodney Bay. Beware the snorkelling trips by catamaran. About six of these turn up simultaneously at one tiny cove and hundreds of snorkellers in the water make it look like the spawning-ground of an odd-looking species.

If you want to go further afield there are day-sails to the Grenadines, the islets between St Vincent and Granada, and Barbados

## FACT FILE

### Getting there

BA (0345 222111) flies from Gatwick to St Lucia; British West Indian Airways (0181-577 1100) flies from Heathrow. The lowest official fare on BWIA is £398, but cheaper fares are available through discount agents such as Caribbean Connection (0171-344 3000). From 27 Sept, Virgin Atlantic (01293 747747) begins weekly services from Gatwick; discounted fares are likely to be widely available. The lowest at present, for travel in Nov, is £349.

Charter flights are available from Gatwick and Manchester, mostly catering for inclusive tour customers of companies such as Thomson (0990 502399) and Airtours (0541 500479).

Long-haul flights serve Hewanorra airport at the far south of the island.

### Money

Sterling is easily convertible to the Eastern Caribbean dollar at a rate of about £1 to EC\$4.50. US dollars are also widely accepted.

### Further information

St Lucia Tourist Office, 421a Finchley Road, London NW3 6HJ (0171-431 4045).

and Martinique. You can travel independently around the island by local minibuses, which are cheap - but leave only when full.

The exquisite, glowing health of the local residents must be a testament to their diet of varied root vegetables such as the greyish dasheene, plantain (a cousin of the banana), fruits such as the mango, which grows wild, and papaya. The breadfruit, which arrived courtesy of Captain Bligh, is almost a meal in itself. Meat, which includes chicken, kid and beef, is not abundant locally, so the 30 or so tourist hotels are mainly stocked from Florida. Coconut milk from the green nut is a panacea for hangovers and infant gastroenteritis. The most commonly served fishes are the densely flavoured tuna and kingfish. All kinds of cuisine are served, but Creole-style is the best.

The setting sun disappears almost as fast as an anchor drops. But if the colours of sundown do not linger, those of your rum cocktails will. Bedtime is a hush of tree frogs and crickets before another day of being up with the hummingbird.

Victoria Pybus paid £511 for a half-board package with Style Travel (0181-753 1818 for reservations, or book through a local travel agent).

# Even the fish were dressed for football

THAT SUMMER  
HONDURAS, 1994, BY MATTHEW COLE

ITALY'S ROBERTO Baggio stepped up to the penalty spot. I could barely look. But the Brazilians sensed this was their moment.

They stared at him, then at me. I tried not to catch their eye, silently willing Baggio on.

In the Californian heat of Pasadena's Rose Bowl stadium, Baggio began his run-up. Several thousand miles south down the Pan American highway in a resort compound on the Honduran island of Roatan, the Brazilians ignored the tropical sunshine outside and stared even harder at the TV set.

I stared at the floor. Thud. I looked up, and my heart sank. No bulging net, no Italian celebrations. The ball had gone high over the bar and Brazil had won the World Cup.

The tanned young Brazilians around me tipped back their heads and howled with delight. Lost in the middle of their carnival, I was now as invisible to them as the miserable Baggio was to the ecstatic Brazilian team on the pitch.

The barman cranked up the stereo and Baggio wandered off, head in hands. I could not pretend to have been supporting Brazil all along, any more than he could have switched teams.

Inaudible above the chants of "Bra-sil, Bra-sil!", it is a safe bet that the TV commentator was describing Baggio as the loneliest man in the world. I knew how he felt.

As screams of holidaying fans teetered playfully towards the pool I headed back to the beach feeling strangely homesick and wondering why I had done it again.

USA 94 was not the first World Cup I had made the mistake of watching while far from the safety of home. Four years earlier the venue had been a back-street bar in an Andean market town in Ecuador. The final act of Italia 90 was being played out in Rome, between the white man, or gringo, and the whole of South America. Well, at least that is how the handful of villagers who glared at me as West Germany beat Argentina one nil saw it.

It is not that the people of Ecuador or Honduras were ever really hostile. Or that I am an ungracious traveller. The problem, as David Beckham can confirm, is that football dredges up some horribly inappropriate responses. And they are best left to the privacy of your own home country.

It is too personal. And you cannot explain things: like the way those Ecuadoreans saw the Argentine team as South American crusaders pitted against an evil gringo enemy represented by the West German team, my girlfriend and me. Or why walking into a holiday resort packed with the families of Brazil's wealthiest industrialists led me to support the vain European cause against the world's mightiest football machine.

But then you come to your senses. Just two hours after finding myself an Italy fan for the first time in my life, football could not have been further from my mind.

I was on the white sands of West End, Roatan, shopping for a diving course at the dive shops up and down the beach of Half Moon Bay. Roatan is one of the "Bay Islands"



The perfect place to see the final? - Matthew Cole found that Roatan island was anything but ...

off Honduras' Caribbean coast and one of the cheapest and best scuba resorts in the world.

While Brits tend to go to Belize, this is where the Americans come - along with a few Brazilians.

Over the next two weeks of gawping at a fantasia of undersea flora

and fauna, there were few reminders of football. Like most of his compatriots, our American divermaster was more interested in spotting barracuda, manta ray and the beautiful lace-finned drumfish around the reef than discussing the "Worldcup" - he and his kind pro-

nounced it as one word, like teacup.

You see, even that was annoying. I was doing well at putting it to the back of my mind, though I could not help recognising the team strips of the squads of tropical fish flitting in formation across the coral. And I am not sure whether the flashy Brazil-

There are no direct flights between the UK and Honduras; most connections are via points in the United States. The best arrival point for Roatan is Honduras's main international airport, San Pedro Sula. In August, Journey Latin

America (0181-747 3108) has flights from London on Continental via Houston for £797 or American Airlines via Miami for £842. South American Experience (0171-978 5511) offers £717 on Iberia via Madrid and Miami.

## FACT FILE

supporting angelfish were not significantly outplayed by the classier royal blue brilliance of the guppies.

While the Brazilians and I could not forget its real significance, on Roatan the World Cup was a novelty. This is an island whose black Garifuna population has a completely separate culture from that of the Spanish-speaking mainland. Roatan natives speak an English-based Caribbean patois and youth culture in the big "city" capital of Coxen Hole is dominated by Jamaican reggae and American baseball.

Ecuador, of course, is a different story. For the Spanish Mestizo population, if not the indigenous Andeans, football is big bananas - though in Ecuador nothing is quite as big as bananas. I watched Germany beating Argentina in the market town of Otavalo, a place famous for the enterprise of its native population. Its massive market has made it such a popular stop on the backpacker circuit that you feel it is only time before there is a Hard

Rock Cafe on the high street.

For years there has been a pudding shop where blackberry and apple pies are served by the square yard, with ice cream or custard.

But there is no TV in the pudding shop. Eventually we found a bar with a TV set and stepped out of the beautiful Andean daylight into the dark, candlelit bar to squint at a cathode-ray snowstorm through which you could just make out an impression of a match. I wished we had not bothered. Yet it is now my favourite story. Maybe there was, after all, some bond we shared with our fellow football fans in that bar. They knew that, like them, we were fans. And that meant that for a split second we knew exactly how much they hated us. If there is one certainty about the World Cup final this year, it is that the commentator at one stage will refer to the millions watching all round the world.

When that happens, spare a thought for the Brit abroad, about to have a perfectly good holiday ruined.

## TRAVEL

BASTILLE DAY BAGPIPES 25 • POSING IN ANTWERP FOR THE WEEKEND 26

Journey into  
real JapanAmanda Ball abandons the kitsch and karaoke  
of Tokyo for a cultural experience at the Onsen  
baths, a hot spa on the misty peaks of Hakone

Enough was enough. I had to get out of Tokyo. Away from the neon-lit crowds, the kitsch gambling halls and the whisky-induced karaoke crooning echoing out of the bars. So I headed for the station to catch the bullet train to Hakone, a tranquil spa region 62 miles south west of the capital. It was to be a day trip en route to Kyoto.

Arriving at the station, I tried to cram my suitcase into the tiny lockers. But after half an hour, and some language difficulties, I found the left luggage office. In complete contrast to everything else I had seen in Japan, this was a chaotic room full of babbling women, unruly children and two uninterested attendants. One took my case, the other gave me a small purple ticket and said "Shut seven o'clock". I wondered if I would ever see my suitcase again.

Any sense of stress drifted away as I boarded the aptly named Romance Car - Hakone is a popular honeymoon destination - and we began a slow climb uphill. We drew into the small station at Hakone-Yumoto, one of the seven spa towns. I set off down the twisty, narrow high street and soon spotted my first two stops. The Fujiya, one of the oldest Western hotels in the country, reaching upwards, and the Naraya, the country's oldest Japanese hotel, hidden on the downward slope.

The Naraya has been managed by the same family for 14 generations, and is still protected from day-trippers - you cannot enter unless you are staying there. But just visiting the entrance is worthwhile. I walked down four stone stairs from the High Street and seemed to leave a century behind with each step. The ceremonial, formal Japan lingers powerfully here.

Europeans discovered Hakone in the 18th century and the Fujiya was built in 1878 as a place for them to stay. Since then it has played host to Charlie Chaplin, General Douglas

MacArthur and John Lennon. I wandered out to take tiffin on the terrace. As a die-hard Japanophile, I opted for green tea and elegant, pretty pink sweets, which, like most Japanese sweets, were tasteless. Sitting at a card-style square table overlooking a carp pool, I could easily have imagined I was in the midst of an Agatha Christie mystery set in a British seaside hotel, for the place is redolent with Thirties charm.

I was tempted to spend the afternoon on the terrace, to watch children feeding the carp and squealing in terror when the fish opened their mouths, showing their soft pink throats. But the reason for the region's 2,000-year-old popularity, the Onsen baths, beckoned.

A Japanese bath is a cultural experience. For a start you have to wash before your bath. Then you sit back and relax in breathtakingly hot water, letting the steam rise up over your shoulders and face. However, there are two main disadvantages. Firstly, Japanese women are not built like Western women. If you are ever in a shop in Japan and wonder what those strange-shaped pieces of foam are for, well, they create Western-style curves up top, and also down below. Yes - bottom pads. So a Western woman can elicit discreet giggling from her Japanese counterparts. The other disadvantage is that no matter how hot the air temperature, it feels cold when you get out.

Back on the romance car, I was off upwards to see a museum set in the clouds. A surprising number of passengers turned out to be inhabitants of the area, and at each station en route we would drop a few people off. At the penultimate station an elderly lady, dressed in canary yellow, about four and a half feet tall and of similar width, as she was laden with pink plastic shopping bags, alighted and began slowly to undulate like an elephant from side to side, up the steep road ahead of her.

Chukoku no More (Forest of Sculpture) as the Japanese colloquially call it, is set in a forest with wisps of cloud hanging over it. The open-air museum exhibits over 300 sculptures, including a score by Henry Moore.

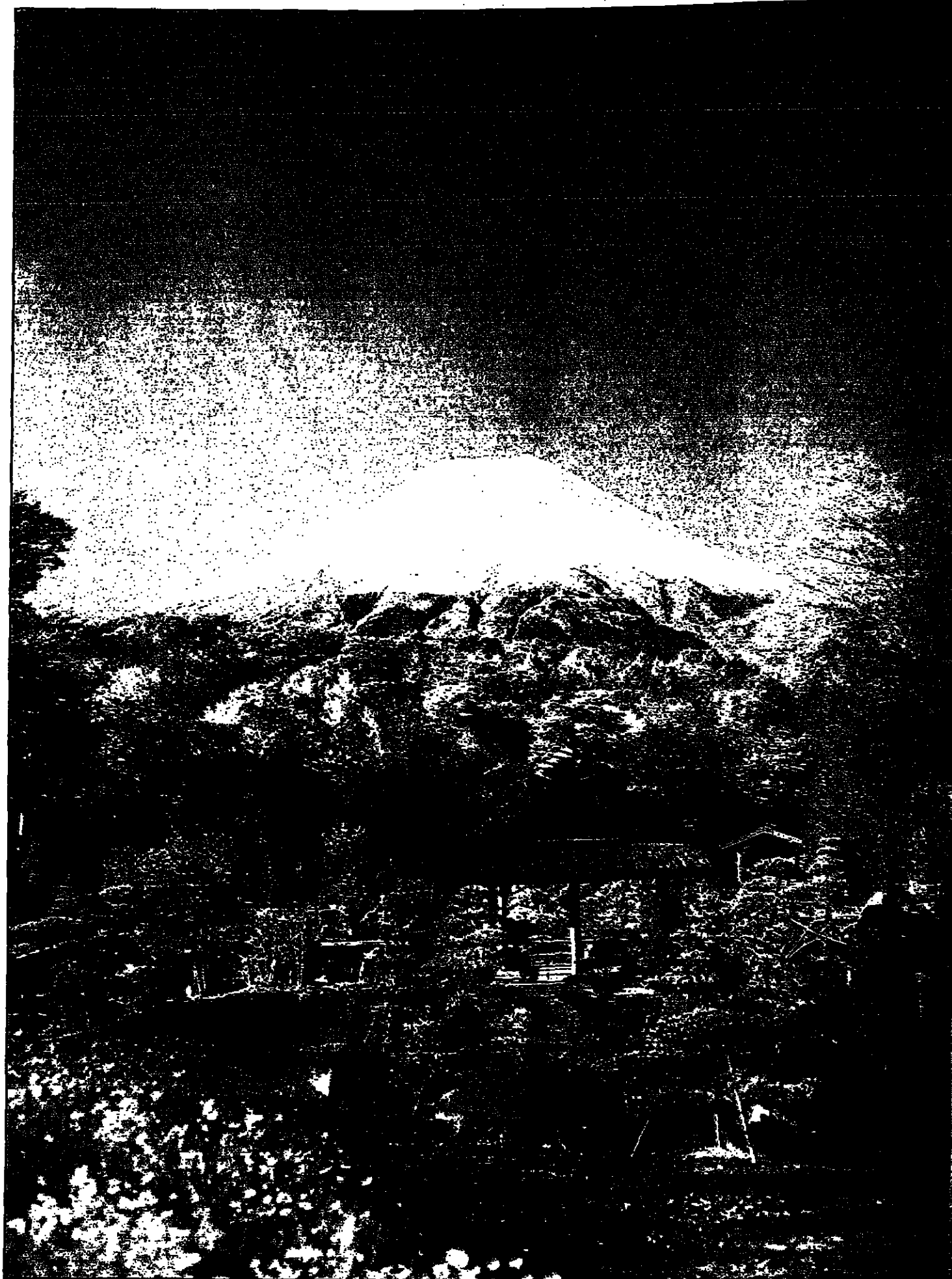
Now it was time for the highlight of my round trip. I took the cable car, followed by the ropeway (the longest in Japan) over *owakudani* (the great boiling valley) and the *ojigoku* (great hell). It was like entering a movie-maker's demonic inferno, and it explained the hot spas below. Plumes of yellow sulphur burst brightly upwards. Starting as round balls of vivid yellow, they spiralled upwards, turning sunny yellow and then creamy white, as the sulphur dispersed.

I stopped off at the top, but, hardly able to stand the stench, had no more than a cursory look from the concrete pathway. As I took off in the cable car, I could see the brave few making the 600-metre walk around the boiling pools and steam vents. I turned to look forward to Lake Ashi and rising above it, dimly blue on the horizon, Mount Fuji.

I got off the cable car at the lake, where a few men in rumpled jumpers with thin rods dotted the shore, fishing for the bass and trout. Contemplation of the calm was soon ruined by the approach of a Spanish-style galleon. This is the idiosyncratic route to the other side. I soon realised that the peace was temporary, however, as for the next 40 minutes crowds arrived by cable car and waited for the galleon.

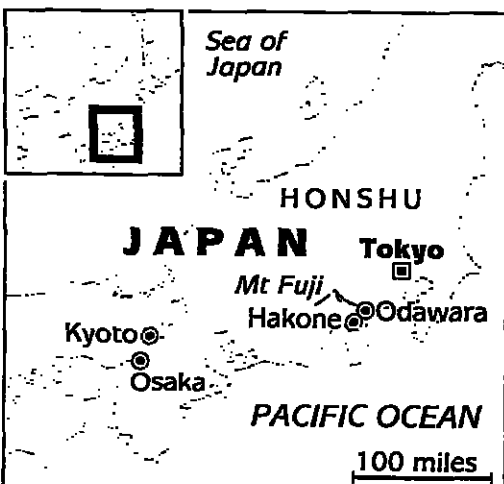
At the end of the lake there is enough to keep you occupied for several days' sightseeing, but I had to skip all this history to get back in time to collect my suitcase. I arrived at the left luggage office at 7.05pm. The door was still open. The ticket-giving, time-warning attendant was still there, and my case stood forlornly in the centre of the bare concrete floor.

"I waited for you," he said.



Real Japan, at the foot of Mount Fuji

World Picture



## FACT FILE

Getting there: the cheapest deals are with one-stop flights on airlines such as Aeroflot via Moscow, Air India via Bombay, Alitalia via Rome, Cathay Pacific via Hong Kong or Finnair via Helsinki, at around £500-£700. Non-stop flights to Tokyo are operated by ANA, British Airways, JAL and Virgin Atlantic, but there is little discounting at present from the lowest published fares of over £1,000. If you want a non-stop flight, the best deal is probably

a "Discover Tokyo" package from Jaltour (0171-485 1775): you get flights to Tokyo, five nights in a good hotel for £1,108, based on two sharing, in August. Easily the best-value way to reach the Japanese capital is on an air ticket to Australia. Because fares between the UK and Australia are so competitive, you can buy a London-Tokyo-Sydney return ticket for much less than a simple London-Tokyo return.

Numerous discount agents offer flights to Sydney or Brisbane, with an optional stopover in Tokyo, for around £600-£700.

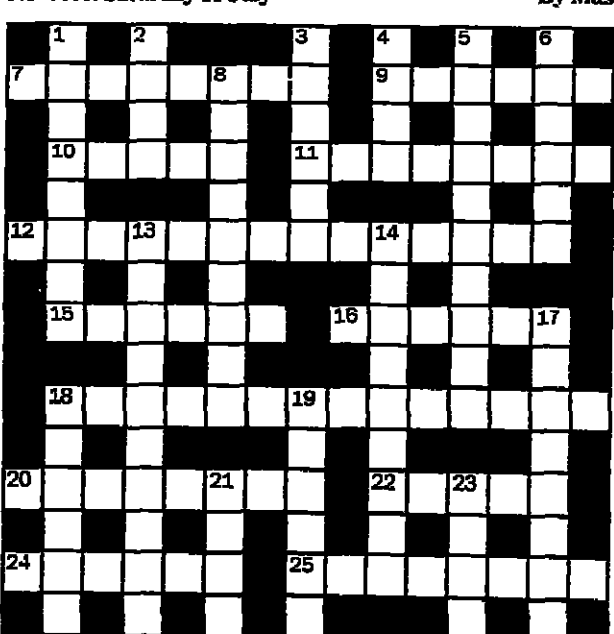
Getting around: A seven-day Japan Rail Pass is available through Jaltours for £124.

Getting information: the Japan National Tourist Organisation, 5th Floor, 20 Savile Row, London W1X 1AE (0171-734 9638), provides excellent free information on the country.

## THE SATURDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3660, Saturday 11 July

By Mass



## ACROSS

- 7 Huge wastage in fuel (8)
- 9 Great win - on form (6)
- 10 Order English abridged reference (5)
- 11 Juvenile has a rum time reforming (8)
- 12 Home for pupil, with entries calculated by report (8-6)
- 15 Prepare herb, curative measure (6)
- 16 Disgruntle with bad result (6)
- 18 How intriguing! (14)
- 20 Just like a bee? (8)
- 22 Open up headed fish (5)
- 24 Instrument that's staple in a group (6)
- 25 Course including cabbage (we hear) in dish (5-3)

## DOWN

- 1 New door? So we must get timber (8)
- 2 One utensil's overturned lid (4)
- 3 Enjoying leisure - not one for working (6)
- 4 Knave almost makes trick (4)
- 5 He has lots on his mind (10)
- 6 Pen church work for voices (6)
- 8 Investing in building (7-2)
- 13 Acrimony, influenced by drug, has got me in charge (10)
- 14 Where self-help leads to inner satisfaction? (9)
- 17 Big events bringing in church money (8)
- 18 Rough, meat pasty's edges (6)
- 19 Fancy dressing? (6)
- 21 Bring in bag, we're told (4)
- 23 A not entirely perfect state (4)

## Friday's solution

FOURTIME ESTATE  
LE HEN MYO  
INTREALLYGETHER  
N T R O L Y O I  
CREWMEN DEADSEA  
H R O B N L  
DIASPORA APPAL  
A N U E E V  
FIGHT TAKEPART  
Y E D A T W  
ESTONIA FURNISH  
R O N Y G A N I  
ASHWITENASHEET  
L E E D E O N B  
LORDLY LIBRARY

## Last Saturday's solution

PROPEL LEFTOVER  
O I I T A M P  
ECONOMICAL ECHT  
N T P K S G E  
AWASHORE TRAUMA  
I I D O A E  
L I N Z I N F A N T I V  
R E D N F E A  
ROADTEST CALM  
N B O G E  
CHEAPO SELFNAME  
O L H U S E  
GRIP AWANTGARD  
S H V P C R E  
LEGALISE HEYDAY

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: G Baxter, Hatfield; J Pelikan, Fotters Bar; R Morris, Tiverton; A Mason, Mains; K Hey, Kidlington.

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# YOUR MONEY

PERSONAL FINANCE NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

PERSONAL FINANCE • MOTORING • PROPERTY

## Insurers rule out payment for Millennium bug claims

Year 2000 bugs are no longer covered by insurance. By Paul Slade

**T**he Millennium bug could incapacitate anything from your car to your video recorder. Yet insurers are determined they will not pay out to help meet the cost of replacement.

Microchips nowadays run not only home computers, but every other electrical device in the house from the iron to the television set. Chips in cars operate not just the on-board computer, but also vital systems such as the steering and the brakes.

No one knows how many of these devices will fail when the year clicks round to 2000, setting off the notorious Millennium bug. Some may simply shut down - tricky if you're driving at the time - while others might trip the electronics.

Now insurers are adding special Millennium exclusions to their policies, making it clear they will not pay out to repair or replace equipment which fails because of the bug. The exclusions appear on household contents policies, motor policies and the extended repair warranties sold by electrical retailers.

One reason for this action is that insurers simply have no idea of the magnitude of the problem. Without such exclusions, they fear that their worldwide exposure to claims could be ruinous.

Commercial Union's Ian Frater says: "When an insurer fixes a price, he does so against the background of knowing the risk. The problem here is that no insurer actually knows what the risk is, so it's hugely difficult to fix a price and provide cover for it."

Phil Bell of Royal & Sun Alliance says: "You can imagine large amounts of domestic equipment having some sort of failure or malfunction come the date change. Even your toaster has a chip in it, even though toast has no relevance to the date."

Louise Rowden of the AA says: "There are electrical components right throughout



the car. You could be talking about anything in the car re-designing to start to something going 'pop' while you're driving along."

Each policyholder's contract is being amended as it comes up for renewal. Royal & Sun Alliance has been doing this since July. CGU - the merged Commercial Union and General Accident - will start writing exclusions into new policies from September.

In the case of the AA's policies, the old wording excluded "mechanical or electrical fault or breakdown". The new exclusion refers to "mechanical, electrical, electronic or computer fault, failure, malfunction or breakdown."

Strictly speaking, household and motor policies are not designed to pay out for damage such as Millennium-related breakdown. Insurers, though, will not take chances.

Mr Bell says: "Because of the way policies are worded, it is not beyond the realms of possibility that somebody may have tried to squeeze the definitions to include this sort of loss. Our intention here is to make it absolutely clear that the policy does not cover these sort of losses."

Policies, however, should still meet the cost of any damage caused by the equipment that has failed. Suzanne Moore of the Association of British Insurers, says: "Items themselves which fail as a result of

the Millennium bug won't be covered on a contents policy. But if your video blows up and sets the house on fire, then the fire would be covered."

The same principle applies to a burglary made possible because your alarm has failed. The burglary would be covered in the normal way, but not the cost of replacing the alarm. Similarly, if your car collides with another as a result of the brakes failing, the damage caused would still be covered, but not the cost of repairing the brakes.

Some of the people likely to be hardest hit by Millennium bug problems are the self-employed who need their computers in order to work. Even if you had the foresight

to take out a specialist business interruption policy, this would rely on a specified event such as fire or flood to trigger its benefits. The mere fact that your computer has collapsed owing to the year 2000 problem is not enough for a successful claim.

Mr Frater says: "An insurance policy is designed to cover sudden and unforeseen damage. We've known about the Millennium bug for seven or eight years now, and it's something that can be put right if you take action now."

For a free copy of the ABI's booklets on Millennium cover for homes and business, write to ABI, 51 Gresham Street, London EC2V 7HO.

The Year 2000 problem has been anticipated for seven years, so insurers "pull the parachute" on Millennium bug claims

Photomontage by Jonathan Anstee

### Cornhill aids retailers against claims

THE INSURERS who back electrical retailers' extended warranty schemes were among the first to protect themselves against year 2000 claims. They had to act quickly, as these contracts commonly look four or more years into the future.

Cornhill is the insurer behind extended warranties sold by retailers like John Lewis, House of Fraser and the Co-Op. Its own exclusion clause appears on all policies sold since April 1997. It points out that the policy will not cover any problem caused by failure "to process the change of year from 1999 to 2000 and beyond".

Bill Eslaw of Cornhill says: "What we hope people will do is check that anything they are buying is year 2000 compliant. We believe that it is the duty of the customer to check."

Cornhill policies sold before April 1997 will be amended as they come up for renewal. But the company will honour Millennium bug claims from old policies still in force when the problem occurs.

Mr Eslaw says: "We clearly have to live with that, because we issued the policies for a number of years, and we can't go back on our word."

Thought for the day

Life losing its PEP?  
Talk ISAs with an IFA

## Pension top-ups investigated

THE PERSONAL Investment Authority this week announced that it will investigate the potential mis-selling of personal pension top-up plans to members of the public.

The regulator's move follows what it describes as "anecdotal evidence" that some advisers are selling top-up schemes, called FSAVCs, in preference to in-house ones offered by employers.

Pension top-ups are increasingly being used by employees worried that their existing levels of contributions into company schemes will not be enough to deliver a sufficient income in retirement. A private option is also available to savers and is widely sold.

Figures from the Association of British Insurers, the industry

Heavy extra charges on privately-sold schemes are alarming the regulators. By Nic Cicutti

trade body, show that sales of FSAVCs remain popular. In 1997, some 99,000 were sold, to a value of £1.11m. Up to now, the PIA has refused to intervene in this market, arguing that there was not enough evidence to justify an investigation.

However, experts argue that the heavy extra charges incurred by privately-sold schemes are mostly responsible for the significant under-performance of their funds.

The PIA's latest about-turn comes at the same time as a survey by *Pensions Management*, a specialist magazine, revealed that even average-

performing in-house schemes, or AVCs, performed as well as the best privately-managed funds. Research by *Pensions Management* was based on assumed contributions of £50 a month over five years.

It showed the average in-house AVC delivered £4,222, compared with £3,735 from an FSAVC managed fund, a difference of almost £500. The worst-performing company AVC delivered £3,886, £650 more than the worst FSAVC, which managed just £3,026. The magazine's survey blames heavy charges of private schemes for the under-performance.

Advisers engaged in this activity argue that FSAVCs offer the opportunity for investors to broaden their investment options beyond the handful of funds typically offered by in-house schemes.

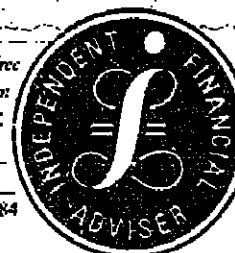
Yet Scottish Equitable, a significant player in this market, says in-house research shows that 53 per cent of its FSAVC policyholders opted for managed funds, the most common in-house option. A further 23 per cent plumped for with-profits funds, another type of fund commonly available through employer-sponsored AVCs.

Advisers also argue that staff may not want employers to know where their money goes. But *Pensions Management* points out that if FSAVC contributions top £2,400 a year, the policyholder's OP scheme must be contacted to see if the 15 per cent upper limit on contributions might be breached. The FSAVC provider must also contact the occupational scheme to let it know that a free-standing plan has been taken out by one of its members.

If you believe you may have been mis-sold an FSAVC, contact your adviser or the provider of the top-up, asking for a review of your fund. If that fails, contact the PIA on 0171 538 8860.

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	Brian Tora	4	Motoring	8	Warehouse furniture	12

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ANOTHER WEEK, another investigation. This week, the Personal Investment Authority, the soon-to-be-defunct financial services watchdog, announced that it is preparing to launch an investigation into pension top-up plans.

The PIA said that it had received anecdotal evidence from some occupational pension schemes, including Sainsbury's and British Airways, that advisers are selling these private schemes, called FSAVCs, in preference to recommending the in-house versions, which are generally much better value.

Why has taken the PIA so long to discover the potential mis-selling of FSAVCs? The evidence has been screaming out for years.

The issues are simple. If payments into a company pension scheme will not buy enough of a pension at retirement, it is possible to top them up by making additional voluntary contributions (AVCs). This is an option available from every employer.

The money is usually handed over to a fund manager and the investment returns are used at retirement to buy an annuity. Since employers are prepared to pay for a large slice of the management costs of the fund, plus the fact that they are "buying in bulk", this means that an in-house AVC is almost always by far the cheapest option. By contrast, private top-ups - so-called "free-standing" AVCs - typically involve a 5 per cent bid-offer spread on one's investment which immediately reduces its value. Thereafter, management costs are entirely met by the investor, making the private top-up a poor-value choice.

The scale of difference is detailed on our front page. Given these facts, the question has to be asked: Why are private FSAVCs sold at all? The answer is that advisers selling them stand to make an enormous amount of money.

Sure, they will claim that with FSAVCs you can choose your own retirement date, whereas you cannot with an ordinary AVC - although how many would want to retire on the amount available to them through a top-up



**NIC CICUTTI**

*'Free-standing AVCs are another scam on policy-holders'*

scheme alone is highly debatable.

You might also be told that FSAVCs give greater investment choice than in-house schemes. Again, evidence appears to suggest that most private top-up buyers simply replicate the investment strategy they would have followed in the company option.

Lastly, advisers will claim that many employees may not want their bosses knowing to whom they pay their top-up money, hence the free-standing option. Yet, given there is a legal requirement to inform the company pension scheme that someone is making private top-up provision, that argument does not hold water.

The bottom line must be that FSAVCs are another scam inflicted on policy-holders. For the PIA to discover "anecdotal evidence" has mysteriously revealed itself is a further sign of how in thrall it has been to the financial industry's interests and not the consumer's.

There are precious few days left for anyone who is a member of Nationwide Building Society to cast their votes for or against proposals to demutualise it. The vote so far is neck and neck.

As Michael Hardern, one of the chief proponents of demutualisation, acts in an increasingly bizarre manner, it falls on this column to remind readers of the consequences of flotation. If you vote in favour, you will pay for it in heavily increased mortgage charges and lower savings rates. It's as simple as that.

# A budget for lofty ideas

## FINANCIAL MAKEOVER

**NAME: SHARON MARSHALL. AGE: 41**  
**OCCUPATION: CLINICAL RESEARCHER**

LIKE MANY people Sharon has cruised along for years without much thought to financial planning. She has not built up any savings but has managed to accrue over £3,000 in overdraft and credit card debts. Sharon has a property worth £140,000 (with an outstanding mortgage of around £76,000).

She also has a two-year-old daughter, Minnie. The father (from whom Sharon is separated) owns a small percentage of the property - his stake currently being worth £23,000 - which Sharon has to pay off when Minnie reaches 18 or finishes full-time education. One issue is whether this should be cleared earlier or whether Sharon should concentrate on maximising the value of her property through a loft conversion which she could then rent out for extra income.

The adviser: Fiona Price, managing director, Fiona Price & Partners, 33 Great Queen Street, WC2B 5AA (0171 430 0366).

The Advice: Sharon needs to impose some discipline on her finances. I suggest a simple budgeting exercise. By writing down what she spends (including everything from cafe lattes to her travel expenses) for the next month Sharon will be able to see what her money is doing.

She believes she can spare £200 a month. She could use this to pay off her debts. Credit cards cost between 14 and 24 per cent APR. Authorised overdrafts are around 10 - 20 per cent APR, unauthorised overdrafts are much more expensive - between 26 and 35 per cent APR, plus additional fees, so it is extremely important to get this kind of debt out of the way.

The next priority is a cash reserve. Once Sharon's debts are paid off, she should carry on saving in order to build up a cash reserve for emergencies, say three to six months' worth of outgoings (£5,000 to £10,000).

I recommend she starts with an instant access account and then moves to a 90-day notice account to get better rates once she has built up, say, £1,000. Savings accounts offered by supermarkets and life insurers are paying good rates at the moment for instant access accounts (between 6.5 to 7 per cent gross). Building societies offering postal notice



Sharon Marshall: would like to have a loft conversion that could be used to accommodate lodgers - and generate extra income. Nicola Kurtz

accounts pay the best rates (7 to 7.5 per cent gross).

Now to the bigger issues. Sharon has mentioned that life insurance is not an issue as she has some cover built into her pension scheme and Minnie's father would look after her if Sharon had an accident. However Sharon should consider life cover on her ex-partner. It could be taken out on a "life of another" basis, whereby she owns the policy and pays the premiums so Sharon would

receive the payment if he died. Sharon should also think about protecting her income in the event of being unable to work for a long time due to accident or illness.

Her employer will continue to pay her for a while but she should consider an income replacement policy that will provide an income if she is unable to work for more than, say, six months. A policy providing £1,200 per month up to age 65 would cost around £50-60 per month.

I don't think Sharon needs to worry about her pension at this time. It is an excellent scheme providing good benefits at low cost. She has been in this scheme for nearly 6 years and still has around 23 years before her intended retirement at 65. If she remains in the scheme, or similar ones, until retirement she will have quite a respectable pension, especially as she has further benefits from previous jobs in Australia and New Zealand. She will also have the

state pension and should complete a BR19 form, available from local DSS offices, to find out how much this will be.

Sharon should also consider shortening the term of her mortgage, as this is not currently due to be paid off until retirement at 65.

The percentage of Sharon's property owned by her ex-partner (£23,000) will increase as the value of her home goes up (but not as a result of home improvements). If property prices go up by less than the rate of mortgage interest, then she would be better off leaving the debt as it is. Property prices have only increased by 5.4 per cent a year over the last five years, but clearly this could be higher, or lower, in the future.

Sharon's first option is to increase her mortgage now in order to pay the debt off. But then she will have extra interest payments to make. It might also be difficult to arrange this as her mortgage will be higher than

banks and building societies are normally happy to lend.

Option two, then, is to save in order to pay off the debt. It is difficult to assess how much Sharon needs to save as the debt is a moving target - it will vary as the value of the house varies. If house prices increase by 5.4 per cent a year then the debt would amount to around £51,000 after 15 years (the date when the debt has to be cleared). If she saved around £150 a month (which is within her budget), then her savings would have to grow by 3 per cent net of charges to clear this debt. This will need to be monitored over the years but seems a reasonable assumption to start with.

Now to Sharon's dream - the loft conversion. She feels this space would be needed once Minnie is in school in order to provide space for an au pair. In the meantime, she wants to rent the extra room to students from the local language college.

Although it sounds good, Sharon needs to look carefully at all the considerations related to this. Apart from the hassle-factor, the additional cost would need to be covered by a loan or an increase to her mortgage. The additional advance on the mortgage is the cheaper option, but she will be paying the interest for a longer period and hence the eventual cost will be higher. She should also ensure she is comfortable with the implications of having someone else living in her home.

That said, she would be receiving an extra income and the tax man allows you to receive up to £4,250 per year in this way without paying tax.

If you are interested in a free Money Makeover and are happy for your name and picture to appear in the paper, please write to Andrew Verity, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5DL.

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**REVIEW**  
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## SPOTLIGHT

### TESCO PERSONAL FINANCE TRAVEL INSURANCE

**The product:** Tesco Personal Finance Travel Insurance

**The deal:** Supermarket shoppers who are already being won over in droves into buying a range of Tesco's personal finance products are now being offered travel cover too.

The cover is targeted at individuals and families who might otherwise be tempted by travel insurance packages on offer from tour operators, themselves known for their uncompetitive policies.

So, for instance, Tesco says that a single-trip policy to Spain for 15 days, covering two adults and two children under 10 would cost £84.53, including insurance premium tax (IPT) at 17.5 per cent which will, however, not be applied until 1 August. This compares to £146 from Sunworld and £113.80 from Airtrav.

The cover, available over the phone, includes the standard range of benefits, plus a 24-hour assistance service and legal advice line.

**Plus points:** Tesco's cover is different in one major respect: unlike some travel operators, which require a two-week trip (Saturday to Saturday, for instance) to have up to three weeks' cover to include the full 15 days, the supermarket allows you to do it by the day.

This allows it to be more competitive than the tour operators.

**Drawbacks and risks:** Frankly, anyone wanting a good deal would probably avoid tour operators' travel cover like the plague, so to make comparisons with them is pretty pointless.

A real comparison should be with Columbus, whose two-week European

travel cover for the same family costs £36; Worldwide Travel, whose similar cover costs £30; Boots, which charges £35 and Worldcover Direct, charging £30.94. In all these cases, IPT is calculated at 4 per cent. **Verdict:** In recent years, Tesco has aimed its image upmarket, seeking to supplant Sainsbury's as the darling of the quick-buying middle classes. This product shows that, where travel insurance is concerned, it still thinks it's aiming at a mythical beer-swilling, fish-and-chip-eating family of Rodneys and Sharons in Marbella. Trouble is, Rodneys ain't stupid. He may think he knows nuffink about finance, but he knows 'ow ter suss out a good bargain, know what I mean? An' it ain't Tesco's. **Marks out of five:** Zero

Nic Cicutti

## BARGAIN BASEMENT

AIG LIFE is launching a four-year Guaranteed Savers' Bond linked to the FTSE 100 share index. The bond, which tracks the top 100 UK companies' share performance, guarantees a return of investors' capital if markets fall, or up to 46.41 per cent of any growth in the index over that period, excluding dividends. Call 0800 413978 for details.

HSBC IS launching a unit trust, the UK Growth & Income Fund, aimed at outperforming the FTSE All Share Index by at least 1.5 per cent. The trust, which is PEPable, has a 5.2 per cent initial charge and a 1.25 per cent annual management fee. Call 0800 289503.

BANK OF Scotland is launching a package for students which includes an interest-free overdraft of up to £800 in the first year, rising to £900 in subsequent years and £1,000 in the final year. Accounts in credit earn 5 per cent gross. A fee-free Visa Card with a £500 limit on acceptance is also available

plus free PC banking on BoS's Home Office Banking Service. Call 0800 313111.

FRAMLINGTON IS launching a European PEP investing in blue chip stocks, with a focus on financial services and consumer goods. A discount of 3 per cent on the initial charge of 5 per cent is available for one week, beginning on Monday. There is an annual management charge of 1.5 per cent. Minimum investment is £500, or £50 monthly. Call 0345 775511.

PREMIER FUND Managers is offering copies of its Shareholder Perks Guide, which gives details of perks and discounts to holders of various company shares. The guide is available for £2.50 by calling 0800 212577.

THE DAVID Aaron Partnership, independent financial advice firm, is offering a 18-page Guide to Corporate Bond PEP, including current yields, risk ratings, a breakdown of charges and income payment

dates. Write to Shelton House, High Street, Woburn Sands, Milton Keynes, MK17 8SD, enclosing a cheque for £2 to include P&P.

NEWCASTLE DIRECT, the sales arm of Newcastle Building Society, is offering holders of with-profits endowments and whole of life policies the option of borrowing against their policies, with interest on the loan charged at 10 per cent. Loans will be secured against the value of the policy, with borrowing limits based from £1,000, up to 100 per cent of its surrender value. Call 0191 2442468 between 8am and 8pm Monday to Friday.

CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE Services is launching Platinum Bond Plus, a with-profits bond with a 3 per cent bonus rate in the first year. The bond charges 5 per cent in its first year, falling to 4 per cent on amounts of £10,000 or more, with a further 2 per cent reduction for transfers from a maturing CIS policy. Minimum investments are £500. Call 0800 368500.



# MPs rally to political bids

Auctioneers find  
a public  
fascination for  
politicians'  
memorabilia

By John Windsor

THE FIRST auction dedicated to political memorabilia is being held by Sotheby's next week. Who collects such stuff? Politicians, of course.

Tony Banks, Minister for Sport, is an astute collector and has been advising Sotheby's. He is selling four pieces in the sale - including Sir Robert Peel's inkstand - and will be bidding, too.

Specialised theme sales are a sign of a well-stocked and buoyant art and antiques market. Sotheby's director Hugo Swire, who put this sale together, believes that "association value" will lure more bidders for books, silver, paintings or pottery than if they had been sold in their separate categories.

You may not worship politicians, but this first-ever sale of political artefacts is bound to fetch high prices.

Mr Banks is something of an icon as a collector. Amateurs hoard indiscriminately. He trades in pieces that come his way cheaply - especially Tory ones - in order to buy more valuable memorabilia of such rumbustious radicals as Fox and Wilkes.

Indeed, should his political career come to an end, he could easily become a professional dealer in political memorabilia, visiting country sales and tapping into computer databases of forthcoming auctions. His "day job", as he calls it, leaves little time currently for that.

Every serious collector remembers the time when they started trading to buy what they really wanted. Mr Banks was after a bust by Joseph Nollekens of Charles James Fox - a snip at £2,500 - but it was out of his reach financially.

He consigned to a Phillips auction 27 mostly run-of-the-mill pieces picked up during his travels - including a chamber pot with Glad-



Minister for Sport, Tony Banks examines a picture of Horatio Bottomley at Sotheby's

Kalpesh Lathigra

stone's portrait in the bottom; a Luck and Flaw spitting-image teapot of Margaret Thatcher; and Disraeli's shaving kit - which fetched £1,150. The Thatcher teapot raised £207 and the whole consignment £5,773. He got his Nollekens.

"For me, collecting political memorabilia is a hobby", he says. "I can't afford to fund it, so it has to pay for itself. I could not afford the Nollekens bust, but I realised I had money tied up in a whole range of things, such as mass-produced Disraeli and Gladstone plates worth £70-£20 each."

In a sense, the Sotheby's sale spoils the fun. Hitherto, Mr Banks has been a one-man market, his name passed around among dealers. A London dealer alerted him to Sir Robert Peel's gilt-bronze inkstand and bought it on his behalf at auction.

For Mr Banks, it was a ready-

made trade-in item - "I bought it knowing that there's a lot of interest in Peel". It is estimated at a profitable £1,500-£2,000 at Sotheby's next week, and could go higher.

All the high-rollers are expected at the sale - Lord Archer, Lord Kenneth Baker, Lord Gowrie, Lord St John Stevas, Lord Harris (the carpet magnate), and Michael Heseltine. Who will bid for Mr Banks's portrait by Richard Matthews of the bankrupt, liar and rogue Horatio Bottomley MP? Estimate £700-£1,000. Admirers of Kenneth Clarke, the former Chancellor, perhaps? There's no connection, of course. The portrait just looks like him.

There are over 80 drawings by Feliks Topolski in the sale, but Winston Churchill dominates it. Two paintings of his are estimated £25,000-£35,000 ("Blue Grass, La Capponcina") and £25,000-£35,000 ("Garden Scene at Breccles").

Mr Banks puts political memorabilia into three categories - icons (such as a Nollekens bust), association items (things that belonged to politicians) and the creative (literature and art by politicians).

Churchill's character as a politician shines through his paintings. They have colour and courage. He attacked the canvas with a full brush and was never afraid to tackle difficult subjects such as moving water and reflected light.

Churchill's monogrammed blue-velvet evening slippers are estimated £3,000-£5,000; his black plush top hat at £5,000-£8,000; and the inscribed cigar case given to him on his 80th birthday by his chum, the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, is £10,000-£15,000. Mr Swire says the cigar case would be "not a bad conversation opener to produce out of your DJ at a dinner". A wooden cigar box that once con-

tained "Churchill's Don Joaquin Havana" cigars, catalogued as having been given by Churchill to his bodyguard, Edmund Murray, is estimated £800-£1,000. A letter signed by Churchill and framed with one of his cigars is also £800-£1,000. During his lifetime, when he gave away cigars, Churchill would sometimes say: "Smoke it. Nobody will believe I gave it to you".

Biggest test of Sotheby's political Biggest dog in the sale? Ramsay MacDonald's carved oak table around which the modern Labour Party held its first meetings in 1900 (£5,000-£7,000). How many New Labour supporters would be seen dead with that?

The Political Sale, Wednesday 15 July (2pm). Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1 0171-293 5000.

THE LONDON Stock Exchange and Frankfurt's Deutsche Borse say their linkup this week should presage the formation of a pan-European market-place. However, such a market is already being overtaken by developments in cyberspace.

For example, Electronic Share Information (ESI), one of the UK's leading personal finance sites is effectively being taken over by ETrade, the US's number two execution-only site. This deal was announced last month and presages the introduction of a fully-automated dealing service available to us in shares in the UK, Europe, the US and Japan. It should also be significantly cheaper than services currently available.

If, on the other hand, you want some practice before you plunge into stockmarkets which are, after all, looking distinctly "toppy", why not try your hand at the Wall Street simulation provided by MainXchange where you invest 100,000 virtual dollars in a pretend portfolio?

As a basic source of information, you may find it useful to check out what is available on Yahoo!. Its UK financial site offers share quotes, news and company profiles. If you already surf the net you will probably be familiar with the basic Yahoo! search engine and you may even be tempted to invest in this Internet stock yourself. Think very carefully before you do. The US markets, where most of these shares are quoted, appears to be in the grip of what can only be described as "Internet insanity" sparked off by the purchase by Disney of a 43 per cent stake in an Internet firm, Infoseek, last month.

Yahoo! is one of the "hottest" stocks on Wall Street at the moment, valued at around \$9b (£5.5bn), which makes it bigger than some of the best known names in US industry. The US software and information technology business has created thousands of millionaires. But there is an elite of the elite, the billionaires and, this month, Yahoo!'s soaring value helped its co-founder, 31-year-old David Filo, join the men who founded Microsoft, Oracle and Intel in the billionaire club.

Yahoo! is one the big two players on the Internet, second only to America OnLine (AOL).

## INTERNET INVESTOR ROBIN AMLOT



It has a registered user base of more than 18 million members and its traffic grew to an average of 115 million page views per day in June. A page view is defined as one electronic page of information displayed in response to a user request.

So far, so impressive but the virtual reality of the Internet appears to have crept into the ratings of Internet shares. On Wednesday, Yahoo! kicked off the Internet stocks reporting season with its second quarter earnings. It turned in a larger than expected operating profit of \$8.1m. However, at the bottom line it still showed a net loss, leaving AOL the only Internet stock showing a profit on a regular basis. Among others, for example, the online bookseller Amazon has over two million customers but has not yet made a profit.

Quite simply, by any normal measure of share valuation, Internet stocks have become completely divorced from economic reality. The chances of these shares continuing to defy gravity are close to zero. The excess is being generated by a hope of finding the next Microsoft or the next Intel but picking the cyberspace winners is likely to turn out to be as scientific and require as much luck as winning the National Lottery. By all means invest through the Internet but it is still far too early for the average punter to invest in the Internet.

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# Savings benchmark sparks industry row

The decision to approve products could be risky. By Stephen McDowell

THE GOVERNMENT has made much of its commitment to offer protection to investors from the rapacious attentions of the financial services industry. Yet one of its proposed changes on how the sale of some investment products should be controlled could leave savers with an unpleasant dilemma.

Investors are facing the predicament after the announcement of the Treasury's plans to introduce a "benchmark" for Labour's new Individual Savings Account (ISA), which is set to replace PEPs in April next year.

The benchmark seal of approval will be called the CAT mark, short for Cost, Access and Terms. It will be allocated to those ISAs deemed to be the best bargain for consumers. The proposal has sparked a row within the industry, with some fund managers claiming - perhaps unsurprisingly given that they are unlikely to receive one - that the CAT mark could have exactly the reverse effect.

Currently, it is likely that only "tracker" funds which replicate the progress of the FTSE and other share indexes, will qualify for the CAT. This is because they are seen as simple and therefore easy to understand. Moreover, most charge a flat

management charge of just 1 per cent a year and apply no entry and exit fees.

The news has delighted those who currently sell tracker funds. Virgin Direct, the financial arm of the airline tycoon Richard Branson, has weighed in, publishing a survey which claims that 54 per cent of savers want their ISAs to be benchmarked.

Rowan Gormley, chief executive at Virgin Direct, argues that a combination of charges in excess of the 1 per cent limit suggested by the Government, plus under-performance compared to his own tracker fund, has cost investors £3.2bn in the past four years alone. He says: "CAT-marking ISAs will not just get more people saving. It will make sure they get the fair deal they deserve."

Yet the majority of the investment community, which relies on "active" fund management - the individual selection of stocks designed to optimise an upward performance of the index or to limit damaging falls - argues the rules on fees are too restrictive.

The Financial Services Authority, the

new City watchdog, has also weighed in, announcing that it is "strongly considering" requiring those providers who do not have a CAT mark to declare so on all their product literature.

The row means two schools of thought are now emerging. In one, the "active" providers are saying they will not bother with CAT marks. They will just launch ISAs and sell them as they did with PEPs, relying on their performance and their customers' loyalty. The other, the trackers, will tell their customers that their product is better because the Government approves of their methods and the big paw-mark is on the documents to prove it.

If so, the contrast between the two approaches could become confusing. Figures from the Association of Unit Trusts and Investment Funds (Autif) show that the actively managed community represents £45.45bn under management, as opposed to the £6.77bn in trackers. The non-benchmarked products on the market would far outweigh those which the Government has rubber-stamped.

The "actives" argue that trackers are

all very well in a bull market, when shares are going up. But what happens when a big correction occurs? Investors whose funds plummet in line with all other stock prices would blame the Government for giving its approval to what is, ultimately, just as risky a form of investment as any equity-based fund. The Government will have contradicted the entire point of the CAT mark and look very foolish indeed.

The City's answer is straight forward - you cannot CATmark equity investment because there is a danger you will imply there is the same level of risk as a cash or bond investment.

Mike Webb, deputy chief executive of UK retail at Invesco GT says: "This is a very likely scenario. CATmarking has turned the Government into product designers, which is dangerous. Our view is that they should not CATmark equity investment at all. Another danger is that we could see significant flows into CAT marked funds which will drive up stock prices regardless of the quality of the underlying business. This is creating a false market."

Sheila Nicoll, head of legal and fiscal affairs at Autif, adds: "Our concern is that there will be ISA 'mis-buying'. Novice investors are being put into equity investment as a starting point, regardless of whether or not it may be suitable for them. They are being attracted into trackers which have full equity exposure and no protection when there is a fall."

"Take Japan. If you had been in an index tracker for the last 10 years, you would be in trouble. You would have done better in an actively managed fund."

John Yule, marketing director of Friends Ivory & Sime, a fund management firm, says: "Tracker funds for first-time investors? Trackers go up and down too and so there is a danger of convincing people that trackers are a safer option."

Roger Cornick, marketing director of Perpetual, says: "The issue of education is crucial. Otherwise, investors will assume that there is no downside risk. The Government seal of approval on trackers suggests to the new investor that active funds don't offer good value for money, and will therefore be ignored."

"What we will also have is a movement of the investment industry to say this is not a benchmarked product and it is not for the following reasons, which will have exactly the opposite effect that the Government proposed for CAT standards in the first place."

Jeffrey Mushens, director of sales and marketing opportunities at M&G, said: "Why not let the consumer choose? They are good at choosing and providers are good at offering choice. Trackers are a good option but not necessarily the best. They are 100 per cent equity and therefore the most risky."

Rowan Gormley is unimpressed: "Will the market polarise? Yes. Will choice be limited? No. All the active managers will declare tracker funds useless but if the market moves that way, they'll be falling over themselves to launch one. The argument that investors will not understand what they are buying is baloney. The chance of them understanding is greatly increased when what they are buying is simple: you get the index, less 1 per cent. In a bull market, nine out of 10 active fund managers would come in lower."

Stephen McDowell writes for "Financial Adviser".

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Cross-border trading is the reality as automated cyber-brokers set the trend in the US

SOME YEARS ago I was asked to help complete a script for an educational video on financial services. If ever an industry needs teaching, financial services does, but this was not "John and Jane buy shares". Instead, it was aimed at senior businessmen who, it appeared, were still ignorant of how technological change was driving financial markets and transactions.

Since preparing this script, considerably progress has been made. Dematerialisation of securities was introduced, albeit for a limited range of stocks only. Settlement times have shortened, and seem set to contract further. Cross-border trading is becoming the rule rather than the exception. The ultimate aim of near-simultaneous transaction, settlement and delivery no longer looks fanciful.

As we progress to the Utopian market of the future, it seems clear that some riders will be unseated along the way. This must have been behind the London Stock Exchange's reversal of previous policy when it announced a surprise link with Frankfurt this week.

It was more a statement of intent than a detailed plan to create a Europe-wide stock exchange, but it does lay down a blueprint for the future. We can expect more of the same as technology starts to take over the role of dealer, settlement agent and even banker.

It was Bill Gates of Microsoft who said that we need banks, but not bankers. Not long ago there was rioting on the Karachi Stock Exchange floor as dealers there began to realise their future was in jeopardy from automated trading systems. SETS has been slow to establish itself in London, but is now a reality. The future is plain to see.

Those investors able to embrace new technology will undoubtedly benefit from the changes taking place, although this is not as a direct result of the Europe-wide link up. Internet dealing is very much a fact of life in the US. There you can input your order to a cyber-

broker and no human intervention is needed before it is executed. The result has been lower dealing charges.

Even though more and more brokers are offering services on the World Wide Web in the UK, by and large dealing instructions still require manual intervention.

Automation is all very well, but it omits from the equation what many private investors are seeking - personal advice. If you want to surf through the vast array of information available on the Internet, you will probably find sufficient opinions on a particular stock or share to reach a conclusion, but that may not be how you wish to manage your affairs. So, for the greater percentage of private investors in the UK, this part of the new technology will have little appeal.

Whether or not mega-exchanges covering a whole continent will deliver savings for the man in the street, I have yet to be convinced. True, SETS did trim commission charge on institutional deals from 20 basis points to 10, but that is hardly relevant to the private investor paying 1.5-2 per cent on each deal. Welcome the new market by all means, but do not get too excited that you will achieve any direct benefit.

What does seem inevitable, though, is that analysts will now look at Europe on a continental rather than a country basis. Many managers have been doing this, but it seems inevitable that a single currency block means there no longer remains any reason to differentiate between French, German or Scandinavian companies.

Inevitably this will lead to some rebalancing of demand for various stocks. UK investors should be prepared to buy Alzo rather than Glaxo, or Siemens in place of GEC.

Make sure your advisor can help you both choose and deal in the right stocks.

Brian Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee

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Variable Discounted Rates	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max. adv. %	Fee	Incentive
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First Time Buyers Fixed Rates	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max. adv. %	Fee	Incentive
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First Time Buyers Variable Discounted Rates	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max. adv. %	Fee	Incentive
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Unsecured Personal Loans	Telephone	APR %	Fixed monthly payments on £5K over 3 yrs	With insurance	Without insurance
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Unsecured	Telephone	APR %	Fixed monthly payments on £5K over 3 yrs	With insurance	Without insurance
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Secured Loans (Second Charge)	Telephone	APR %	Fixed monthly payments on £5K over 3 yrs	With insurance	Without insurance
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Overdrafts	Telephone	Account	% per	APR %	% per	APR %
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Credit Cards	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Gold Cards	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Store Cards	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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John Lewis	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Debenhams	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Debenhams	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Debenhams	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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Debenhams	Telephone	Card Type	Rate % per	APR %	Annual fee	Min. fee
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## BEST SAVINGS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## INSTANT ACCESS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## INSTANT ACCESS POSTAL ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## NOTICE ACCOUNTS &amp; BONDS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## CHEQUE ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## FIXED RATE BONDS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## FIRST TESSAS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## FOLLOW-ON TESSAS

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS (net)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS (gross)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS (gross)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## Income Bonds

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## Capital Bonds Series L

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## FIRST Option Bonds

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## Pensioners Guaranteed Income Bond Series S

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## 40th Issue (tax free)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## 10th Issue (tax free)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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## Childs Bonds Issue L (tax free)

Telephone	Account	Notice of term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest
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Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_ Tel. No. Home \_\_\_\_\_

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## Trade in endowments for planned returns

SAVERS SEEKING a marginally safer haven for their money in today's more volatile stock markets are being sold the merits of an old and much-maligned investment - with-profits endowments.

To millions of mortgage borrowers, uncertain as to whether their regular monthly contributions into a with-profits fund will pay off their loans, such a suggestion may seem anathema.

Many will recall newspaper headlines suggesting that heavy charges and poor investment performance now means their endowments cannot be guaranteed to meet their loans.

In other cases, policy-holders fed up with the inflexibility of endowments or unable to pay the monthly premiums, have been forced to surrender them after a few years. Heavy initial charges on these policies mean that many investors receive less at surrender than the premiums they have paid in.

The result has been a substantial move away from these funds, which moreover have been less tax-advantageous to investors than PEPs.

Yet with-profits funds do deliver decent value to those able to stick with them over the long term. Forget 10 and 15-year policies which are not good value. Most companies' returns on their 25-year endowment policies maturing in 1998 have been at least 12 to 13 per cent throughout their life.

Moreover, with-profits endowments are generally safer than the norm in terms of their investment strategy. Annual bonuses added to an individual's fund cannot be taken away, while the average fund's investment mixture of equities, property and gilts offers greater protection in the event of a stock market fall than a straightforward concentration on equity investment.

Second-hand policies - sold by policy-holders as an alternative to surrendering them - also offer good value, with returns presently hovering around the 10 per cent mark. Some deliver even better returns. The heavy charges have been met by the original policy-holder, allowing the new buyer to get the benefit of a policy.

Traditionally, endowments are sold to so-called "market-makers", who

Five funds are buying up TEPs in the hope of windfalls.  
By Nic Cicutti

then sell them on to investors. They use a set of complicated actuarial criteria, based on bonuses to date, contributions still to be made and the terminal bonus previously by the same office on similar policies to set a price which makes buying one a worthwhile endeavour.

By buying a succession of policies maturing in different years, it is possible to plan for a range of eventualities within a fixed time framework, such as paying for children's education.

But for investors who have neither the inclination nor the sometimes large sums available to buy a second-hand policy from an endowment market-maker, there is always the option of buying into a with-profits investment trust.

As the name suggests, these function in just the same way as any other trust - except that, instead of buying shares and bonds, as conventional investment trusts do, these funds buy portfolios of second-hand with-profits endowments. These traded endowment policies (TEPs) are set to mature by the wind-up dates of the trusts, when their assets will be distributed to shareholders.

In fact, many of the market-makers buying endowments from people who prefer to sell rather than surrender are doing so to supply these trusts.

There are five funds altogether, all of which have been in relatively high demand, pushing up the investment trust's share prices beyond even that of the value of the assets they hold.

Two of the funds are run by Barclays Global Investors, formerly BZW, and registered in Jersey. Two other UK-based funds are run by Kleinwort Benson, now part of Dresdner Bank. More recently a third UK fund was set up by Scottish Value. Experts say endowment trusts are

riding high because investors believe there is hidden value in the trusts' underlying policy portfolios and that current net asset values do not take that fully into account.

The portfolios qualify for any windfalls when the issuing life office demutualises or is taken over. Although Norwich Union and other mutuals, including Scottish Amicable, have already floated, there are expectations that more life insurers will follow.

This has meant that in recent months, endowment trusts have proved an exception to the discounts which dog the investment trust sector.

The average investment trust was recently trading at a discount of about 11-12 per cent to its net asset value (NAV). In effect the price of an investment trust share is worth less than the assets it holds.

Yet the five endowment trusts that invest in second-hand endowment policies have regularly traded at a premium to NAV - meaning that a trust's share price is worth more than the underlying assets it owns.

In effect, irrespective of returns from the assets in the trust itself, investors have gained a further 15 per cent or so in the past two years from the way the discount to NAV has moved to a premium.

Yet, in part because of this premium to NAV, there are suggestions that the best time to buy into these trusts may have passed. Hargreaves Lansdown, a portfolio manager which was a major buyer two years ago when these funds stood at a hefty discount to NAV, now believes it is time to take a profit.

Buying shares in endowment funds can offer greater flexibility than buying TEPs outright, where a policy must be found which matches a person's specific investment objective. But costs on these trusts will eat into potential returns.

Annual management charges are between 1.5 and 2 per cent, and there are also stockbroking charges when shares in the investment trust are bought and sold.

In effect, finding that relatively secure haven, with a hint of spice, will still cost investors some of their ready cash.







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The first performance funds of each sector are highlighted in bold. All funds are ranked from one year old. Fund assets (in \$ mil) as of the previous end of income reinvested in 3rd date and Revenue (in \$ mil) as of 3rd date in 1994.

The Funds that are Closed to New Investors have been indicated.

1. 2nd-4th & 5th fund available through a Manager's FCP scheme.

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# Take cover when on the move

A lot of things can go wrong on holiday - hence the need for good travel insurance.

By Vicky Trapmore

WHETHER IT is a broken arm while running with the bulls in Pamplona, or a suitcase that does not arrive in Athens, you could be left standing high, dry and very much out of pocket this holiday if you don't have travel insurance as a back-up.

Last year, an estimated 500,000 people returned from holiday and claimed on their insurance. From water-splashed cameras and missed flights to stolen passports and broken bones, travel insurance can ease many problems and save you a lot of money.

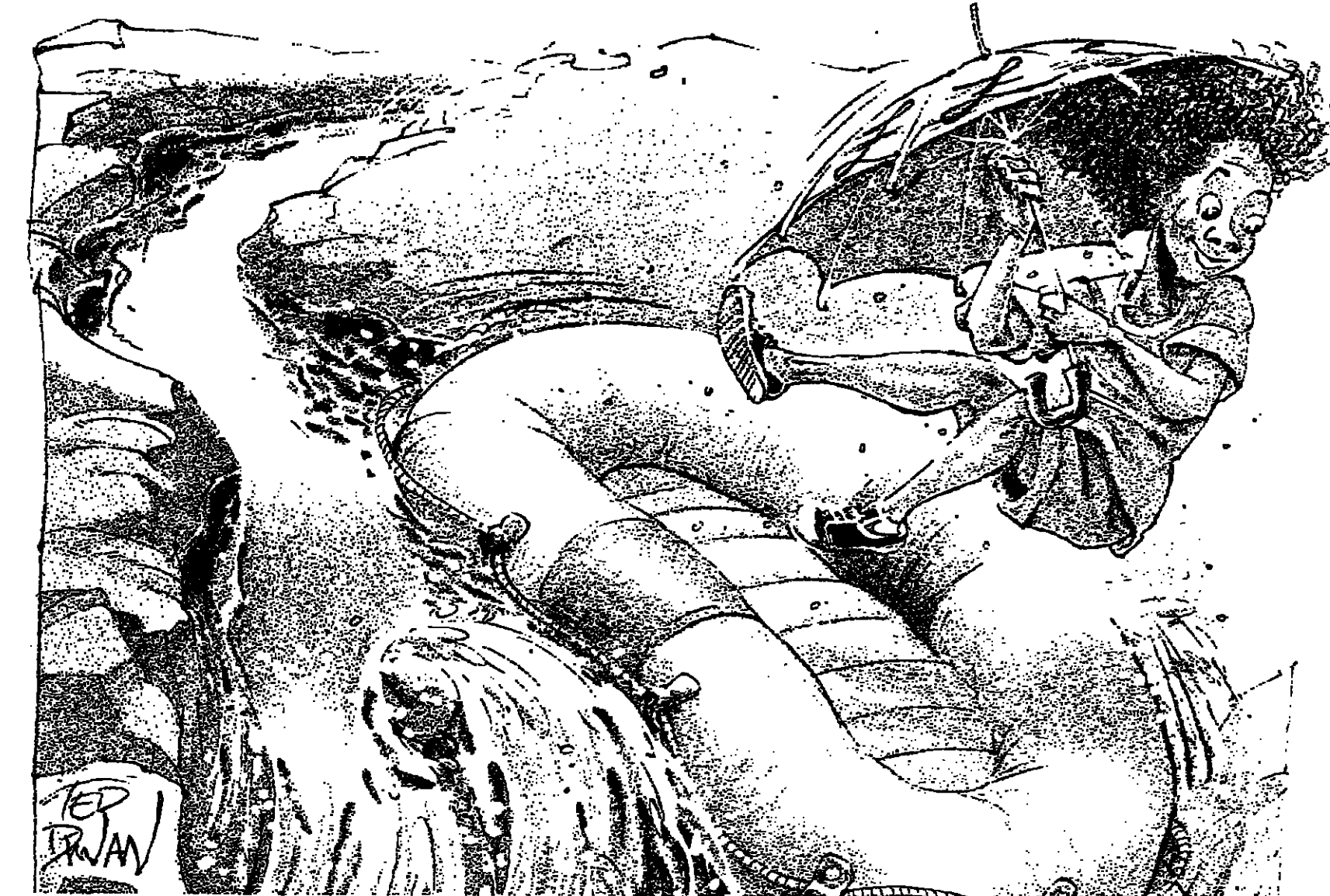
How important is travel insurance? Does the cost outweigh the possible risk? Elizabeth White discovered the benefits of her TSB annual travel insurance while accompanying her husband on a weekend break to Guernsey.

Mrs White says: "My husband Roger was in a business meeting. I went off on my own to explore a bay. It was very windy on the cliff-top, and I was trying to put on my cagoul which blew over my head. I did not see the drop a few yards ahead until I fell down it... My ankle was operated on that night, and I stayed in hospital for four days. I didn't have to pay, because the insurance company had a reciprocal arrangement with the NHS. I received so much per day while being in hospital, and the expenses that were incurred to do with arranging the flights home as our original flights were non-changeable. The insurance also covered my husband's extra two nights in a hotel.

"We have one long holiday a year, but my husband travels fairly often with his job. The policy allows me to travel independently of him, which is not an option with some policies. In a year we have about three or four weekend breaks as well, so annual cover is really worth it."

What kind of cover is best? Ultimately, it depends on a person's specific needs. If you do go away more than once a year, an annual policy is worth having. Besides being cheaper than single policies, it offers the freedom to make spur-of-the-moment holiday decisions and still be covered. Clients will also be more familiar with their cover and how to make use of it.

One of the cheapest annual travel policies comes from General Accident (GA). Its European option, including 17 days winter sports, costs £47, while the world-wide cover, again including 17 days winter sports costs £79. GA policies



are also available from other distributors, including Bradford & Bingley, who market it under their name.

Always check the small print, however. GA's policy, for instance, says it does not cover the holder for injury or death resulting from activities such as rafting or canoeing involving white water rapids, bungee jumping, jet skiing, sub aqua diving or use of dry ski slopes.

Campus Travel (which can be located

ending and organised hot air ballooning on its under-35's policy, Go Banana, with an extra charge of £25 for high diving, hill-skiing, rock climbing, bungee jumping and marathon running. The cost of annual cover for Europe is £149 (£189 including baggage), and £249 for world wide cover (£299 including baggage).

Bradford & Bingley's travel insurance is available at a 20 per cent discount and excludes luggage cover to customers with

another insurer.

It is important to know what you are actually covered for before going abroad. Most policies have a "cooling off" period of around 14 days, when you can return the policy if not fully satisfied. Check the table to see what a "good" policy should offer.

Single cover is best suited to those going abroad once or twice a year. Often less than half the price of annual cover, the conditions are usually the same. Columbus Direct Standard policy is a cheap option, at £13 for 17 days in Europe, and £27 for 17 days world wide.

Again, read the small print. Columbus' policy does not cover personal money or cash, and offers £200 less than the recommended cover for replacement passports. Personal property is also only covered up to £500, instead of the advisable £1,500, and there is a £50 limit on single article cover.

world-wide (£26 including winter sports) the same cover limits are offered as for the annual policy. The US and Canada are, however, considered as a different zone, and cost more: 17 days' cover costs £33.50, while a winter sports holiday costs £33.50.

It is possible to save money by checking with household insurers what kind of cover they offer on items taken out of a home. Sometimes a contents policy will cover personal items, including Walkmans and cameras even if taken abroad. In turn, this can lead to cheaper travel insurance. Bradford & Bingley is one of many travel cover providers who offer this discount.

Other insurers try to tailor travel policies which complement their household ones. Norwich Union offers annual travel insurance which overlaps with household cover. Existing contents policyholders are eligible to a 10 per cent discount on the travel cover.

Jill Peacock, of Norwich Union, says many customers are unaware of this benefit: "A lot of the time, people are doubly covered, once on their home insurance, and once with travel insurance."

Remember to take a valid E111 health form. It entitles travellers to benefit from the reciprocal health agreements within the European Union. Some companies will waive excess charges if you have the form, available from the Post Office (0800 555777).

One final tip. Until 1 August, it is cheaper to buy insurance direct from a broker rather than a travel agent. At present, we pay travel agents 17.5 per cent Insurance Premium Tax for our cover, but only 4 per cent through a broker. Come August, IPT will rise to 17.5 per cent for both outlets - prices will rise accordingly.

Halifax Home and Overseas 01243 817725. Thomas Cook enquiries 01733 506222. General Accident 24-hour help line 01733 635566, or contact your nearest branch. Columbus Direct Holiday Insurance Information 0171-375 0011. Campus Travel European Enquiries 0171-938 2188. Norwich Union contact your broker.

If you go away more than once a year, an annual policy is worth having. Besides being cheaper than single policies, it leaves you free to make spur of the moment holiday decisions

by e-mail at [www.campustravel.co.uk](http://www.campustravel.co.uk) existing house contents insurance, even if the current household cover is with

## WHAT SHOULD A POLICY OFFER?

A SURVEY in *Holiday Which?* magazine suggests the following minimum levels of cover when buying a travel insurance policy.

- For money and documents - £500. This includes a £200 limit on cash and is enough to cover the cost of replacing lost or stolen passports.
- For medical expenses - £1m world-wide, £250,000 in Europe. This is enough to cover any necessary treatment, as well as a flight home.
- For cancellation or curtailment of the holiday, for almost any unforeseen reason - £3,000.
- For personal liability: in case you accidentally injure someone or damage their property and they claim. £1m in Europe, £2m in the US.
- For your personal belongings and baggage - £1,500. Remember that some policies have a limit for single item claims (usually around £250), and also for valuables.

## HOW MUCH YOUR TRAVEL INSURANCE COSTS

	Halifax	General Accident***	Columbus Direct*	Columbus Standard (for single trips only)	Norwich Union**	Thomas Cook
<b>Annual</b>						
European	no separate cover	47.00	48.00	not available on this policy	62.50	not available on this policy***
European inc. winter sports	no separate cover	47.00	71.00	-	85.00	-
Worldwide	93.60	79.00	89.00	-	-	125.00 -
Worldwide inc. winter sports	93.60	79.00	112.25	-	17 days	-
No. of days of winter sport included	17 days	17 days	21 days	-	17 days	-
<b>Single (17 days)</b>						
European	21.79	20.00	18.00	13.00	not available	38.85
European inc. world sports	43.58	33.30	31.00	26.00	-	53.25
Worldwide	46.02	49.00*	35.00	27.00	-	62.25
Worldwide inc. winter sports	92.04	86.00**	49.00	42.00	-	86.45

## WHAT YOU GET...

	Halifax	General Accident***	Columbus Direct*	Columbus Standard (for single trips only)	Norwich Union**	Thomas Cook
<b>Medical expenses</b>	£35 excess unlimited	£35 excess £2,000,000	£75 excess £5,000,000	£75 excess £1,000,000	£50 excess £2,000,000	£35 excess £1,000,000
<b>Medical</b>	£20 per day	£15 per day	£25 per day	£25 per day	£10 per day	£10/£50 family/day
<b>Incubation</b>	£500	£500	£1,000	£1,000	£3000	£300
<b>Flight home if necessary</b>	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
<b>Personal liability</b>	£2,000,000	£1,000,000 and extra costs	£2,000,000	£1,000,000	£1,000,000	£1,000,000
<b>Legal expenses</b>	£25,000	£25,000	£25,000	£10,000	£25,000	£10,000
<b>Cancellation</b>	£35 excess £3,000	£35 excess £3,000	£35 excess £3,000	£35 excess £1,000	£50 excess £2,000	£35 excess £1,000
<b>Delayed departure</b>	£20 first 12 hrs £250	£20 first 12 hrs £100	£25 first 12 hrs £105	£25 first 12 hrs £105	£20 first 12 hrs £100	£20 first 12 hrs £60
<b>Curtailment</b>	£3,000	£35 excess £3,000	£3,000	£1,000	£50 excess £2,000	£35 excess £1,000
<b>Personal property</b>	£1,500	£1,500	£35 excess	£35 excess	Already covered on house insurance	£1,000
<b>Single item limit</b>	£250	£250	£250	£50	£250	£250
<b>Valuables</b>	£35 excess £400	£35 excess £500	£35 excess £500	£250	£250	£300
<b>Delayed baggage</b>	more than 12 hrs £200	more than 12 hrs £100	more than 12 hrs £75	more than 12 hrs £25	£100	£150
<b>Personal money</b>	£500	£500	£20 excess £500	no cover	£50 excess £400	£250
<b>Cash limit</b>	£250	£250	£100	no cover	£200	£150
<b>Documents</b>	£250	£250	£250	£150	£250	no cover

\* Limits quoted for Columbus Direct are those of Super Cover which is available on an annual basis as well as a single basis.  
\*\* Available only with pre-existing Norwich Union house insurance policy. Policy holders entitled to a 10% discount.  
\*\*\* Quotes refer to prices for an individual. A family of 4 spending 17 days in Europe are charged £50.00, 2.5 times the adult rate.  
\* This price does not include USA and Canada. The separate premium for insurance cover to USA and Canada is £53.50.  
\* The cost of a winter holiday in USA or Canada £93.30.  
\* Valuables constitutes jewellery, watches, furs, gold and silver articles, radios, binoculars, photographic and audio/video equipment.  
\*\*\* World wide annual policy for a family of up to 7 children under 16 years costs £236 including 17 days of winter sports with Thomas Cook premier care travel insurance.

## Be wary of high risk private investment

Make sure you calculate the risk before you part with your savings. By Guy Dennis

PRIVATISATIONS of publicly-owned company throughout the Eighties and Nineties turned millions of people into shareholders for the first time. They were also able to show a tidy return on their investments - despite, or perhaps because of, accusations that the flotations of so many "national assets" were really Tory-inspired giveaways.

Hardly surprisingly, many thought the process would continue to repeat itself, no matter which country adopted this form of Thatcherite dogma. Sadly, for tens thousands of people who looked to Europe as the next outlet for their investment, life has turned sour. Such a fate has befallen Oxford don Colin Blakemore. He invested just over £1,000 in the Johnson Fry Managed French Privatisation Service in February 1994, thinking that he was making a sound investment. So much so that he invested for his family too.

"I invested my children's savings in this - with their agreement of course. I invested on their behalf because it seemed very secure and very stable, and I thought it would give them a little experience and taste of the stock market." As well as his three children, he also invested for his wife.

The scheme aimed to apply for shares in privatisation issues in France, and then sell them immediately. It was hoped that this "staggering" of government privatisations would make substantial profits, as it had in the UK.

On behalf of the five of them, he put in the maximum of £1,060 each, giving a total of £5,300. But things have not gone well. Four years later, they have now lost £882 - a fall of 17 per cent in the value of their investment. And they are not alone: 20,000 people invested in the scheme, each putting in £1,060.

As it turned out, the French privatisations were not as profitable as those in the UK, there

were less of them than expected, and the fall in the value of the French franc damaged the investment further.

None of this was anticipated by Professor Blakemore or Johnson Fry, leaving both disappointed.

The 20,000 Johnson Fry investors were not the only ones bedazzled by the European privatisation mirage. Many hundreds of millions of pounds were placed by up to 100,000 investors into two privatisation investment trusts offered at the same time by Kleinwort Benson and Mercury, two well-respected fund managers. They too have faced disappointment.

Neil Sharman, a director of Johnson Fry, admits that they "have done an awful lot of whizz-bang investments". He says: "Those were in the days of a senior management who are no longer here. We have changed a lot and we are changing in the right ways. We are becoming more mainstream."

Mainstream investments are less exciting, but they offer more dependable performance and this may explain Mr Sharman's claim. If a "whizz-bang" scheme works, then you may do very well, but all too often they don't.

But whilst Professor Blakemore and his family have lost out, it may also be worth noting that Johnson Fry appear to have made a tidy sum.

The details of the scheme made it clear that there would be charges, but they also said that investors' money would be held in a French bank account waiting for privatisation issues, and that the interest would be paid straight to Johnson Fry.

At the time this did not seem very important. A large number

of issues were expected in a short period of time and it was thought that the staggering would soon be completed and profitable. But because it has dragged on, with the French privatisation programme being slower than expected, the interest has become more significant.

The upshot is, calculates Professor Blakemore, that Johnson Fry has gained up to £8m in interest from the money in the account from its 20,000 investors, based on its original payment of 6 per cent interest, while he and his family have lost hundreds of pounds.

The professor knows that Johnson Fry have not actually broken any agreement, but he is clear in his views: "I think Johnson Fry should protect its reputation by returning to investors the interest made during the last four years," he says.

Johnson Fry deny his claims strenuously. The company says that all the publicity brochures pointed out the level of risk attached to this particular staggering exercise, which is by definition not something for the faint-hearted to take part in.

Moreover, the level of interest it is said to have earned is not as high as Professor Blakemore's allegations: the interest paid on the French account was variable and as of last October stood at 3.75 per cent, far lower than was originally available. The precise way in which the interest would be used was also clearly stated in the marketing literature.

It is now too late to help the Blakemores and their fellow-Johnson Fry investors, but are there lessons to learn? As with all investments, you should seek good advice. This will

then allow you to define your attitude to risk.

The Blakemores saw the investment as solid and dependable, when it was actually very risky. This misconception should have been avoided. Most financial advisers suggest investors place themselves on a "sliding scale" of risk, where one is a bank deposit account and 10 is the wilder shores of emerging markets or venture capital funds. On this basis, this investment might have ranked an eight.

Amanda Davidson, a partner at financial advisers Holden Meehan, says: "Get a second opinion and look at comparative investments if you are doing it yourself, but the simplest way is to ask someone who's qualified to give advice, like an independent financial adviser (IFA)." A good IFA would have warned that the investment was high-risk.

Professor Blakemore did not see an IFA and also failed to spot an article in *The Independent* in 1994, warning of potential problems with the scheme. Before investing, it also helps to read sensible personal finance sections, which can point out if there are any drawbacks to a scheme.

But there may be another lesson too. The scheme was an unconventional one, rather than a more down-to-earth stock market investment, and these kinds of investments have had serious problems in the past. Professor Blakemore knows this well; he also invested in a novel BES scheme with Johnson Fry which did badly.

Conventional stock-market investments like unit or investment trusts investing in developed markets are not get-rich-quick: you should expect to hold them for a minimum of five years. But they can still offer good returns.

The old truism, that if an investment sounds too good to be true it probably is, applies as strongly today as it ever did.



IF YOU want clean air to come out of engines, it makes sense to put clean petrol in them. Yet this simple axiom seems lost on the oil industries of both Britain and continental Europe.

Cars now produce about 10 per cent of the tailpipe pollution that they did 30 years ago – a huge improvement. The vast majority of that effort has been invested by the car industry.

The oil industry, by comparison, has been about as pro-active as a 59-year-old civil servant eyeing next year's retirement pay-off.

Apologists for the oil men will point out that they did introduce lead-free fuel a decade or so ago. Others claim that the oil companies were disgustingly tardy at giving us unleaded fuel: after all, Europe got it well over a decade after the US and Japan.

The lead-free debate has been had, and has been won. The next big issue is sulphur. Car companies are getting into a tizz because tough new European emission legislation is imminent in 2000. Tougher still legislation, which would virtually make petrol-powered cars pollution-free at the tailpipe, is planned for 2005. But both targets are impossible unless the oil industry cleans up its petrol – and that primarily means cutting sulphur.

Currently British petrol typically has 200 parts per million (ppm) of sulphur. In Japan and California, which lead the world in emission legislation, the average is 30. Both had lead-free fuel and catalytic converters in the mid '70s. Elsewhere in Europe, the sulphur level can be as high as 500.

Sulphur is undesirable in many ways. It causes acid rain and it is also part of the toxic cocktail that forms ground-level ozone. High sulphur fuel typically produces higher levels of oxides of nitrogen (NOx) and more Volatile Organic Compounds, such as poisonous benzene. Sulphur also harms catalytic converters, which have been primarily



GAVIN GREEN

*The argument for lead-free petrol has long been won. Now it is time the oil industry tackled sulphur*

responsible for making car exhausts cleaner.

Low sulphur petrol would make the development of new direct-injection engines, which are potentially much cleaner than normal petrol engines, easier.

"Direct injection petrol engines are definitely the way to go, because they give seven to 10 per cent better economy and no loss of performance," says Renault engine guru Jean-Jacques Hiss, formerly in charge of Renault's Formula One engine programme. "But their development would be much easier if we had low sulphur fuel." Renault is "... be the first

Japanese manufacturer to launch direct-injection petrol motors.

Mitsubishi says its Carisma GDI, the only direct-injection petrol car on sale in Britain, would use 15 per cent less fuel and be 15 per cent cleaner if it used low-sulphur Japanese fuel.

Currently, EU legislation proposes that the sulphur level in petrol be reduced to 150 ppm in 2000, and to 50 ppm (still worse than the current Japanese level) by 2005.

Car makers want the oil industry to do better. They are right to do so. New green cars have a slow effect on cleaning overall air quality, because of all the dirty old cars that are still on the road. Cleaner petrol helps air quality instantly, because everybody uses it

# Watchmakers have designs on F1 drivers

Motor racing plays a key part in the merchandising of watches. By Gavin Green



Steve McQueen sported a square-faced Heuer Monaco in 'Le Mans'

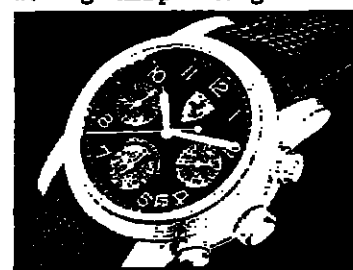
One of the many absurdities about watches is that a quartz digital watch with a couple of cans of oil at a petrol station, will tell the time more accurately than a £3,000 Swiss chronometer.

But in the same way that few people buy the most practical car, so even fewer buy the most sensible watch. Watches are the only universally acceptable form of male jewellery. Little wonder that men, in particular, spend such indulgent sums on buying them.

Motor racing plays a key part in adding to the emotional appeal of watches. All the major watchmakers have used racing as a key part of their marketing and most still do. "Apart from the obvious association of time keeping," says Ivo Soave, from SMH, makers of Swatch and Omega, "motor racing sends out all the right messages. It's a glamorous, hi-tech, international sport."

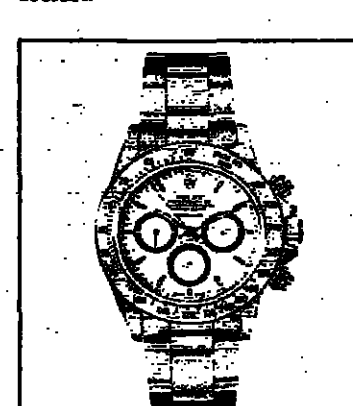
Not only do they use drivers to promote their wares, watch makers now sell watches supposedly designed for top drivers. We have the Michael Schumacher Omega Speedmaster and the David Coulthard TAG Heuer 2000. Jacques Villeneuve wears Baume et Mercier in magazine ads and Ferrari has its own brand watches. TAG has also just reissued a few old racing classics, most notably the unusual square-faced Heuer Monaco worn by Steve McQueen in the 1971 movie *Le Mans*.

On the eve of tomorrow's British GP here is a guide to the top watches that the drivers will be wearing – and promoting.



Girard Perregaux pour Ferrari, £2,750  
Ferrari has put its name on all sorts of tack – pens, watches, ties, cuff links – but the recent tie-up with Girard Perregaux has elevated its

watch range to the very top. Handsome and very collectable, and available with carbon fibre dial (as illustrated) or in more conventional (and more expensive) steel. Worn by Ferrari boss Luca di Montezemolo, the classiest guy in GP racing, and by Eddie Irvine, the coolest.



Rolex Cosmograph Daytona, £3,120

Reckoned to be Rolex's most collectable modern watch, the Daytona made a brief appearance on Paul Newman's left wrist in the 1969 racing film *Winning*. Jackie Stewart, a Rolex "name", gave a Daytona to his number one driver, Rubens Barrichello, for qualifying in the top



10 in his second GP for the Stewart team. Probably the favourite timepiece of GP drivers. As with all Rolexes, never buy in gold – unless you want to look like a car salesman.

Omega Speedmaster, Michael Schumacher model, £1,450  
Give me the classic black-faced

Speedmaster, designed by Claude Baillod and worn by Neil Armstrong on the Moon, any day. The garish Schumacher edition has a choice of red or yellow face and straps. Michael's younger brother, Ralf, also wears one, although that is not much of an endorsement. A more discreet black-faced version can also be had.



Heuer Monaco, £1,595

An unusual big, square-faced watch, the Monaco was worn by Steve McQueen in *Le Mans* and was a favourite of GP drivers of the time. The Monaco is one of TAG Heuer's "classic" range of replica watches which, to my eye, are far more appealing than modern TAGs. The Monaco is an unusual piece of classy '70s kitsch. If you like wearing a watch that people stare at, this is it.



TAG Heuer 2000, £975

TAG Heuer is the official F1 timekeeper, and the company's wares are promoted by the McLaren duo of Hakkinen and Coulthard. This TAG Heuer is worn by David Coulthard, but it is much like other quartz TAG "sports" watches. Just as on the track, Hakkinen gets the better of Coulthard on the wrist – he wears and promotes a much nicer "classic" wind-up mechanical Heuer Carrera.

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## Sophistication from Skoda



The Skoda Octavia was styled and developed in the Czech Republic but bears all the hallmarks of a VW

IMAGINE A smart, well-specified, Mondeo-sized hatchback of German quality for lowly Ford Escort money. Too good to be true? Not so. It is here, badged the Skoda Octavia. Once the maker of dodgy rear-engined saloons (which outgrew the jokes about them), Skoda has been VW's since 1991.

The small Fiesta-sized Felica was the first model to benefit from German expertise and hardware. Now comes the larger Octavia, the roomiest and most sophisticated Skoda yet. For over a year it has been a big hit in Europe.

The Octavia, in all but name and styling a VW shares its running gear, including the chassis, suspension, engine and gearbox, with the latest Golf and Audi A3. The keen-eyed will also spot Passat elements inside.

Although it makes full use of VW's parts bin, the Octavia was styled and developed by Skoda in the Czech Republic. Relatively cheap production costs there are reflected by keen prices. The base LX 1.6 costs £11,499 (Ford's Escort 1.3 Encore five-door is £11,465). The SLX TDI turbodiesel costs £16,499. All told, there are three

trim levels and five engines to choose from. An estate is in the pipeline.

Even the £13,199 1.6 GLXi on test undercuts the cheapest Mondeo by £1,300. While not the roomiest car in its class – rear legroom is cramped, headroom marginal – the Octavia is a proper five-seater with an enormous boot that can be extended by folding the split rear seats. Despite a face-lifted dash (imports were delayed until it was ready), cabin decor is conservative but nicely finished. There is no shoddy plastic or fabric here. That the car comes with a fully galvanneal body, a three-year/unlimited-mileage warranty and free maintenance for 45,000 miles underlines Skoda's confidence in the Octavia's quality.

Although the GLXi on test had the more powerful of two 1.6 engines, performance is no more than competitive. Press-on drivers will prefer the 125bhp 20-valve 1.8 – though the torquier turbo-diesel is almost

as swift and much more economical. CO2 emissions are lower, too. The GLXi's modest eight-valve engine is impressively smooth and fairly quiet but, due to low gearing, it sounds fussy when extended. Longer motorway legs would not go amiss. Shifting is easy – gears, clutch and throttle have idiot-proof actions – and the tactile controls are crisp in action.

Steering and handling are everything you would expect of a modern VW. If anything, the ride is even better than that of the roomier Passat, though you cannot alter the slope of the front cushions (a pump-action lever adjusts them for height). Other gripes? White-on-grey dials that are hard to read, a radio that sounds tinny and no rear wiper.

There is nothing about the Octavia to stir adrenaline. Its big attraction is that it does most things well at a price that makes the opposition look expensive. Any sad egoist deterred by the Skoda name, by

the way, should see a psychiatrist. Skodas are in.

**Specifications:**  
Skoda Octavia 1.6 GLXi, £13,199. Engine: 1595cc, 8 valves, four cylinders, 100bhp. Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, front-wheel drive. Performance: top speed 125mph, 0-60mph in 10.3 seconds. Consumption: 33.6mpg combined.

**Rivals:**  
Chrysler Neon 1.8LE, £11,995. Coarse but good-value American with roomy cabin.  
Citroën Xantia 1.8LX, £14,810. Best looking in class beginning to feel its age.  
Daewoo Leganza, £13,795. Sales package is better than the car.  
Fiat Brava 1.6SX, £12,610. Style, first, room second – but still good value.  
Ford Mondeo 1.6LX, £15,495. Good but over-priced, better as 1.8.  
Nissan Primera 1.6GX, £15,125. Bland looks disguise excellent car.  
Renault Laguna 1.6RT, £14,020. France's answer to the Mondeo is chic and comfortable.



# How to home in on making life less of a struggle for the disabled

Becoming paralysed or seriously injured calls for radical change in the house. Robert Liebman explores the options

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE-based rehabilitation consultant for the legal profession sometimes wishes that business were not so good.

But for Paul Bush, a steady stream of car and industrial accidents and medical negligence mean that solicitors consult him on 300 personal injury claims per year. "Until they are put into funds by insurance, these accident victims have to live in shabby conditions, and 99.9 per cent have to consider moving," he says.

Mr Bush used to be a farmer. Early one morning 23 years ago, he was driving his tractor when "a large bale of hay fell off the loader and on to me, smashing me into the steering wheel". In an instant, a healthy, fit man in his mid thirties became a paraplegic, paralysed from the waist down.

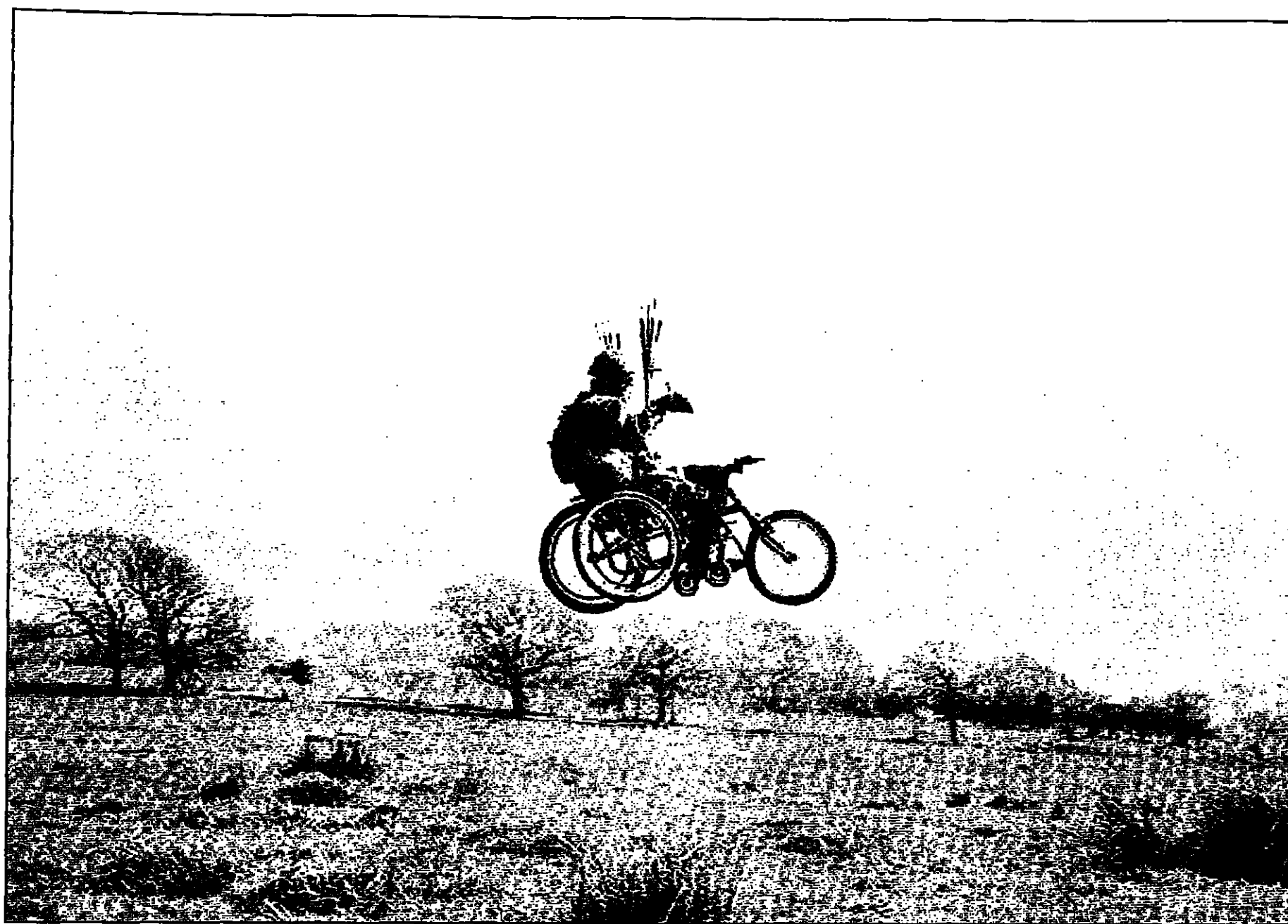
"I kept my head above water with a £20,000 personal injury claim. Today it would be £1m," he says. A year after his accident, safety cabs on tractors became mandatory.

Although he continued farming from a Land Rover, "my circumstances were pretty desperate. I was a tenant farmer with little capital, luckily living in a large farmhouse. My neighbours built ramps for level access, and the local authority eventually put in a through-floor lift for wheelchair access."

Spaciousness and level access do not suffice by themselves. Mr Bush bought some adjacent land and had a new home built to his specifications.

Less drastically, a London freelance financial journalist, Chris Wheel, sustained a nasty broken ankle playing rugby. "I'd thought I was lucky because, as a writer, I use my hands," he says. "Normally, I could reach the things I needed seated at my desk. But I had to keep my leg raised, so I couldn't reach as far forward as I used to. For a time I could not work even sitting at my desk, so I sat around doing nothing."

Mr Wheel rapidly learned that two-storey homes with narrow corridors were not built with wheelchairs in mind. He had to keep the weight off his injured leg, which meant that he could not rely on one crutch alone. Crutches proved to be tiring and awkward. He could boil a kettle, and he devised a relay system enabling him to carry tea to his desk, but "I couldn't use the back burners on the cooker, and I didn't cook any-



Physical injury doesn't mean you have to give up on life, especially in your own home

thing heavy, like soup. I was afraid of dropping it."

New appliances have been specially designed for the disabled. For example, Mr Wheel's limitations and fears are taken into account by cookers distributed by Versatility Kitchens. They have anti-tilt shelves that can easily be reached from the side. Hobs are on counter tops left

empty underneath, so wheelchair users can make a close approach.

For more seriously disabled people, work surfaces, appliances and sinks can be raised and lowered electronically. Doors swing open from either side, for people who cannot use their arms. If space is limited, hinged accordion doors can be installed.

An ordinary bathtub or shower tray spells a loss of independence for a disabled person. If a drain is installed in the centre of the bathroom floor and a shower head mounted nearby, a wheelchair-bound person can shower in privacy without leaving the wheelchair.

A Joseph Rowntree Foundation task force spent five years formu-

lating the Lifetime Homes concept - a set of 16 standards to increase safety, convenience and mobility in and around the home. Fitting an existing property with, for example, entry ramps and specialised bathrooms or kitchens can be prohibitively expensive.

According to Rowntree, however, building a new home to its standards

adds less than £500 to the total cost. Parents and other carers and accident victims benefit directly, along with the elderly and disabled.

Government regulations will soon require universal access for all new homes. Habinteg Housing Association has built 500 wheelchair-friendly homes incorporating the Lifetime Homes standards.

Berkeley, St George and Thirstone are already building some properties for the disabled. Tony Pidgeley, the managing director of Thirstone, says that his company's homes "have ramps to front doors, wide doors and corridors, turning areas in kitchens and bathrooms enabling wheelchairs to turn 360 degrees, and staircases designed to accommodate chair lifts. The stairs do not have narrow winder steps half-way up."

Heating, lighting and security that can be controlled centrally via touch pads and smart panels are features of Mullion Intelligent Houses. "Our properties typically have three or four bedrooms, one of which is Smartspace, containing advanced electronics, audio induction loops for the hearing-impaired, and retrievable drop-down beds concealed behind real bookcases," says Mullion's managing director, Michael McCarthy.

Do you have enough room for a second loo or shower? Ideal Standard, a bathroom manufacturer, maintains that you probably do, and shows you where, and how, to fit it.

Ideal Standard's brochure shows different layouts allowing bathroom fittings to be installed in cupboards and under stairs, and even contains a page of graph paper and cut-outs of tubs, WCs and shower trays for DIY calculations and designs.

Although Mr Wheel's house has a theoretically preferable ground-level lavatory, an upstairs WC would have been welcomed. Two months before he broke his leg, his wife Kate gave birth to their second child. His infant regularly insisted on a mid-night snack and his three-year-old occasionally needed night-time comforting. "I couldn't sleep downstairs because our older child might need a cuddle while Kate was feeding the baby," he says.

Children remain a factor even after they become adults, says Mr Bush. "I visit my daughter, who lives in a farmhouse. I can't visit my son because he is on the first floor. I have never been in his flat."

Habinteg: 0171 496 3519; Ideal Standard: 01482 346 461; Joseph Rowntree Foundation: 01904 629241; Mullion: 01285 657576; Versatility Kitchens: 0161 628 6100



Norma McCaw relies on an agent to find her somewhere to live

Penny Jackson finds agents can offer all-round service

## All-in buy and sell

SOLD YOUR house but can't find anywhere to buy? Most vendors retain an agent to sell their homes, but few consider paying an agent to look for a property.

Some agents take fees for buying and selling, but are they breaking the law?

Sir Nicholas Couper started Homefront, the independent buying agency, in 1992 after working for the agencies Cluttons, Aylesford and Lane Fox. "I'd done lots of selling and thought there was a gap in the market. Many buyers need an impartial, friendly helper."

Is it difficult to match a client with a property? "You can never dictate tastes, but I just go on until I find it."

Sir Nicholas scours the UK for potential properties, but finds the capital easier. "London has streets of similar houses to tailor-make to your requirements. In the country it's more intuitive; it's a bit like a dog scratching around until he's happy with his basket."

He finds the current market "quite limited" and prefers stability. "It's bad for everybody if it goes bonkers. A recent client was interested in a country house on the market at £525,000 which eventually went for £750,000. The London market is much cooler."

Homefront's registration fee, £550 in London and £750 elsewhere, is deducted from the final 1.5 per cent of the purchase price. "Otherwise people at dinner parties ask you to look and then change their minds." Clients are mainly "poor souls in the office from 8am until 8pm who haven't time to ferret around."

Sir Nicholas is frequently asked to find wedding gifts. "Fulham houses" rather than toasters, but he warns: "My worst enemy is the housewife sent out to look for a house."

Norma McCaw, a paper restorer, works long hours in her studio rather than in an office, and is a regular client. "I'm a professional woman, I don't have time to wander around estate agents," she says.

After she was "thrown out by her landlord", Sir Nicholas found Norma's "perfect" flat in Pimlico in

two days, and is now searching for a living and working space for her to convert into a studio.

Why did Norma choose an independent buyer? "He knows me well and only passes on properties with potential. I respect his opinion, and it's nice to have someone come with me."

Sir Nicholas appears to be in tune with his client. "Most lofts are more like underground car parks. Norma's not interested in cooking and kitchens; she wants wall space." He denies that retaining a buyer is only for the seriously rich. "I know snooty companies who only look above £250,000, but I'll help anyone with £150,000, although they probably can't afford my services."

He finds it ironic that those most in need of his help are least able to afford it. "It all flows from your first purchase, so it's crucial to make the right decision."

The market is at present suffering from low turnover, with annual sales of around 1 million compared with 2 million at the height of the Eighties boom. This may be one reason why traditional selling agencies are setting up buying departments, but the independents are worried about potential conflict.

"Agents may not intend to be dishonest, but if Mrs Snooks is desperate to sell Swanley Bottom, and the agency has a client who wants somewhere cheap, it's tempting to make a nice, fat fee." Buying agents should work in isolation from sellers, he believes.

Surely the Ombudsman scheme deals with conflict of interest? "I'm sure he doesn't have complaints about London's top five agents, but it's like Sotheby's, Christie's and Del Boy. If Knight Frank were suddenly to become Del Boy, the Ombudsman would have something to worry about," Sir Nicholas points out.

Is David Quayle, the ombudsman for Estate Agents, worried? "It's not causing concern in my post bag, so I don't see it as a problem."

Mr Quayle believes that the overseas market is prompting the trend for selling agencies to buy as well.

The current code of practice does not cover acting for buyers, but this could change. "Only highly reputable companies are involved at present and they go to great pains to ensure no conflicts arise, but I will put the question at the next council meeting."

Jonathan Harrington, a buyer for Knight Frank, protects himself from potential conflict: "I sit apart from my selling colleagues. The independents keep braying on about this but there is no conflict. We are absolutely clear that if we are selling, we act for the vendor."

James Wilson is one of three buyers working for the agency Lane Fox, which added a buying service three years ago. He was an independent buyer, but now works from the same office as selling agents.

Do conflicts of interest arise? "It's difficult to see how. Agents wouldn't tell me anything if I started betraying them, and it's not in my interest to do so."

Mr Wilson initially tells clients that he cannot advise on value if they want to buy a Lane Fox house, but recommends an independent company acts on their behalf. If this situation arises, the company keeps the registration fee to cover expenses.

Hugh Dunsmore-Bardy, chief executive of the National Association of Estate Agents, is adamant that agents must never take fees from a buyer and vendor for the same transaction. "It's quite wrong. They must declare their interests and decide who they are acting for. If it is the vendor they have a duty to obtain the highest price for the sale. If they act for a buyer they must negotiate the best price for them."

He believes the code of practice adequately covers conflict of interest, although "some agents believe it is all right as long as they declare their interest, but there is a debate over whether they are breaking the criminal law if they receive two sets of fees."

Homefront: 0181-995 5603; Lane Fox: 0171-499 4785; Knight Frank: 0171-629 8171



# Eco-idyll in the Highlands

**For sale:  
A house with  
breathing walls  
By Penny  
Jackson**

ABOVE THE village of Ullapool on the West Coast of Scotland sits a house with enough green points to stir even the hardest of eco-warrior hearts. Every piece of timber has been checked for chemicals, every splash of varnish and paint is organic and each hand-chiselled slate on the roof is local and reclaimed. It also looks stunning.

Danielle Grunberg originally had no intention of building an eco-bunker to satisfy her environmental principles. As soon as she saw the site she knew that whatever was built, the beauty of the Highlands had to be reflected inside and out. But what she hadn't anticipated was the exhausting, time-consuming and often frustrating hunt for the greenest methods of construction. "I would spend hours ringing laboratory after laboratory checking on the wood. I refused to have anything pressure treated because it has all sorts of chemicals in it ... Some of the



Danielle Grunberg in her eco-house, where even the paint is organic

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CLARK

claims made are outrageous and the only way of finding out is by questioning every detail," she says. "You have to follow all the clues. What has been added to this? Why can't I treat the timber cladding on the outside with something colourless? It can be exasperating."

As a veteran anti-nuclear campaigner who has worked for Greenpeace, Ms Grunberg is aware that with this background and her time spent with the women's peace movement she is more likely to be asso-

ciated with tents at Greenham Common than with an award-winning project in the Highlands.

"I'm no weirdo but I was determined to put into practice all the things I had been preaching. I did wonder whether I was mad though when I fell in love with the site on a day when it was raining as it only can in the Highlands. It was a fluke that I came across the sign advertising it."

She seized the chance not only to snap up a rare plot of land but to start building in a way that would

demonstrate her belief that it is possible to live comfortably while harnessing natural forces. The Highland Eco-House project began.

The three-and-a-half acre site, which looks over the loch and towards the mountains has a glen with a pool, and a fast-flowing burn ready for tapping as an energy source.

Gaia architects, founder members of the Ecological Design Association, designed a house that would provide its own electricity, water and sewerage system. An extraordinary

rounded section deflects the east wind and protects the conservatory in which Ms Grunberg wanted to grow olive trees and mimosa.

The heating is partly underfloor and partly from a wood-burning stove. "I had no intention of freezing or sacrificing any comfort," she says. "Some people say underfloor heating interferes with the earth's magnetic field while others tell you that it's a load of baloney. In the end I put it in downstairs but not upstairs."

But the dream project is on hold. Danielle Grunberg is having to abandon her house for urban life and is hoping it will be rescued by a fellow traveller, another "romantic pragmatist" inclined towards "breathing" walls and a compost toilet tracked down in Sweden via Ms Grunberg's native Denmark.

Brian Mark of Fulcrum, an environmental consultancy, sees more and more people sharing that ambition. "Forget the sandals and festivals image, things have changed a lot ... But first I have to sit clients down and get them to understand where lifestyle changes come in."

"Are you actually prepared to carry a pretty bucket of crap out to the central compost in the garden or is it just a matter of putting on a jumper and turning the thermostat down. I ask."

Highland Eco-House is for sale for £175,000 (tel 0131 443 4555; Fulcrum: 0171 520 1300).

WHEN IS a loft not a loft? When it's in a building of classical Palladian splendour in 50 acres of parkland is a fair guess.

The marketing spin on the word reached new heights when apartments in Wardour Castle, the largest Georgian mansion in Wiltshire, were compared with Manhattan-style lofts.

What on earth does an 18th century house built as a residence and described by Hugh Pevsner as having a glorious Georgian interior have in common with, say, a paint factory fallen into disuse alongside a canal?

The raw, gritty attractions of a warehouse are vastly different from the intricate cornicing of a country house. Space is really what the term loft is meant to conjure up, but even here the English version is a poor imitation of its American model.

"In New York it meant a whole floor, not a small part of one," says Piers Gough, the architect who designed one of the first true London lofts in the late 1970s, as well as Manhattan Loft's first conversion in Clerkenwell during the early 90s.

As for the ubiquitous hardwood floors, "and pale at that," says Gough, "we are moving on to stone, terracotta and even steel. But what really drives me up the wall are unfitted kitchens. So impractical," he adds.

Apartments in Wardour Castle from £120,000 to £550,000: John D. Wood (01982 883131). Manhattan Loft Corporation's latest development with Marylebone Warwick Ballroom at West India Quay, London Docklands prices from £175,000 to £565,000. (0171 537 0000).

THE SMALL three-bedroom council house in Liverpool, where Paul McCartney lived with his family between 1955 and 1964, is being opened to the public on July 29. Its unlikely owner is the National Trust - the first building it has bought on the grounds of its significance to 20th century culture.

The 1950s house in Forthlin Road has been restored with the help from the Heritage Lottery Fund, with the idea of recreating the atmosphere of the time. Michael McCartney, Paul's younger brother, took photographs of those years, including one showing Lennon and McCartney working on "I Saw Her Standing There." Call 0870 9000256 for details.



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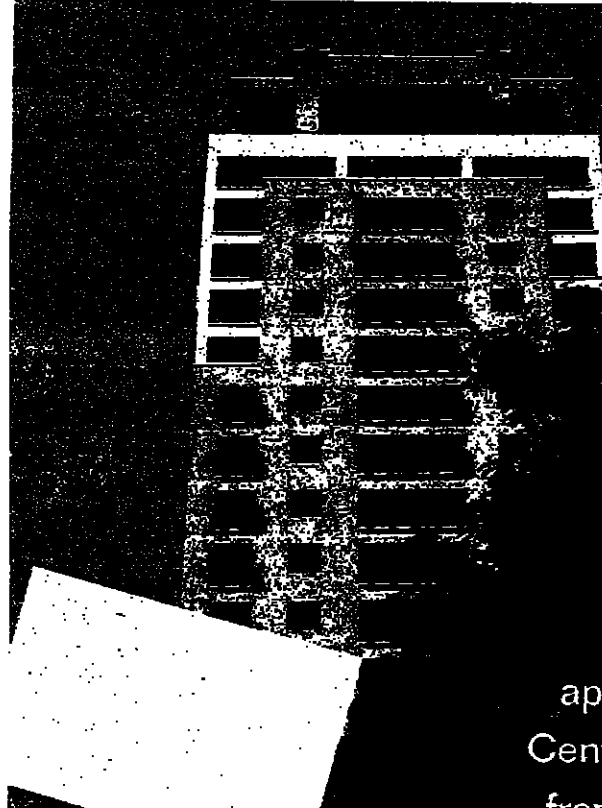
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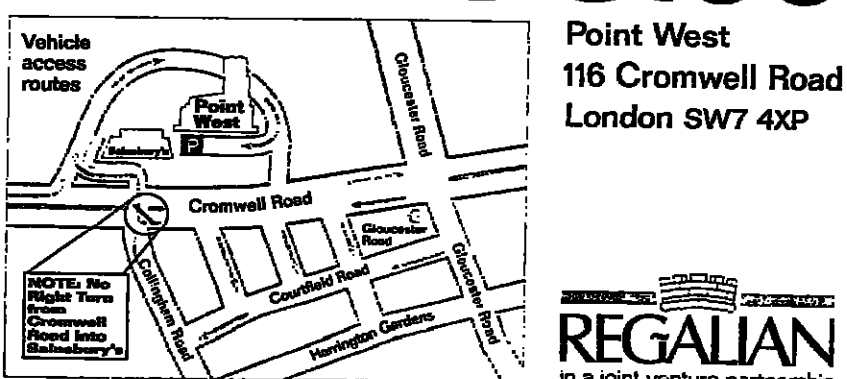
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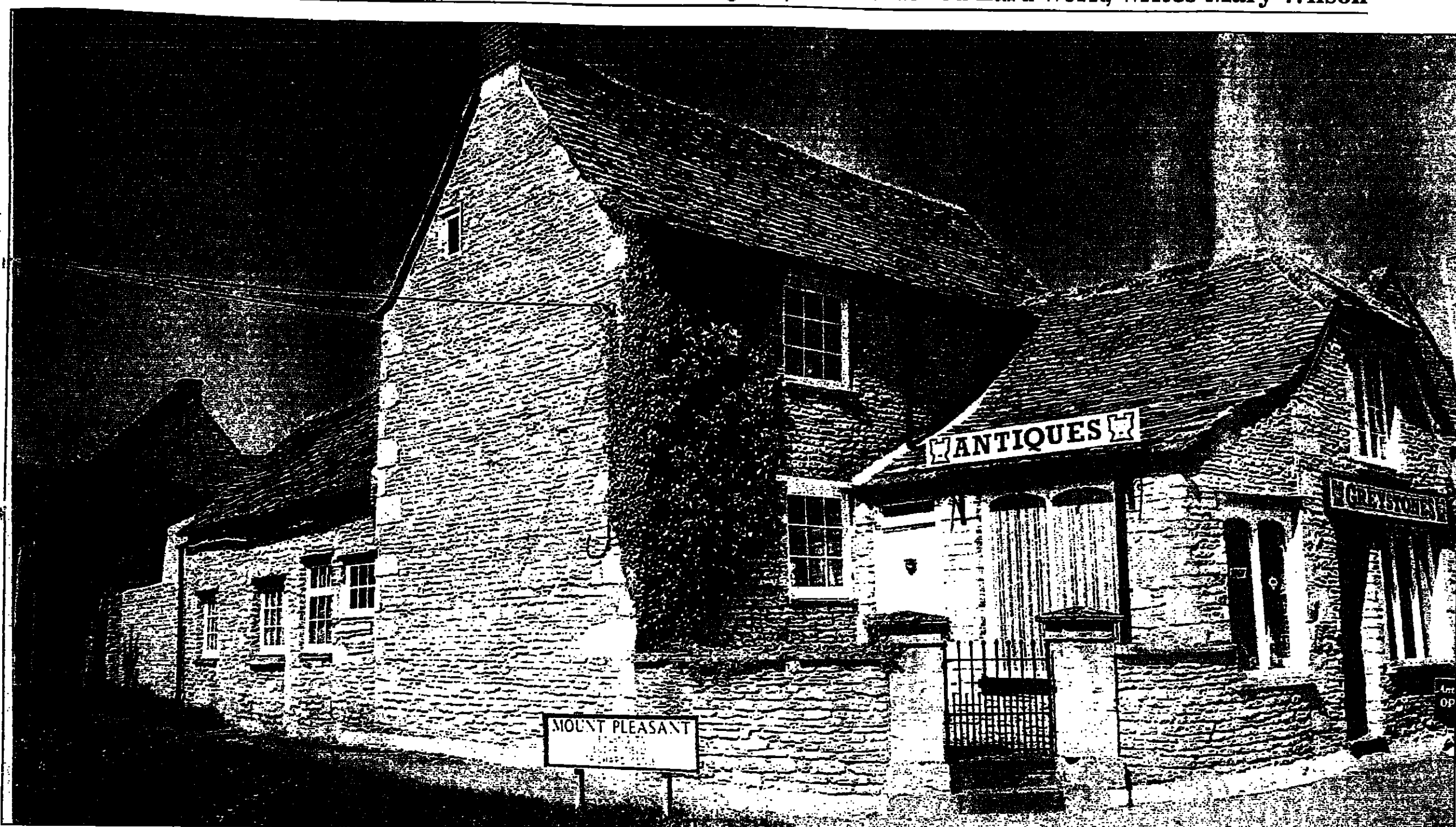
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# Buying a peace of the good life

More people are seeking to swap big-city stress for a country lifestyle. But funding rural bliss through a home bed-and-breakfast or antiques business can take good, old-fashioned hard work, writes Mary Wilson



There are definite advantages to having your home and your workplace in the same location, not least the saving on fares

IF YOU are thinking about taking early retirement and want to do something with your life, probably in a different direction, why not purchase a home which can produce an income?

Mari and Stephen Sheppard have run an antique shop in Lechlade, Gloucestershire, for eight years - five years in one property, three in Greystones, which they are now selling. "It is in a wonderful position, right at the end of the Thames. We have a lot of people in the summer but also have customers all through the year," says Mari.

"It is a definite bonus living over the shop. Insurance is much cheaper and security far less of a worry. And, of course, there's no commuting. We work seven days a week, so it suits us well."

The listed Cotswold stone house features four bedrooms, a pretty courtyard garden and three ground-floor showrooms, which have been

used - over the years - as a book shop, photographic studio, tea-room and, back in Victorian times, as a grocery store.

Rates for the property are split into a third business and two-thirds residential and Hamptons is selling it for £248,500. The stock is available to buy if desired.

Close to Bridport, Dorset, a thriving village store with tea rooms and bed-and-breakfast business is for sale. Bridge Cottage Stores is the only shop in Burton Bradstock, which is a picturesque village of stone and thatched cottages.

The owners, who moved from Luton seven years ago, wanted a complete change of life and have expanded the business considerably since they started. Bridge Cottage Stores was voted Dorset's best village shop in 1994 and 1996 and, according to Martin Bowen-Ashwin of Humberts, "is the most well-run village shop ever seen".

There are three letting bedrooms for bed-and-breakfast and the tea rooms are open for the Easter holidays and about three months in the summer. The owners' accommodation comprises two bedrooms and

*It's a definite bonus living over the shop as insurance is so much cheaper and security less of a worry. And, of course, there's no commuting. As we work seven days a week it suits us both very well'*

two reception rooms. Humberts is selling the property for £289,000.

Francoise Ellery, of Brown's Cranleigh office, says that she sees quite a number of people who want a change in lifestyle asking for properties which generate income. "They are looking for a little niche, a bit of the good life," she says. "But it is the house which has to be right

in the first place. If the accommodation and location fits, then the business is an added bonus."

However, not all work out. The agent sold one property, with a flower business attached, to a cou-

ple who just did not appreciate how difficult the business would be to keep going. "They came a cropper," she says, "and we sold the house again a year later to someone who loved the house but has let the business side go."

Browns is now selling a town house in Petworth, West Sussex, which is large enough to easily run

a bed-and-breakfast business. "Because it is in a sought-after area and has oodles of bedrooms, an owner could easily let half the house very successfully," says Francoise Ellery.

The seven-bedroom, five-reception room house is on the market now for £595,000.

Someone looking for a venture of a fishy nature might be interested in Trent Trout Farm in Mercaston, Derbyshire. This is a traditional trout hatchery and, established in 1886, is one of the oldest restocking trout farms in the country. It has been owned and run by the same family since 1926.

The main house has four bedrooms, there is a listed mill with workshops, storage and hatchery, a one-bedroom bungalow and a three-bedroom cottage.

Strutt & Parker is selling the whole property for £350,000. Or you could consider East Lodge Fishings on the River Itchen in

Hampshire. This has 3.1 miles of double bank fishing, plus a short stretch of single bank.

So far this has been in private use, although the owner recently agreed to a one-season contract for corporate hospitality.

"If you were prepared to be the man on the ground to do the keeping and hospitality, you could make a significant income," says Andrew Macpherson, of Clegg Kennedy Drew. "As long as you were prepared to take advice, someone could take this on without much experience."

There is a detached house with four bedrooms and three reception rooms and the agent is looking for offers above £950,000.

Two small hotels are on the market as going concerns. The Oxenham Arms in South Zeal, Devon is a Grade II listed building with eight letting bedrooms. The owner's accommodation - a bungalow converted from an old farm building

- has three bedrooms. This is on the market through Knight Frank from £465,000 to £495,000.

In Milcombe, Oxfordshire, the Horse and Groom public house with a function room, five letting bedrooms and owner's two-bedroom flat is for sale for offers above £200,000. "There is considerable potential to upgrade the property and improve the trade, perhaps creating a restaurant in the function room," says Camilla Cox, of Butler Sherborn.

Before you take the plunge, regardless of how keen you are to make a go of a new business, remember to not only do your sums, but to calculate the amount of effort which will be needed to make it work.

Hampshire, 01235 654335; Humberts, 01208 42215; Browns, 01483 267070; Strutt & Parker, 01855 433125; Clegg Kennedy Drew, 0171-409 1944; Knight Frank, 01392 437337; Butler Sherborn, 01451 530731

## Homing in on scholastic success

For some parents, finding a house in the catchment area of a good school is the number one priority. And they are prepared to pay for it. Fiona Brandhorst reports

BUYING A house in the catchment area of a school riding high in the league tables can seriously damage your pocket as well as your health. Buyers can expect to pay up to 10 per cent more for a house bathing in the glory of a popular school, and at least the full asking price.

Where demand outstrips supply, competition is fierce to view properties. The practice of sealed bids only adds to the anguish and can mean paying well over the odds. In some areas parents have been priced out of the market, and resort to renting a property nearby in the short term just to get their child into a high-performing school.

The Price family has just bought a house in the sought after Park Langley area of Beckenham, in Kent, after many months of searching for a property in the right location. A conservation triangle keeps prices high, but two single-sex secondary schools, Langley Park Girls and Boys are the main attraction for families wanting a good state education for their children.

"The day we received the details for our house I was on the phone at 8.55am to arrange a viewing," says Mrs Price. "We were the first to see it at 9.30am and we went straight to the agent afterwards to offer the full asking price." A tense weekend was

then spent waiting to see if their offer would be accepted. "At least one other person offered the full asking price. They only accepted ours because we had a complete chain."

David Finn, senior partner at Park Langley estate agents George Proctor acknowledges the benefits of the schools' popularity but he is aware of the dangers of misrepresenting information on property details. "I always say 'in the vicinity of' rather than 'in the catchment area'," he adds.

Priority is given to siblings, followed by the 15 per cent of selected pupils. Proximity to the school is the third factor. These places vary each year, according to the number of siblings applying. This year, places were allocated from just a quarter of a mile from the school. This makes buying a property years in advance of needing a place at the school a very risky business.

Other local factors can affect the sales and prices of property deemed to be in the catchment area, where a three-bed semi can sell for £200,000. Construction of 200 new houses is under way on the former Glaxo Wellcome site bordering the Langley schools' playing fields. "You can't get closer than that," says Mr Finn.

Jack Cooper sells houses in the leafy roads surrounding the co-ed

secondary Bishopshalt School in Hillingdon Village, Middlesex. "Parents come in with a map issued by the school circling the latest catchment area," he says. "As it varies each year I describe my properties as being 'within a quarter of a mile' or '300 yards of the school'. That gives the parents some idea from the outset."

A shortage of property on the market means houses are "like gold dust" and some parents are prepared to buy a house they "dislike" just to be near to the school. It all helps to sustain prices. A small 1930s house sells for around £150,000. "Even in recessionary times prices haven't suffered," adds Mr Cooper.

In Buckinghamshire, where the selective state grammar schools frequently top the league tables, parents are keen to live in the catchments of the good feeder primary schools, despite the fact that the majority of Buckinghamshire primary schools are well above the national average.

Houses within these areas command higher prices than those in the catchments of less popular schools. Schools are aware that a minority of parents will use other people's addresses in order to qualify for a place at a school, so proof of address

is often required. When moving to a new area, proof of exchange of contracts is usually requested before a place can be allocated.

Families are being attracted to Dulwich in south London by the well-regarded private schools. There are no catchment areas to contend with for these schools but as demand for large family houses has grown, it has contributed to an increase in property prices across the board.

However, the state infant and junior schools in Dulwich Village produce good results and are consistently oversubscribed. The infant school has a catchment area based on the parish boundaries and parents of prospective pupils are left in no doubt where this lies. Steve Smith, manager of Bushells estate agents in Dulwich, keeps a list of the roads in question in his top drawer.

"Around one in four people looking for a property wants to buy in one of these roads," says Mr Smith, who agrees it is a star feature on property details for these people in the same way as "off street parking" or "a fantastic kitchen" is for others. And it can add up to 10 per cent to the price, in an area where few properties sell for less than £200,000.

Parents looking to send their children on to the junior school will find that the catchment area disap-

pears. Living as "close as possible" to the school is the only advice available. A number of appeals are made by parents of children who have failed to secure places at popular schools because for that particular year they do not happen to live close enough.

Can good schools really have an effect on house prices? Generally, high-performing schools are found in already prosperous areas such as Kingston-upon-Thames, Buckinghamshire and Kent and while demand for places at these schools remains high, property prices in the surrounding roads will also benefit. For families able to afford these properties, it is still a cheaper option than paying for a private education.

Around the country, campaigns by parents for new "good" secondary schools are springing up. Parents in Southwark, where secondary state schools are consistently near the bottom of league tables, are hopeful that their campaign will lead to a "co-educational non-selective" school being established. "It will have a positive effect on the whole area," says Steve Smith. Not to mention a boost for house prices falling within its catchment area.

George Proctor 0181 658 5588; Coopers 01895 230103; Bushells 0181 399 1722



A clear view: not a car in sight



# Go big on furnishings

Large spaces  
cry out for  
odd artifacts.

**Rosalind  
Russell**

looks at what is  
on the market

UNTIL RECENTLY, there weren't many places to hang a 2ft-diameter clock except Waterloo station. The popularity of warehouse, loft and school conversions has changed all that. Vast rooms call for big furniture and industrial-size accessories. But finding suitably unconventional furnishings is not as easy as it may appear from the show apartments.

Interior designers make it look simple, but not only do they guard their sources jealously, they rarely pay the full retail price for anything. And many of the quirky accessories, such as a shipwright's antique model sailing boat, or a peasant's pig slaughtering trough (now featured in one Docklands show flat as a coffee table) are borrowed from dealers and are worth a fortune.

But just over 20 miles outside London, at Chalfont St Giles in Buckinghamshire, is a little honeycomb of workshops stuffed with fascinating furnishings (including 2ft-diameter clocks at £100 apiece). Its name, Pine Village, does not do justice to the collection of furniture and artefacts crammed in there.

The firm, which is run by Toby Young, used to sell a few antiques and make desks for dealers in the stock-market. When the market crashed, it looked for other avenues. Now, if you are looking for a 6ft-high carved wooden cowboy and have £750 to spend, this is the place for you (Indians also available). The actor Robert Lindsay bought a 5ft-high mahogany horse, one of a pair cut from the same tree, at £850.

A small gargoyle, however, will set you back only £10.50. The furniture is built from new and reclaimed wood, some of it painted, other bits carved. Toby buys his stock from artisans all over the country. A dramatic cannonball bed featured in one of the bedroom sets comes from a small firm near Sheffield. Its solid, impressive bed frame is made from reclaimed timber joists, strong enough for Desperate Dan, and each of the bedposts is topped with a cannonball. The 5ft-wide size costs £250.

The company is about to start selling Tetrads sofas, made in Lancashire, with washable covers and vast duck-down cushions, and ex-



Many specialist stores cater for the unusual artefact that you can't buy in the High Street

actly the kind of furniture used in warehouse show apartments. A long corner run will cost about £2,200.

A more cubic-shaped sofa system, designed by Terence Woodgate, is available through Purves and Purves in London's Tottenham Court Road. Simple in design, each

section can be linked to the next to form L-shapes. Prices start at £1,574 for a three-seat sofa with one arm. Also popular with interior designers fitting out former industrial units is the Angiolino dining table with frosted glass top and aluminium base, price £2,085, from Purves and Purves.

The Ruth Aram Shop in Hampstead is another professionals' haunt, where the designer labels include Philippe Starck.

Among its lines is a range of simple solid oak furniture by e15 who are the designer Florian Asche and the architect Philipp Mainzer. The ta-

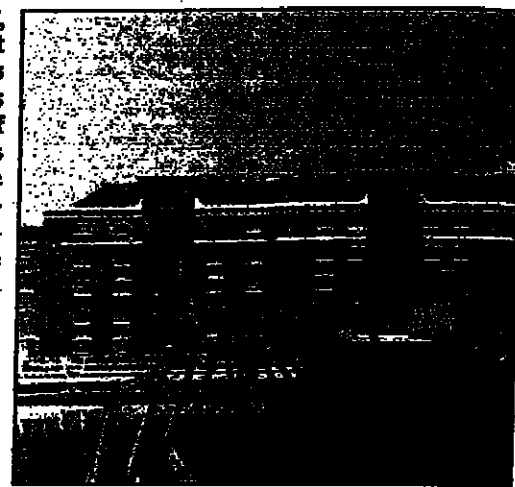
bles and shelves rely on the grain of the oak for their appeal. A stool, made up of four blocks of oiled oak, costs £420.

Pine Village 01494 873031; Purves and Purves 0171 580 8223; Ruth Aram Shop 0171 431 4068

## THREE TO VIEW WAREHOUSE CONVERSIONS

COBURG QUAY, a development of townhouses and apartments at the head of Coburg Dock is part of the Liverpool Marina and overlooks the Mersey and the harbour.

Access is via a private road bridge and all the homes come with secure underground parking. Some have sun decks overlooking the marina. Already fitted with kitchen units, the appliances are by Zanussi and the bathrooms by Ideal Standard. Some of the bedrooms in the apartments are rather small - 9'3" by 8'6" - but all the properties have an alarm system fitted and include wiring for satellite. Flats start at £88,950 with townhouses beginning at £94,950 through Crosby Homes (0151 708 7516).



### WEST INDIA

Quay, a warehouse conversion connected to Canary Wharf by the green-lit footbridge built by Future Systems, was London's first dockside warehouse and was used to house rum and sugar. Now converted by Marylebone Warwick Balfour and the Manhattan Loft Corporation into 106 studio, one, two and three-bedroom apartments, completion will take place in autumn next year.

All flats have bare brick walls - the building is Grade I-listed - and have some exposed beams. The kitchens feature open shelving and lots of stainless steel and floors are either wood, rubber or ceramic. Prices begin at £170,000 going up to £265,000 (0171 537 0000).



### THE CORN

Exchange on Strand Quay in Rye, East Sussex is a converted Grade II listed former warehouse overlooking the quayside and river Tillingham.

At the back is Mermaid Street, rising to the Citadel.

Apartment 1, with three bedrooms, features part vaulted timbered ceilings and exposed studwork is one the first floor. The 19ft sitting room has full height double glazed doors leading to a shallow balcony. Outside there is parking for one car. Offers around £129,000, through Phillips & Stubbs (01797 227338).



# Pump goes on working as owners move in

Buyers want homes created  
out of unusual buildings  
By Fiona Brandhorst

BUDDING PROPERTY developers learn when playing Monopoly that landing on the electric company or going to jail is not the most prosperous move. However, in the real world, developers are finding that homes converted from unusual buildings are not only in great demand, but can also be sold at a premium.

Viewed from the road, one of Berkeley Homes' more challenging developments resembles an ancient chapel and tower. Stare long enough and you will come back to the 20th century as the Eurostar whines past in the background.

It is, in fact, the site of a Thames Water pumping station in the heart of commuter land in Beckenham, Kent, soon to be luxury flats and houses.

The Grade II listed pump house, stone-faced in a random pattern, is being converted to provide four two/three-bedroom houses and two duplex flats. But this is no redundant building: the pump will continue to draw thousands of gallons of water long after the residents have moved in.

Work carried out at the site, following a report by an acoustic engineer, has involved extensive sound-proofing. Peter Nesbitt, managing director of Berkeley Homes Kent, stresses that the working pump is inaudible.

"As a term of the lease, Thames Water will be monitoring any vibrations and will have an obligation to reduce any rise in levels," he says. Berkeley Homes has worked with English Heritage and local conservation groups on the site which will also include 11 new two-bedroom flats.

The refurbishment will have some circular rooms in the tower, exposed brickwork and many of the industrial elements retained, including steel beams, stone mouldings and granite. Prices will start from £125,000 for the new flats to £200,000 for the houses.

When Roy Smith came across a refurbished Victorian orphanage school in Hertfordshire, it was not

the new-built flats that attracted him. "I really liked the refurbished side of the building with its historic links with the past," he says.

Mr Smith's two-bedroom apartment retains high cathedral-style windows and overlooks the working clock tower, illuminated at night.

The former Reeds School in Watford had been a derelict eyesore for more than 12 years when Taywood Homes bought it four years ago. The three imposing red-brick, gabled buildings have been restored, working closely with English Heritage to create over 300 refurbished and new properties.

Some retain the high school room ceilings and, where possible, tiled entrance hall floors have been relaid with tiles from the original supplier. Ground-floor classrooms with floors low enough to prevent pupils looking out of the windows had to be raised, and the restored cloisters now form individual courtyards for overlooking flats.

Mr Smith's apartment shares with the other residents the original entrance hall of the former girls' school, complete with sweeping staircase.

"It's impressive," says Mr Smith, "but the management charges for its upkeep are quite high."

When the flats first came on to the market they sold "like hot cakes" and have remained popular, with many being resold over the last two years. Mr Smith bought his flat for £75,000 and it is now valued at around £110,000.

Old buildings with history and character are often found within prime residential areas where good communication links are already in place. Paul Phipps, managing director of Taywood Homes says: "These buildings are significantly more challenging to develop as they cannot be designed to a set standard."

The company is about to start work on the refurbishment of Great Stony School in Chipping Ongar, Essex, built around a village green at the turn of the century to house and educate poor children from Hackney in a "cottage home" environment.

Essex County Council considers the conservation site to be of "extreme local historical importance." Taywood Homes is drawing on its experience at Reeds to renovate and convert the properties into flats and houses, keeping the architectural features intact. The 11 new houses have been designed to mirror the existing buildings. Prices will range from £90,000 to £300,000.

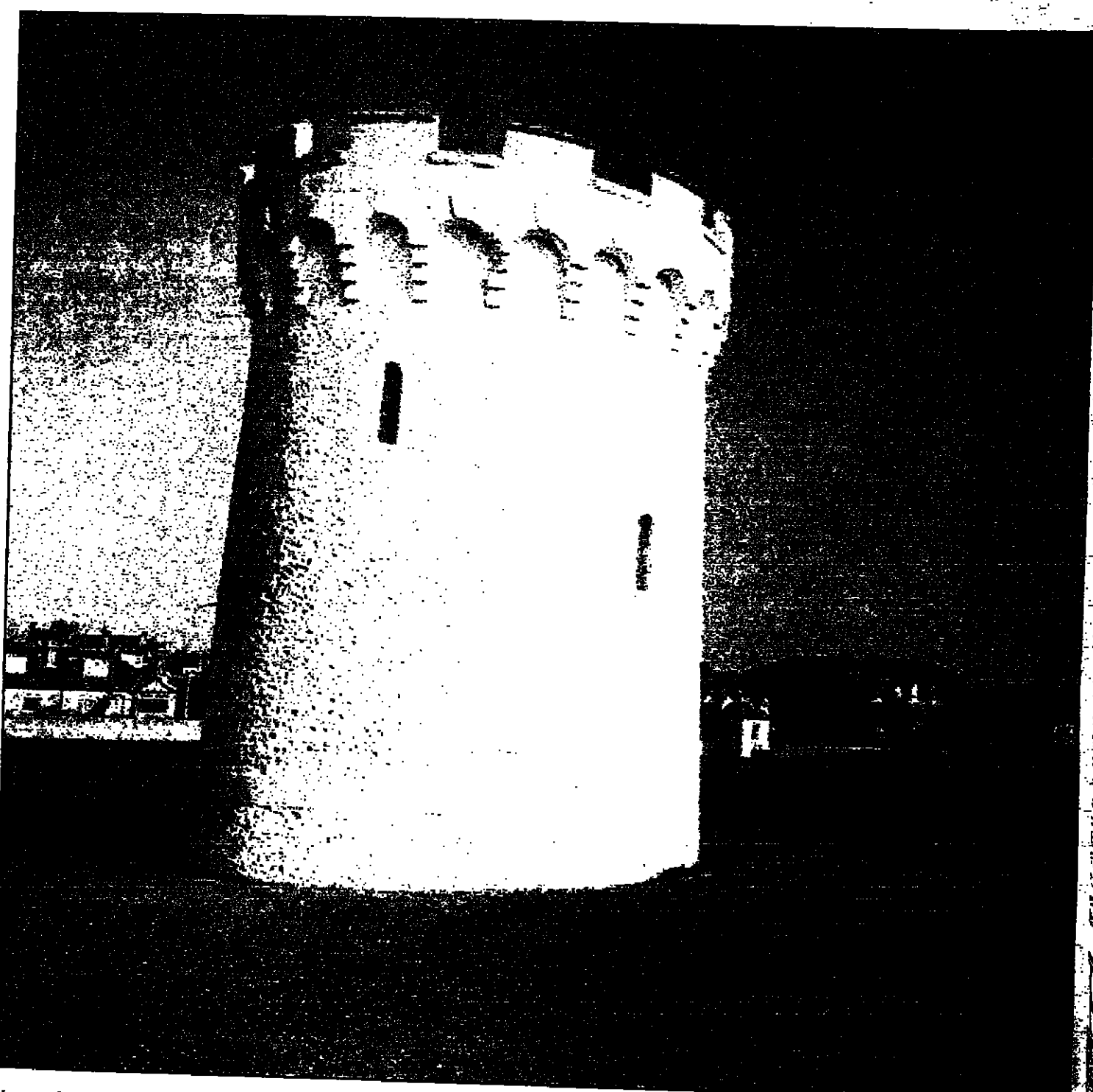
Conversion work is more expensive for developers than building from scratch. If the original building is not listed, VAT is payable on the work. Many developers rely on being able to build new properties on a site to generate income to pay for the refurbishment. Known as "enabling", this is a sore point with the organisation Save Britain's Heritage.

Richard Pollard, SBH's secretary, says: "It's a grey area. However, there are plenty of examples where there has been an absolute minimum or no new building. We're suspicious of developers who say new building is necessary to make the conversion viable."

He believes a report being prepared by conservation groups will be helpful to local authorities when making planning decisions.

Safron Walden Hospital, a former workhouse dating from 1837, is about to be refurbished by Taywood Homes. There is one apartment within the grounds that is bound to attract a little inside interest - the conversion of the Grade II listed jail.

Berkeley Homes Kent: 01959 564644; Taywood Homes: 0181-578 2366; Save Britain's Heritage: 0171-253 3500.



Unusual and elegant buildings can make the most striking and sought-after homes